

SONGS
OF
THE SOUL,

DERIVED FROM THE
WRITINGS OF BRITISH, CONTINENTAL,
AND TRANSATLANTIC AUTHORS,
Ancient and Modern.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY THE COMPILERS
OF
"TRUTHS ILLUSTRATED BY GREAT AUTHORS,"
AND THE
"BEAUTY OF HOLINESS."

"THE ORE OF TRUTH FROM MINES OF THOUGHT."

Second Edition.



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TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
AND
MOST REVEREND
THOMAS MUSGRAVE, D.D.,
LORD
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
AND
PRIMATE OF ENGLAND,

This Volume is

(WITH PERMISSION)

DEDICATED,
AS A TRIBUTE OF SINCERE RESPECT
FOR HIS EXALTED POSITION
AND
CHRISTIAN VIRTUES.

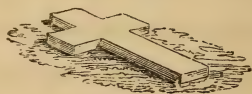




* * * * *

THOU art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, ETERNAL WORD !
From Thee departing they are lost, and rove
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.
From Thee is all that soothes the life of man ;
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, oh ! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the Crown !
Give what thou canst, without Thee we are poor ;
And with Thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

COWPER.



To the Reader.

THE following Anthology of Sacred Verse has been collected and arranged, with the view of including many beautiful specimens by Continental and American Writers, that have not before been placed in any British Collection.

The great and increasing interest now taken in whatever relates to and illustrates Sacred Song and Music, has also been one of the principal motives which have actuated the Compilers in sending forth this volume.

Neither the treasures of past British Writers, nor those of the ancient or present Continental and American Authors, have been near exhausted in the extraction of this Collection of "sweetly uttered knowledge" from their pure well-springs. A few specimens of our own Writers of the present day have been included, with a view of causing their ex-

quisite beauty to shine, side by side, with our elder Poets, and their Foreign and American compeers; and also as an incitement to those who do not possess the works quoted, to be led to a further acquaintance with them.

Critical and biographical notices have been omitted, as matter more suitable for the usual channels of such information. A list, however, of the Authors' names, with the date of their births and deaths, has been placed at the end of the volume, chiefly on account of many of the Foreign and American Writers being comparatively new to this country.

The formality of regular and systematic arrangement has not been observed, such compilations having not unfrequently been called Wreaths and Bouquets, where the Beauty and Fragrance of the Flowers are more pleasing when carelessly mingled with all the ease and wildness of natural variety.

Like the two previous Volumes of Selections by the same Compilers, the labour connected with *this* has also been one of love for the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. They have every hope of its being received with equal favour; and this confidence does not arise from any cause but the impression that such a display of the power of language, embodying the holiest thoughts, must command the interest of the Good and the Great of all classes of society.

Such Collections, from time to time, of the wide spread Thoughts emanating from those Stars that have lit the Earth for the short period allowed to human existence, have an unquestionably good tendency, as showing that the aspirations of the best of our fellow-sojourners here are one and the same. The unity displayed in the Thought of the present Volume will strike the reader as illustrating this simple yet great and sublime fact.

It is not in the hours of business, pleasure, or worldly anxiety which beset all men, that such thoughts and aspirations can find much place. There are times, however, when their solace is beyond price; and the reader is referred to those seasons, fully indicated in the lines of almost every Writer quoted in the present Volume.

This garland has been culled without reference to class or country. The Aristocracy of Genius can only be found in the Peerage of Nature; and as Nature is ever changing, yet always the same, so the thoughts of the best and purest of all lands are simply the old shadows clad in new veils. There is, however, one subject illustrated in the present Volume which claims our attention above all others. It need hardly be mentioned, that our Blessed Lord and his simple yet profound teachings are here alluded to.

The reader will do well to become acquainted with the works of the principal Writers quoted. Of some there are copious remains left to bless the earth with their pure halo. Of others, claimed for service in a higher and better world, we have but an expression or two left, to remind us and future ages, that the sweetest flowers oft die the soonest. Neither should we repine at this; always hoping that our faith in seeing them again is firm and unfading. It is such a belief that carries us through this life with resignation and cheerfulness, causing us to value the time employed here simply as a short voyage towards the happy haven of eternal rest.

LONDON,

JULY, 1856.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
AND is there care in heaven? and is there love?	1
Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake! . . .	2
As withereth the primrose by the river .	3
Abraham	6
Aspirations of the soul	4
Around Bethesda's healing wave	4
Abide with prayer	9
A voice is on mine ear	7
A noonday hymn	15
A pledge for the pure in heart	10
Abide with me	12
A freshly-gathered lily	14
Autumn Sabbath walk	16
A psalm of life	23
A mother's prayer in illness	18
A virtuous woman is a crown of glory .	20
A life of prayer is the life of heaven .	21
Adoration	28
A picture	27
All, all on earth is shadow	25
Acquaint thyself with God	30
And the new creature walks in light .	33
A portrait	34
A visit to Bethlehem in the spirit . . .	35

	PAGE
BLEST is his life, who to himself is true .	36
Bright lamp of God	38
Be glad, my soul, and sing amidst thy joy .	54
Blest that home where God is felt . . .	38
Believe, thou dark lost pilgrim, still! .	40
Both worlds at once they view	47
Beauty of Holiness	47
Be thou my light, be thou my way . . .	45
Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay	42
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine . .	46
Babes were his heralds, and his friends the poor	48
Bereavement	48
Burial of the dead	52
Brother, thou art gone before us	50
 COME back to me, my child	 59
Come, Lord! when grace has made me meet	67
Christmas beams shall cheer my heart .	58
Contrasts, necessary for happiness . . .	56
Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing	57
Come up unto the hills	63
Christ the Purifier	62
Consecration of the House of Prayer . .	64
Charity	65
 DAYS of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow .	 68
Deathless principle, arise!	73
Devotion breathes aloud from every chord	70

CONTENTS.

XV

	PAGE
Death of the Righteous	69
Death	72
 ENTRANCE into bliss	 79
Earth and Heaven	79
Ere long it will be day	84
Evening	75
Evelyn Hope	77
Even her foes wept	87
Excelsior!	86
Easter	80
Each hath his fortune in his breast	83
Earth not the sphere of souls	83
Easter	82
Early Calling	85
 FATHER! thou must lead	 89
Faith	90
Faith, the evidence of things unseen	91
Faint not, poor traveller	93
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	90
Footsteps of Angels	94
Fair is the star of Eve	98
Forgive, while I presume to praise!	97
Fair Sun of Righteousness!	96
Flowers of the earth and the Stars of heaven	99
Father! not my will, but thine be done	109
Fear not, for I am with thee	102
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands	106

	PAGE
Faith	102
Father All Merciful!	112
Father, hallowed be thy name	108
Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear	112
 GOD of my fathers!	 113
God's operations by day and by night	115
Gently the parting spirit fled	119
Glorying in the Cross	154
God's Acre	118
Golden Precepts	120
Goodness and Truth require no decoration	122
God's language	128
Grace drops from above	126
Give our poor hearts this spirit strong and holy	 125
God's Providence o'er us	127
 HALLELUJAH! Christ in God	 141
Hymn on the Seasons	130
Hymn of the Waldenses	134
Hail! to the day	130
Hail! source of uncreated light	149
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust	138
Happiness! where is thy seat?	139
Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Cha- mouni	 135
Hail! gladdening light	146
Having nothing, yet hath all	140
Hope, and be undismayed	143

CONTENTS.

xvii

	PAGE
Hope in God	155
He yearns to forgive	153
Hymn to the Sabbath	148
Hannah's Thanksgiving	146
Heaven calls and I must go	151
Hymn for the Morning	142
His heart beats high	144
Hymn to the Night	150
Hymn of the City	154
He is the freeman whom the Truth makes free	156
Hail, Holy Love!	152
I SOUGHT thee round, O thou, my God!	156
Invocation to Sleep	161
I the good fight have fought	167
Immortality	160
I see them walking in an air of Glory	168
If the Lord build not the house, the labour is vain	162
I wake to know my better self	165
Indestructibility of Love	166
Infinite Spirit! who art round us ever	170
JEHOVAH, the Provider	171
LIGHT and Darkness	172
"Let there be peace!" he said, and all was calm	175
Leaves have their time to fall	176

	PAGE
Let there be light	179
Labyrinth of Life	186
Life's Guiding Star	178
Litany to the Holy Spirit	182
Love, the last, divinest image	188
Lift your heart and voice in Prayer	191
Lead, kindly light	191
Lord, I would fear thee	186
Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray	180
Let me live to thee	179
Let us not lose thee yet	183
Love led them on	185
Lift the heart and bend the knee	181
Land for the broken-hearted	194
Luther's Psalm	193
"Lord! why is this?" I trembling cried	195
MY wounded spirit longs to fly	197
Mine is an unchanging love	196
My life's a preparation but to leave thee	201
My Lord hath need of these flow'rets gay	207
My life, my joy, my strength, my all!	200
Man, thou shalt never die!	203
Morning Hymn in Paradise	205
Man's breathing miniature	209
Men call it death when mortals soar	210
Ministering Spirits	212
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?	216
Ministering Angels	214
Morning	217

	PAGE
NEVER sleep the sun up	220
Not one prayer is breathed in vain	221
ON my front I shew my mighty Maker's seal	226
O let us seize on what is stable	222
"O life, how fair!"	223
On the death of her Brother, Francis the First	224
O, how blest are ye whose toils are ended!	225
O thou, who art the Source and Spring	227
Ordination Hymn	228
Only to man thou hast made known thy way	229
O God unseen, but not unknown	235
Oh! come it first, or come it last	237
Oh Absalom my son!	239
O make me pure, with pure ones e'er to dwell	243
Oh! what is life!	251
Oh, cling not, Trembler, to Life's fragile bark	253
Onward! for the Truths of God	248
O God, thou great Intelligence Supreme	257
O thou Great Being! in whom I move and live	246
On him I lean	257
O God, O Good beyond compare!	259
Omnipresence of God	259
O Love-destroying Bigotry	244

	PAGE
O Thou, whom still I hold, but cannot see	254
One glance of thine creates a day	249
O that I may keep thy word	264
O come, let us go to the Valley of Peace!	265
Call to Heaven	268
 PALM Sunday	 269
Prayer for Resignation	280
Prayer for the Holy Spirit	281
Prayer for Time	282
Public Worship	271
Prayer for Even Temper	273
Prayer	274
Picture of a Lady's Mind	274
Pleasure, Bewitching Syren !	283
Prayer for an Absent Husband	285
Prune thou thy words	278
Peace ! be still	284
Pass we blithely, then, the time . . .	279
 RAISING of Jairus' Daughter	 286
Religion, thou the soul of Happiness . .	287
Reception of the Spirit	289
Raise then the Hymn to Death	289
" Room for the Leper ! Room !" . . .	295
Return, thou day of Holiness !	301
Religion	303
Reception of Grace	304
Right method of Prayer	307
Regeneration	305

	PAGE
Retrospection	306
SHE is not dead, but sleepeth	309
Song to the Eternal Wisdom	312
Star of the Dawning	313
Search after God	316
Self-purifying, unpolluted Sea	317
Song of the Stars	319
Spring Sabbath Walk	321
Song of Praise for the Evening	322
Search after God	322
Song of Praise for the Morning	329
Song to a Nightingale	323
Song of Praise for the Gospel Ministry	346
Sire, Maker, Spirit	335
Song of Praise for Grace	344
Sing forth the triumph of his Name	333
Sin of the Thoughtless	343
She comes to me	336
Speak, for thy Servant heareth	327
Summer Sabbath Walk	324
Song of Praise	330
Search well another world	338
Search after God	340
Smiles and Tears	345
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse	348
Sweet Spirit Mother	350
Soon to meet thee face to face	349
Sound the timbrel, harp, and lute	354

	PAGE
Songs of Praise awoke the Morn	352
She led me first to God	354
Spiritual Light	353
THE Soul's Return	366
The Man who had no name on earth	377
The Death of a Good Bishop	367
The lowly gift was witnessed	368
Touch me not	359
Transcendent Power! sole Arbiter of Fate	361
The Bow of Promise	362
The Bible	364
The Christian yields an angel to his God .	366
The Good Shepherd	365
The Union of Love	399
'Tis infamy to die, and not be missed . .	355
The Star of Bethlehem	358
Thou art gone to the grave	411
The motto of the perfect man	378
The Son of David comes	383
The Reality of Faith	442
The Skylark sang his matin chime	393
Thou who art enthroned above	373
The followers of Christ	374
The Life of the Blessed	369
Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord .	371
The World	382
The heart's holy temple	385
The Orphan's Stay	394
Thou speakest in the secret heart	396

CONTENTS.

xxiii

	PAGE
The Nosegay of Life	408
The Anchor of Hope	372
The Search for Peace	406
The fool hath said, "There is no God" .	412
The Lord of all, Himself through all dif- fused	380
The Friend in need	381
The Christian Patriarch	377
Thoughts on a Summer's Evening . .	386
The Call	390
The Good Morrow	401
The Good Woman	415
They are not dead, they do but sleep .	409
The Good Life, long Life	409
The Pauper Child's burial	414
The Glories of Spring Time	416
Thy bark right onward steer	418
The Christian's Death	475
The Stranger and his Friend	439
Tread still the thorny path	403
To-Morrow	405
The Evening Star	399
The first Sabbath	434
The Voice of God	441
The Resting day of Creation	426
Thy God thus speaketh within thee . .	405
The Angels are waiting, my mother, for me	423
The Genius of Worship	476
The Rock of Humanity	436
Thoughts of my soul, how quick ye go .	420

	PAGE
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower	474
The Servants of God	445
The Spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers	437
The Sabbath morn in sunlight comes	428
Thoughts in Spring Time	430
The Philosopher's Devotion	432
The Sinner's Petition for Time	443
The Children of the Lord's Supper	448
The Saviour lives! and all is well	470
The Saviour offering himself to his heavenly Father	478
The Hollow World	505
The Spirit of the Holy Eve	489
The Gospel of Peace	492
The Good Part, that shall not be taken away	491
The Soul has gone to Him, who gives it rest	495
The Path of Sorrow	494
Centre of Light and Energy	507
Thy Will be done	500
The repentant Sinner	503
The good old Man is gone	471
Thy call I follow	472
The Holy City	473
Teach me to underprize this life	487
Thy mercy, Lord, is like the Morning Sun	485
There is joy over one Sinner that repenteth	485
The Voyage of Life	527
The Widow of Nain	525

	PAGE
The breath of Heaven must swell the Sail	515
The joy of social Worship	514
The true Vine	520
There is a world above where parting is unknown	526
The Christian	497
The pure in heart shall meet again . . .	497
The poor man's day	498
Turning to God	499
The Hebrew Mother	547
The Future Life	518
The Snowdrop	521
Thou, Great Ruler, Lord of All! . . .	521
The tune to which the Planets roll . . .	525
The light of Stars	535
There is a day of sunny rest	541
The hours are viewless angels	501
This shall my employment be	558
Thou Giver of all earthly good	516
The Winged Worshipers	517
The Dewdrops	523
The future Life	538
The Well of Jacob	537
The Ore of Truth, from Mines of Thought	533
The possession of the true felicities . . .	539
The blessing of Early Rising	542
The Transfiguration	555
The Physician dies, to make his patient live	553
The Royal Offspring of a second birth . .	560
The Angel on Earth	556

	PAGE
The heavens declare thy Glory	531
The Summer Shower	543
The Spirit of Truth	544
The Holy Scriptures	552
Then why, my soul, dost thou complain? .	546
The Lighting of the Lamps.	559
The Entreaty	562
The Stream of Time	551
 UNIVERSAL Beauty	 563
 VOYAGE of the Soul	 567
Virtue	564
Vesper Thoughts	565
 WHO is the King of Glory?	 577
Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven for me	 585
Watching for the Son of Man	590
Where art thou, mighty one?	589
Wisdom, Power, and Love of God	583
Who is this mighty Hero, who?	600
Winter Sabbath Walk	575
Watch and Pray	593
What he wills, we know is pure and good	597
What is that, Mother?	603
When kindred minds their God pursue .	599
Walk in the light	596
We are as barks afloat upon the sea . .	571
What is Prayer?	572

CONTENTS.

xxvii

	PAGE
What in thy love possess I not? . . .	569
We are spirits clad in veils . . .	569
When Spring unlocks the flowers . . .	574
Wisdom	587
Wait in hope, the morning dawneth . . .	582
When streams of living water run . . .	592
Where two or three are gathered together	588





SONGS

OF

THE SOUL.

And is there Care in Heaven? and is
there Love?

AND is there care in heaven? and is there
love

In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is;—else much more wretched were
the case

Of men than beasts. But oh! the exceeding
grace

Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,

To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!

They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,

And their bright squadrons round about us
plant ;

And all for love, and nothing for reward :

Oh ! why should heavenly God to man have
such regard ?

EDMUND SPENSER.

Awake, sweet Harp of Judah, Wake !

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Re-tune thy strings for Jesu's sake ;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, oh ! where, shall man retire,
T' escape the horrors of his ire ?

'Tis He, the Lamb, to Him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by ;
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

Thus, while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;
To Him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet, courage!—days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside ;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And washed in Jesu's cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

As withereth the Primrose by the River.

AS withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding foun-
tains,

As vanisheth the light blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains :
So melts, so vanishes, so fades, so withers
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow,
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy (which short life
gathers),

Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy !
The withered primrose by the mourning river,
The faded summer's sun, from weeping fountains,
The light blown, vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

HENRY KING.

Aspirations of the Soul.

AH! when did wisdom covet length of days,
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth or praise?
No:—wisdom views with an indifferent eye,
All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compelled to starve at an unreal feast:
A spark that upward tends by nature's force;
A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea;
A moment parted from eternity!
A pilgrim, panting for a rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home.

BISHOP HEBER.

Around Bethesda's Healing Wave.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience and with hope endued,
Were seen the gathered multitude.

Among them there was one whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirred;
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferred;
Beholding, while he suffered on,
The healing virtue given,—and gone!

No power had he ; no friendly aid
To him its timely succour brought ;
But, while his coming he delayed,
Another won the boon he sought ;—
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which healed him by a word alone !

Had they who watched and waited there
Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care,
Would they have sought his pitying eye,
And craved, with fervency of soul,
His power divine to make them whole !

But habit and tradition swayed
Their minds to trust to sense alone ;
They only hoped the angel's aid ;
While in their presence stood unknown
A greater, mightier far than he,
With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power !

No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower

Which with its healing waters went,
But He, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

And what that fountain once was found,
Religion's outward forms remain—

With living virtue only crowned

While their first freshness they retain ;
Only replete with power to cure
When, spirit-stirred, their source is pure !

Yet are there who this truth confess,
Who know how little forms avail,
But whose protracted helplessness
Confirms the impotent's sad tale ;
Who, day by day, and year by year,
As emblems of his lot appear.

They hear the sounds of life and love,
Which tell the visitant is nigh ;
They see the troubled waters move,
Whose touch alone might health supply ;
But weak of faith, infirm of will,
Are powerless, helpless, hopeless still.

Saviour ! thy love is still the same
As when that healing word was spoke ;
Still in thine all-redeeming name
Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke.
Oh ! be that power, that love displayed !
Help those, whom Thou alone canst aid !

BERNARD BARTON.

Abraham.

THE better portion didst thou choose, Great
Heart,
Thy God's first choice, and pledge of Gentile-
grace !
Faith's truest type, he with unruffled face
Bore the world's smile, and bade her slaves depart ;
Whether, a trader, with no trader's art,

He buys in Canaan his first resting-place,—
Or freely yields rich Siddim's ample space,—
Or braves the rescue and the battle's smart,
Yet scorns the heathen gifts of those he saved.
O happy in their soul's high solitude,
Who commune thus with God and not with earth!
Amid the scoffings of the wealth-enslaved,
A ready prey, as though in absent mood
They calmly move, nor hear the unmannered
mirth.

ANON.

A Voice is on Mine Ear.

A VOICE is on mine ear—a solemn voice :
I come, I come, it calls me to my rest ;
Faint not my yearning heart, rejoice, rejoice,
Soon shalt thou reach the gardens of the blest :
On the bright waters there, the living streams,
Soon shalt thou launch in peace thy weary bark,
Waked by rude waves no more from gentle
dreams,
Sadly to feel that earth to thee is dark—
Not bright as once ; oh vain, vain memories, cease,
I cast your burden down—I strive for peace.

A voice is on mine ear—a welcome tone :
I hear its summons in a stranger land,
It calls me hence, to die amid mine own,
Where first my forehead, by the wild breeze
fanned,

Lost the fair tracery of youth, and wore

A deeper signet, in my manhood's prime—
To lay me down with those who wake no more,

It calls me—those I loved, their couch be mine :
I hear sweet voices from my childhood's home,
And from my father's grave—I come, I come !

Blest be the warning sound : my mother's eyes

Dwell on my memory yet, her parting tears,
And from the grave where my young sister lies,

Who perished in the glory of her years,
I hear a gentle call, "Return, return !"

So be it : let me greet the village spires
Once more. I come—'tis wilding youth may
spurn,

When far, the burial-places of his sires ;
But oh, when strength is gone, and hope is past,
There turns the wearied man his thoughts at last.

So do we change ! I hear a warning tone—

Yea, I, whose thoughts were all of bypast times,
Of ancient glories, and from visions lone,

I come to list once more the sabbath chimes
Of my own home—to feel the gentle air

Steal o'er my brow again—to greet the sun
In the old places where he shone so fair,

The while each wandering brook in music ran,
Answering to Youth's sweet thoughts, but all
are fled—

I come, my home, I come to join thy dead !

I heed the warning voice : oh, spurn me not,

My early friends ; let the bruised heart go free :

Mine were high fancies, but a wayward lot
Hath made my youthful dreams in sadness flee ;
Then chide not, I would linger yet awhile,
Thinking o'er wasted hours, a weary train,
Cheered by the moon's soft light, the sun's glad
smile,

Watching the blue sky o'er my path of pain,
Waiting my summons : whose shall be the eye
To glance unkindly ?—I have come to die !

Sweet words—to die ! oh pleasant, pleasant sounds,
What bright revealings to my heart they bring !
What melody, unheard in earth's dull rounds,
And floating from the land of glorious Spring—
The eternal home ! My weary thoughts revive,
Fresh flowers my mind puts forth, and buds of
love,

Gentle and kindly thoughts for all that live,
Fanned by soft breezes from the world above :
And passing not, I hasten to my rest—
Again, oh, gentle summons, thou art blest !

LUCY HOOPER.

Abide with Prayer.

OF what an easy quick access,
My blessed Lord, art thou ! how suddenly
May our requests thine ear invade !
To show that state dislikes not easiness,
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made :
Thou canst no more not hear, than thou canst die.

Of what supreme almighty power
Is thy great arm, which spans the east and west,
And tacks the centre to the sphere!
By it do all things live their measur'd hour:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallowness of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art thou possess'd, who when thou couldst not
die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sin reprove!
That by destroying that which tied thy purse,
Thou mightst make way for liberality.

Since then these three wait on thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love; I value prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go:
I, and dear prayer, would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

GEORGE HERBERT.

A Pledge for the Pure in Heart.

WHERE art thou?—Thou! source and sup-
port of all
That is or seen or felt; thyself unseen,
Unfelt, unknown—alas! unknowable.
I look abroad among thy works—the sky,
Vast, distant, glorious with its world of suns—

Life-giving earth, and ever-moving main,
And speaking winds—and ask if these are thee !
The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,
The restless tide's outgoing and return,
The omnipresent and deep-breathing air—
Though hailed as gods of old, and only less,
Are not the Power I seek ; are thine, not thee !
I ask thee from the past : if, in the years,
Since first intelligence could search its source,
Or in some former unremembered being,
(If such, perchance, were mine), did they behold
thee ?

And next interrogate Futurity,
So fondly tenanted with better things
Than e'er experience owned—but both are mute :
And Past and Future, vocal on all else,
So full of memories and phantasies,
Are deaf and speechless here ! Fatigued, I turn
From all vain parley with the elements,
And close mine eyes, and bid the thought turn
inward

From each material thing its anxious guest,
If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,
He may vouchsafe himself—Spirit to spirit !
O Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,
Pavilioned still in darkness, wilt thou hide thee ?
What though the rash request be fraught with
fate,

Nor human eye may look on thine and live ?
Welcome the penalty ! let that come now,
Which soon or late must come. For light like
this

Who would not dare to die ?

Peace ! my proud aim,
And hush the wish that knows not what it asks.
Await His will, who hath appointed this,
With every other trial. Be that will
Done now, as ever. For thy curious search,
And unprepared solicitude to gaze
On Him—the Unrevealed—learn hence, instead,
To temper highest hope with humbleness.
Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,
Till rent the veil, no longer separating
The Holiest of all—as erst, disclosing
A brighter dispensation ; whose results
Ineffable, interminable, tend
Even to the perfecting thyself—thy kind—
Till meet for that sublime beatitude,
By the firm promise of a voice from heaven
Pledged to the pure in heart !

ELIZA TOWNSEND.

Abide with Me.

ABIDE with me ! Fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day !
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away :
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
But as Thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come, not in terrors, as the King of kings ;
But kind, and good, with healing in thy wings :
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me !

Thou on my head, in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need thy presence every passing hour :
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
victory ?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold then thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies :

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;

In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

LYTE.

A Freshly Gathered Lily.

HE was our father's darling,
A bright and happy boy—
His life was like a summer's day
Of innocence and joy;
His voice, like singing waters,
Fell softly on the ear,
So sweet, that hurrying echo
Might linger long to hear.

He was our mother's cherub,
Her life's untarnished light—
Her blessed joy by morning,
Her visioned hope by night:
His eyes were like the daybeams
That brighten all below;
His ringlets like the gathered gold
Of sunset's gorgeous glow.

He was our sister's plaything,
A very child of glee,
That frolicked on the parlor floor,
Scarce higher than our knee;
His joyous bursts of pleasure
Were wild as mountain wind;
His laugh, the free unfettered laugh
Of childhood's chainless mind.

He was our brothers' treasure,
Their bosom's only pride—
A fair depending blossom
By their protecting side:

A thing to watch and cherish,
With varying hopes and fears—
To make the slender, trembling reed
Their staff for future years.

He is—a blessed angel,
His home is in the sky ;
He shines among those living lights,
Beneath his Maker's eye :
A freshly gathered lily,
A bud of early doom,
Hath been transplanted from the earth,
To bloom beyond the tomb.

CATHERINE ESLING.

A Noon-Day Hymn.

UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn ;
And He accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will He turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide ;
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night ;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this our hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Why should we crave a hallowed spot?
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run:
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide from thy love's abundant source
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with thy grace through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Autumn Sabbath Walk.

WHEN homeward bands their several ways
disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest; to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below.

Sad sighs the wind, that from those ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered
grass :

The sere and yellow wreaths with eddyng sweep
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
But list that moan ! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend, conjunction rare !

A man he was indeed of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep ; the lightning's
flash

Had dimmed, not closed, his mild but sightless
eyes.

He was a welcome guest through all his range ;
(It was not wide,) no dog would bay at him :
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knees, and wonder at his oft-told tales ;
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship ;
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit ! that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.
But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod
That copes the sheep-fold ring ; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appears ;
Flowers faintly tinged and breathing no perfume.

But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland
wreath

That circles autumn's brow : the ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leaved thorn ; the bramble
bends

Beneath its jetty load ; the hazel hangs
With auburn branches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks : oft, statue-like, I gaze
In vacancy of thought upon that stream,
And chase with dreaming eye the eddying foam :
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest-sheaf
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

JAMES GRAHAME.

A Mother's Prayer in Illness.

YES, take them first, my Father! Let my doves
Fold their white wings in heaven, safe on
thy breast,

Ere I am called away : I dare not leave
Their young hearts here, their innocent, thought-
less hearts !

Ah, how the shadowy train of future ills
Comes sweeping down life's vista as I gaze !

My May ! my careless, ardent-tempered May—
My frank and frolic child, in whose blue eyes
Wild joy and passionate woe alternate rise ;
Whose cheek the morning in her soul illumines ;
Whose little, loving heart a word, a glance,

Can sway to grief or glee ; who leaves her play,
And puts up her sweet mouth and dimpled arms
Each moment for a kiss, and softly asks,
With her clear, flute-like voice, "Do you love
me?"

Ah, let me stay ! ah, let me still be by,
To answer her and meet her warm caress !
For I away, how oft in this rough world
That earnest question will be asked in vain !
How oft that eager, passionate, petted heart,
Will shrink abashed and chilled, to learn at length
The hateful, withering lesson of distrust !
Ah ! let her nestle still upon this breast,
In which each shade that dims her darling face
Is felt and answered, as the lake reflects
The clouds that cross yon smiling heaven ! and
thou,

My modest Ellen—tender, thoughtful, true ;
Thy soul attuned to all sweet harmonies :
My pure, proud, noble Ellen ! with thy gifts
Of genius, grace, and loveliness, half hidden
'Neath the soft veil of innate modesty,
How will the world's wild discord reach thy heart
To startle and appal ! Thy generous scorn
Of all things base and mean—thy quick, keen
taste,

Dainty and delicate—thy instinctive fear
Of those unworthy of a soul so pure,
Thy rare, unchildlike dignity of mien,
All—they will all bring pain to thee, my child !
And oh, if even their grace and goodness meet
Cold looks and careless greetings, how will all

The latent evil yet undisciplined
In their young timid souls, forgiveness find?
Forgiveness, and forbearance, and soft chidings,
Which I, their mother, learned of Love to give!
Ah, let me stay!—albeit my heart is weary,
Weary and worn, tired of its own sad beat,
That finds no echo in this busy world,
Which cannot pause to answer—tired alike
Of joy and sorrow, of the day and night:
Ah, take them first, my Father, and then me!
And for their sakes, for their sweet sakes, my
 Father,
Let me find rest beside them, at thy feet.

FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

A Virtuous Woman is a Crown of Glory.

THOU askest what hath changed my heart,
And where hath fled my youthful folly?
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

Her eye—as soft and blue as even,
When day and night are calmly meeting—
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
And purifies its beating.

The accents fall from Tamar's lip,
Like dewdrops from the rose-leaf dripping,
When honey-bees all crowd to sip,
And cannot cease their sipping.

The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
For ever coming, ever going,
May well the spotless fount bespeak
That sets the stream a-flowing.

Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast,
E'en like the harp-string's holiest measures,
When dreams the soul of lands of rest
And everlasting pleasures.

Then ask not what hath changed my heart,
Or where hath fled my youthful folly !
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

WILLIAM KNOX.

A Life of Prayer is the Life of Heaven.

TO prayer, to prayer ;—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer ;—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of
night.

To prayer;—for the day that God has bless'd
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallow'd hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling
hand.

What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—
O, what is earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;

There is peace in his calm, confiding air ;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words
prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;
It points to the glory where He shall reign,
Who whisper'd, " Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise ;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given ;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

HENRY WARE.

A Psalm of Life.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
" Life is but an empty dream !"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

All, all on Earth, is Shadow.

WHY then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs
 around,

In infidel distress? Are *angels* there?
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?

They live! they greatly live a life on Earth
 Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
 Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.

This is the desert, *this* the solitude:

How populous, how vital, is the grave!

This is creation's melancholy vault,

The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;

The land of apparitions, empty shades!

All, all on Earth, is *shadow*, all beyond

Is *substance*; the reverse is folly's *creed*.

How solid all, where change shall be no more!

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,

The twilight of our day, the vestibule:

Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,

Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,

This gross impediment of clay remove,

And make us *embryos* of existence free.
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport ! and of man.

Yet man, fool man ! *here* buries all his thoughts ;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of Earth, and pent beneath the Moon,
Here pinions all his wishes ; wing'd by Heaven
To fly at infinite ; and reach it there,
Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more !
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death
expire !

And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure ? It o'erwhelms
myself ;
How was my heart incrustated by the world !
O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul !

How, like a worm, was I rapt round and round
 In silken thought, with reptile *Fancy* spun,
 Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded o'er
 With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
 Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above):
 Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
 Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)
 Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
 Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
 Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
 How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
 With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
 Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
 Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
 Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
 Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
 Where now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
 The *cobweb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
 Of mouldering mud, is *royalty* to me!
 The *spider's* most attenuated thread
 Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
 On earthly bliss! it breaks at every breeze.

EDWARD YOUNG.

A Picture.

BEHOLD'ST thou yonder on the crystal sea,
 Beneath the throne of God, an image fair,
 And in its hand a mirror large and bright?
 'Tis Truth, immutable, eternal Truth,

In figure emblematical expressed.

Before it Virtue stands, and smiling sees,
Well pleased, in her reflected soul no spot.
The sons of heaven, archangel, seraph, saint,
There daily read their own essential worth ;
And, as they read, take place among the just ;
Or high, or low, each as his value seems.
There each his certain interest learns, his true
Capacity ; and going thence, pursues,
Unerringly, through all the tracts of thought,
As God ordains, best ends by wisest means.

ROBERT POLLOK.

Adoration.

ALL nature, hear the sacred song !
Attend, O earth, the solemn strain !

Ye whirlwinds wild that sweep along,
Ye darkening storms of beating rain,
Umbrageous glooms, and forests drear,
And solitary deserts, hear !

Be still, ye winds, whilst to the Maker's praise
The creature of his power aspires his voice to
raise !

O, may the solemn-breathing sound
Like incense rise before the throne,
Where he, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwells alone !
'Tis he I sing, whose powerful hand
Balanced the skies, outspread the land :

Who spoke,—from ocean's stores sweet waters
came,
And burst resplendent forth the heaven-aspiring
flame.

One general song of praise arise
To him whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows !
Great Source of intellect, his ear
Benign receives our vows sincere :
Rise, then, my active powers, your task fulfil,
And give to him your praise, responsive to my
will !

Partaker of that living stream
Of light, that pours an endless blaze,
O, let thy strong reflected beam,
My understanding, speak his praise !
My soul, in stedfast love secure,
Praise him whose word is ever sure :
To him, sole just, my sense of right incline :
Join, every prostrate limb ; my ardent spirit
join !

Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due :
Let all the truth himself inspires
Unite to sing him only true :
To him my every thought ascend,
To him my hopes, my wishes, bend :
From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns arise,
And his own word convey the pious sacrifice !

In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all my faculties combined,
Thy just desires, O God, fulfil!
From thee derived, Eternal King,
To thee, our noblest powers we bring:
O, may thy hand direct our wandering way!
O, bid thy light arise, and chase the clouds away!

Eternal Spirit, whose command
Light, life, and being gave to all,
O, hear the creature of thy hand,
Man, constant on thy goodness call!
By fire, by water, air and earth,
That soul to thee that owes its birth,—
By these, he supplicates thy blest repose:
Absent from thee, no rest his wandering spirit
knows.

LORENZO DE MEDICI, *Trans. by ROSCOE.*

Acquaint thyself with God.

A CQUAINT thyself with God, if thou wouldst
taste

His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before;
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,

And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires ; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. Unconcerned who formed
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And, such well-pleased to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touched from
heaven,

And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.

Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more, who fashioned it, he gives it praise ;
Praise, that from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in him.

The soul that sees him or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the powers she owned before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked ;
A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute ;
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with heaven, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,

That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were
they

With which heaven rang, when every star in haste
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy. "Tell me, ye shining hosts
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race
Favoured as ours, transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doomed to rise,
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours?
As one who, long detained on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleached and battered
rocks

From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
So I, with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordained to guide th' embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infused from heaven, must thither
tend."

WILLIAM COWPER.

And the New Creature Walks in Light.

WHEN man to god-like being sprung,
 How sweet the glorious gift he found !
 While heaven with notes of gladness rung,
 See Eden's beauty smiles around :
 Where'er the stranger bends his view,
 'Tis wondrous all, divinely new.

By hands unseen the virgin soil
 Is with unlaboured plenty crowned ;
 But soon must Adam bow to toil,
 And dress the late spontaneous ground :
 For, oh ! too soon the thorn appears—
 Too soon he blends his bread with tears !

E'en thus when man is born anew,
 And being's perfect bliss is given—
 Lo, a new Eden starts to view,
 While angel harps rejoice in heaven—
 'Tis wondrous all, divinely bright,
 And the new creature walks in light.

Then, too, the heart's unlaboured soil
 Is with mysterious plenty crowned ;
 But soon he finds 'tis meet to toil,
 And dress with tears the wayward ground :
 For, oh ! too soon the thorn appears,
 And heaven's own bread is mixed with tears !

Yet onward is no scene displayed
 Whose bright beginnings ne'er decay ?
 Must still the prospect ope to fade,
 Still clouds o'er cast the new-born day ?

No : see the last creation burst—
All clouds, all changes there dispersed !

No thorns that Paradise infest—

No bitter tears its harvest leaven—
No toils disturb its hallowed rest ;

Unlaboured plenty lasts in heaven :
Then, oh ! let Faith, let Patience, here,
With Hope un murmuring persevere.

THOMAS GRINFIELD.

A Portrait.

THE happy soul hath left its fair abode :
How pale the cheek where warmth and
beauty glow'd !

Where now those charms that held th' admiring
sight ?

The bloom as heav'n's unclouded azure bright ;
Th' attractive smile, by nature taught to please ;
The mien that temper'd dignity with ease ?

Ah where ! yon solemn silent vault survey,
Where writhes the reptile o'er its kindred clay ;
There read on pride's stain'd cheek the gen'ral
doom ;

Then pause :—while memory bleeds upon the
tomb.

Perhaps while we th' untimely stroke bemoan,
She bends adoring at th' Eternal's throne ;
While from our eye-balls burst the streams of
woe,

Her happier soul can wonder why they flow ;
 Or smile, and pitying our mistaken sighs,
 Can bless the hour that call'd her to the skies.
 Yet must our sorrows stain thy mournful bier ;
 Such sweetness lost demands a tender tear.
 Thine was the breast by conscious virtue warm'd,
 The heart that pitied, and the look that charm'd ;
 The beam of wit from sparkling genius brought,
 Its fire chastis'd by cool directing thought ;
 Superior sense, by passion ne'er betray'd,
 The kindling transport, and the judging head ;
 The thought which art and candid taste refine ;
 The gen'rous wish ; the feeling soul was thine.

ANON.

A Visit to Bethlehem in the Spirit.

THE scene around me disappears,
 And, borne to ancient regions,
 While Time recalls the flight of years,
 I see angelic legions
 Descending in an orb of light,
 Amidst the dark and silent night ;
 I hear celestial voices.

“Tidings, glad tidings from above,
 To every age and nation ;
 Tidings, glad tidings,—God is love,
 To man He sent salvation :
 His Son beloved, his only Son,
 The work of mercy hath begun,
 Give to his name the glory.”

Through David's city I am led ;
Here all around are sleeping ;
A light directs to yon poor shed,
Where lonely watch is keeping :
I enter ;—ah ! what glories shine !
Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine ?
Messiah's infant temple ?

It is ; it is ;—and I adore
This Stranger meek and lowly,
As saints and seraphs bow before
The throne of God thrice holy ;
Faith through the vail of flesh can see
The face of thy Divinity,
My Lord, my God, my Saviour !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Blest is his Life, who to himself is
True.

PEACE to the True Man's ashes ! Weep for
those

Whose days in old delusions have grown dim ;
Such lives as his are triumphs, and their close
An immortality : weep not for him.

As feathers wafted from the eagle's wings
Lie bright among the rocks they can not warm,
So lie the flowery lays that Genius brings,
In the cold turf that wraps his honoured form.

A practical rebuker of vain strife,
Bolder in deeds than words, from beardless
youth

To the white hairs of age, he made his life
A beautiful consecration to the Truth.

Virtue, neglected long, and trampled down,
Grew stronger in the echo of his name ;
And, shrinking self-condemned beneath his frown,
The cheek of harlotry grew red with shame.

Serene with conscious peace, he strewed his way
With sweet humanities, the growth of love ;
Shaping to right his actions, day by day,
Faithful to this world and to that above.

The ghosts of blind belief and hideous crime,
Of spirit-broken loves, and hopes betrayed,
That flit among the broken walls of Time,
Are by the True Man's exorcisms laid.

Blest is his life, who to himself is true,
And blest his death—for memory, when he
dies,

Comes, with a lover's eloquence, to renew
Our faith in manhood's upward tendencies.

Weep for the self-abased, and for the slave,
And for God's children darkened with the
smoke

Of the red altar—not for him whose grave
Is greener than the mistletoe of the oak.

ALICE CAREY.

Bright Lamp of God.

CAN wars and jars, and fierce contention,
Swoln hatred, and consuming envy spring
From piety?—No, 'tis opinion
That makes the riven heaven with trumpets
ring,
And thundering engine murderous balls out-
sling,
And send men's groaning ghosts to lower
shade
Of horrid hell. This the wide world doth bring
To devastation, makes mankind to fade :
Such direful things doth false religion persuade.

But true religion, sprung from God above,
Is like her fountain—full of charity :
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of good will and meek expectancy ;
Full of true justice and sure verity,
In heart and voice ; free, large, even infinite ;
Not wedged in straight particularity,
But grasping all in her vast active sprite—
Bright lamp of God, that men would joy in thy
pure light !

HENRY MORE.

Blest that Home where God is felt.

'TWAS early day—and sun-light streamed
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken, seemed—
Still, but with nought but gloom :

For there, secure in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his grey holy hair,
And touched the book with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there ;
But oh ! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirits own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm benignant eye ;
Some ancient promise breathing yet
Of immortality ;
Some heart's deep language, where the glow
Of quenchless faith survives ;
For every feature said, " I know
That my Redeemer lives."

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death :
Silent—yet did not each young breast,
With love and reverence melt ?
O ! blest be those fair girls—and blest
That home where God is felt.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Believe, thou dark lost Pilgrim, still !

'TIS not too hard, too high an aim,
Secure, thy part in Christ to claim ;
The sensual instinct to control,
And warm with purer fires the soul.
Nature will raise up all her strife,
Foe to the flesh-abasing life,
Loth in a Saviour's death to share,
Her daily cross compelled to bear ;
But grace omnipotent at length
Shall arm the saint with saving strength ;
Through the sharp war with aids attend,
And his long conflict sweetly end.

Act but the infant's gentle part,
Give up to love thy willing heart ;
No fondest parent's tender breast
Yearns like thy God's to make thee blest ;
Taught its dear mother soon to know,
The simplest babe its love can show :
Bid bashful, servile fear retire,
The task no labour will require.

The sovereign Father, good and kind,
Wants but to have his child resigned ;
Wants but thy yielding heart, no more,—
With his rich gifts of grace to store.
He to my soul no anguish brings,
From thy own stubborn will it springs ;
That foe but crucify, the bane,—
Nought shalt thou know of frowns or pain.

Shake from thy soul, o'erwhelmed, deprest,
Th' encumbering load that galls its rest,
That wastes its strength with bondage vain,
With courage break th' enslaving chain!
Let faith exert its conquering power,
Say, in thy fearing, trembling hour,
"Father, thy pitying aid impart!"
'Tis done! a sigh can reach his heart.

Yet if, more earnest plaints to raise,
Awhile his succours he delays;
Though his kind hand thou canst not feel,
The smart let lenient patience heal:
Or if corruption's strength prevail,
And oft thy pilgrim footsteps fail,
Lift for his grace thy louder cries,
So shalt thou cleansed and stronger rise.

If haply still thy mental shade
Deep as the midnight's gloom be made,
On the sure faithful arm divine
Firm let thy fastening trust recline.
The gentlest Sire, the best of friends,
To thee, nor loss nor harm intends;
Though tost on the most boisterous main,
No wreck thy vessel shall sustain.
Should there remain of rescuing grace
No glimpse, no shadow left to trace,
Hear thy Lord's voice, "'Tis Jesus' will"
Believe, thou dark lost pilgrim, still!

Then, thy sad night of terrors past,
Though the dread season long may last,

Sweet peace shall from the smiling skies,
Like a new dawn before thee rise ;
Then shall thy faith's firm grounds appear,
Its eyes shall view salvation clear.

Be hence encouraged more, when tried,
On thy best Father to confide.
Oh ! my too blind but nobler part,
Be moved ! Be won by these, my heart ;—
See of how rich a lot, how blest,
The true believer stands possest.

Come, backward soul, to God resign ;
Peace, his best blessing, shall be thine ;
Boldly recumbent on his care,
Cast thy full burden only there.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Begin, my Soul, th' Exalted Lay !

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay !
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name :
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair !
Your Maker's wondrous pow'r proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound !
While all th' adoring thrones around

His boundless mercy sing :
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid :
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night :
"Ye shades, dispel !" —th' Eternal said :
At once th' involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow :
Ye dragons, sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud : and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below :

Let every element rejoice :
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
 Your great Creator own ;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
 And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise ;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing ;
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heav'nly praise employ ;
Spread his tremendous name around :
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
 Fall prostrate at his throne :
Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
 An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal Source of love,
 With youth's enlivening fire :
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his bless'd name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre.

OGILVIE.

Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for Thee :
O burst these bands, and set it free.

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross !
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way :
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd I follow Thee ;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day :
'Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

JOHN WESLEY.

Bright Pledge of Peace and Sunshine !

STILL young and fine ! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh
and new :

How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burning flaming arch did first descry ;
When Nahor, Terah, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower.
When thou dost shine darkness looks white and
fair,

Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air ;
Rain gently spends his honey drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine ! the sure
tie

Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye !
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and one.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Both Worlds at once they View.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er ;
So calm are we when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries :
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new lights thro' chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home ;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

Beauty of Holiness.

NOT all the pomp and pageantry of worlds
Reflect such glory on the eye supreme,
As the meek virtues of one holy man :
For ever doth his Angel, from the face
Divine, beatitude and wisdom draw :
And in his prayer, what privilege adored !—
Mounting the heavens and claiming audience
there :

Yes ! there, amid a high immortal host
Of seraphs hymning in eternal choir,
A lip of clay its orisons can send,
In temple or in solitude outbreathed.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Babes were His Heralds, and His Friends the Poor.

TO conquer and to save, the Son of God
Came to His own in great humility,
Who wont to ride on cherub-wings abroad,
And round Him wrap the mantle of the sky.
The mountains bent their necks to form His road;
The clouds dropt down their fatness from on high;
Beneath His feet the wild waves softly flowed,
And the wind kissed His garment tremblingly.

The grave unbolted half his grisly door,
(For darkness and the deep had heard His fame,
Nor longer might their ancient rule endure ;)
The mightiest of mankind stood hush'd and tame:
And, trooping on strong wing, His angels came
To work His will, and kingdom to secure :
No strength He needed save His Father's name ;
Babes were His heralds, and His friends the poor.

BISHOP HEBER.

Bereavement.

I MARK'D when vernal meads were bright,
And many a primrose smil'd,
I mark'd her, blithe as morning light,
A dimpled three years' child.

A basket on one tender arm
Contain'd her precious store
Of spring-flowers in their freshest charm,
Told proudly o'er and o'er.

The other wound with earnest hold
About her blooming guide,
A maid who scarce twelve years had told :
So walk'd they side by side.

One a bright bud, and one might seem
A sister flower half blown.
Full joyous on their loving dream
The sky of April shone.

The summer months swept by : again
That loving pair I met.
On russet heath, and bowery lane,
Th' autumnal sun had set :

And chill and damp that Sunday eve
Breath'd on the mourners' road
That bright-eyed little one to leave
Safe in the saints' abode.

Behind, the guardian sister came,
Her bright brow dim and pale—
O cheer thee, maiden ! in His Name,
Who still'd Jairus' wail !

Thou mourn'st to miss the fingers soft
That held by thine so fast,
The fond appealing eye, full oft
Tow'rd thee for refuge cast.

Sweet toils, sweet cares, for ever gone !
No more from stranger's face
Or startling sound, the timid one
Shall hide in thine embrace.

Thy first glad earthly task is o'er,
And dreary seems thy way ;
But what if nearer than before
She watch thee even to-day ?

What if henceforth by Heaven's decree
She leave thee not alone,
But in her turn prove guide to thee
In ways to Angels known ?

O yield thee to her whisperings sweet :
Away with thoughts of gloom !
In love the loving spirits greet,
Who wait to bless her tomb.

In loving hope with her unseen
Walk as in hallow'd air,
When foes are strong and trials keen,
Think "What if she be there?"

ANON.

Brother, thou art gone before us.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye
And sorrow is unknown :
From the burthen of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode.

Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
Upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "Dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed :
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find ;

May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

Burial of the Dead.

WHO says, the wan autumnal sun
Beams with too faint a smile
To light up nature's face again,
And, though the year be on the wane,
With thoughts of spring the heart beguile.

Waft him, thou soft September breeze,
And gently lay him down
Within some circling woodland wall,
Where bright leaves, reddening ere they fall,
Wave gaily o'er the waters brown.

And let some graceful arch be there
With wreathed mullions proud,
With burnish'd ivy for its screen,
And moss, that glows as fresh and green
As though beneath an April cloud.—

Who says the widow's heart must break,
The childless mother sink?—
A kinder, truer voice I hear,
Which even beside that mournful bier
Whence parents' eyes would hopeless shrink

Bids weep no more—O heart bereft,
How strange, to thee, that sound!
A widow o'er her only son,
Feeling more bitterly alone
For friends that press officious round.

Yet is the voice of comfort heard,
For Christ hath touch'd the bier—
The bearers wait with wondering eye,
The swelling bosom dares not sigh,
But all is still, twixt hope and fear.

Even such an awful soothing calm
We sometimes see alight
On Christian mourners, while they wait
In silence, by some church-yard gate,
Their summons to the holy rite.

And such the tones of love, which break
The stillness of that hour,
Quelling th' embitter'd spirit's strife—
“The Resurrection and the Life
“Am I: believe, and die no more.”—

Unchang'd that voice—and though not yet
The dead sit up and speak,
Answering its call; we gladlier rest
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
And our hearts feel they must not break.

Far better they should sleep awhile
Within the Church's shade,
Nor wake, until new heaven, new earth,
Meet for their new immortal birth,
For their abiding-place be made,

Than wander back to life, and lean
On our frail love once more.
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows our Paradise in store.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb;
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then cheerly to your work again,
With hearts new-brac'd and set
To run, untir'd, love's blessed race,
As meet for those, who face to face
Over the grave their Lord have met.

KEBLE.

Be glad, my Soul! and Sing amidst
thy Pleasure.

FROM eastern quarters now
The sun 's up-wandering,
His rays on the rock's brow
And hill's side squandering;
Be glad, my soul! and sing amidst thy pleasure,
Fly from the house of dust,
Up, with thy thanks, and trust
To heaven's azure!

O, countless as the grains
Of sand so tiny,
Measureless as the main's
Deep waters briny,
God's mercy is, which he upon me showereth !
Each morning, in my shell,
A grace immeasurable
To me down-poureth.

Thou best dost understand,
Lord God ! my needing,
And placed is in thy hand
My fortune's speeding,
And thou foreseest what is for me most fitting ;
Be still, then, O my soul !
To manage in the whole
Thy God permitting !

May fruit the land array,
And corn for eating !
May truth e'er make its way,
With justice meeting !
Give thou to me my share with every other,
Till down my staff I lay,
And from this world away
Wend to another !

THOMAS KINGO, *Trans. Anon.*

Contrasts necessary for Happiness.

WHEN all the year our fields are fresh and
green,

And while sweet showers and sunshine, every
day,

As oft as need requireth, come between

The heavens and earth, they heedless pass away.

The fullness and continuance of a blessing

Doth make us to be senseless of the good ;

And if sometimes it fly not our possessing,

The sweetness of it is not understood ;

Had we no winter, summer would be thought

Not half so pleasing ; and if tempests were not,

Such comforts by a calm could not be brought ;

For things, save by their opposites, appear not.

Both health and wealth are tasteless unto some,

And so is ease and every other pleasure,

Till poor, or sick, or grieved, they become,

And then they relish these in ampler measure.

God, therefore, full of kind, as He is wise,

So tempereth all the favours He will do us,

That we his bounties may the better prize,

And make his chastisements less bitter to us.

One while a scorching indignation burns

The flowers and blossoms of our hopes away,

Which into scarcity our plenty turns,

And changeth new mown grass to parched hay ;

Anon his fruitful showers and pleasing dews,

Commixed with cheerful rays, He sendeth
down,

And then the barren earth her crops renews,
Which with rich harvests hills and valleys
crown ;
For, as to relish joys, He sorrow sends ;
So comfort on temptation still attends.

GEORGE WITHER.

**Come, while the Morning of thy Life
is Glowing.**

COME, while the blossoms of thy years are
brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze,
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways ;
Come, while sweet thoughts like summer-buds
unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is hold-
ing,
Come—and secure interminable rest !

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown ;
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone ;
Those who now love thee will have pass'd for ever,
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee ;
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be !

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die ;
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee
throwing

Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky ;
Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray ;
O, touch the sceptre !—win a hope in Heaven.
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away !

Then will the crosses of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul ;—
And, shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will of thy patient race appear the goal :
Home of the weary !—where, in peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
Though o'er its dust the curtain'd grave is closing,

Who would not, *early*, choose a lot like this ?

WILLIS G. CLARK.

Christmas Beams shall Cheer my Heart.

THE shepherds sing, and shall I silent be ?

My God, no hymn for thee ?

My soul's a shepherd too ; a flock it feeds

Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.

The pasture is thy word ; the streams thy grace,
Enriching all the place.

Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the day-light hours.

Then we will chide the sun, for letting night
Take up his place and right :
We sing one common Lord ; wherefore he
should
Himself the candle hold.
I will go searching, till I find a sun
Shall stay till we have done ;
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
As frost-nipt suns look sadly.
Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
And one another pay :
His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so
twine,
Till ev'n his beams sing, and my music shine.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Come back to Me, my Child.

THE foot of Spring is on yon blue-topped
mountain,
Leaving its green prints 'neath each spreading
tree ;
Her voice is heard beside the swelling fountain,
Giving sweet tones to its wild melody.
From the warm south she brings unnumbered
roses,
To greet with smiles the eye of grief and care :
Her balmy breath on the worn brow reposes,
And her rich gifts are scattered everywhere ;—
I heed them not, my child.

In the low vale the snow-white daisy springeth,
The golden dandelion by its side ;
The eglantine a dewy fragrance flingeth
To the soft breeze that wanders far and wide.
The hyacinth and polyanthus render,
From their deep hearts, an offering of love ;
And fresh May-pinks and half-blown lilacs tender
Their grateful homage to the skies above ;—
I heed them not, my child.

In the clear brook are springing water-cresses,
And pale green rushes, and fair, nameless
flowers ;
While o'er them dip the willow's verdant tresses,
Dimpling the surface with their mimic showers.
The honeysuckle stealthily is creeping
Round the low porch and mossy cottage-eaves ;
Oh ! Spring hath fairy treasures in her keeping,
And lovely are the landscapes that she weaves ;—
'Tis naught to me, my child.

Down the green lane come peals of heartfelt
laughter !
The school hath sent its eldest inmates forth :
And now a smaller band comes dancing after,
Filling the air with shouts of infant mirth.
At the rude gate the anxious dame is bending,
To clasp her rosy darlings to her breast ;
Joy, pride, and hope, are in her bosom blending ;
Ah ! peace with her is no unusual guest ;—
Not so with me, my child.

All the day long I listen to the singing
 Of the gay birds and winds among the trees ;
 But a sad under-strain is ever ringing,
 A tale of death and its dread mysteries.
 Nature to me the letter is, that killeth—
 The spirit of her charms has passed away ;
 A fount of bliss no more my bosom filleth—
 Slumbers its idol in unconscious clay ;—
 Thou'rt in the *grave*, my child.

For thy glad voice my spirit inly pineth,
 I languish for thy blue eyes' holy light :
 Vainly for me the glorious sunbeam shineth ;
 Vainly the blessed stars come forth at night.
 I live in darkness, with the tomb before me,
 Longing to lay my dust beside thine own ;
 Oh, cast the mantle of thy presence o'er me !
 Beloved, leave me not so deeply lone ;—
 Come back to me, my child !

Upon that breast of pitying love thou leanest,
 Which oft on earth did pillow such as thou,
 Nor turned away petitioner the meanest :
 Pray to Him, sinless—he will hear thee now.
 Plead for thy weak and broken-hearted mother ;
 Pray that thy voice may whisper words of peace ;
 Her ear is deaf, and can discern no other ;
 Speak, and her bitter sorrowings shall cease ;—
 Come back to me, my child !

Come but in dreams—let me once more behold
 thee,
 As in thy hours of buoyancy and glee,

And one brief moment in my arms enfold thee—
 Beloved, I will not ask thy stay with me.
 Leave but the impress of thy dove-like beauty,
 Which Memory strives so vainly to recall,
 And I will onward in the path of duty,
 Restraining tears that ever fain would fall;—
 Come but in dreams, my child!

JULIA H. SCOTT.

Christ the Purifier.

HE that from dross would win the precious ore,
 Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
 The subtle searching process to explore,
 Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
 When in the molten silver's virgin mass
 He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his people tried;
 Thrice happy they who to the end endure:
 But who the fiery trial may abide?

Who from the crucible come forth so pure?
 That He whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
 May see his image perfect in the soul?

Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
 As in that mirror the refiner's face;
 But, stamp'd with Heaven's broad signet, there be
 shown

Immanuel's features full of truth and grace.
 And round that seal of love this motto be,
 "Not for a moment, but—eternity!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Come up unto the Hills.

COME up unto the hills—thy strength is there.

Oh, thou hast tarried long,
Too long, amid the bowers and blossoms fair,
With notes of summer song.
Why dost thou tarry there? what though the bird
Pipes matin in the vale—
The plough-boy whistles to the loitering herd,
As the red daylights fail—

Yet come unto the hills, the old strong hills,
And leave the stagnant plain;
Come to the gushing of the new-born rills,
As sing they to the main;
And thou with denizens of power shalt dwell,
Beyond demeaning care;
Composed upon his rock, mid storm and fell,
The eagle shall be there.

Come up unto the hills: the shattered tree
Still clings unto the rock,
And flingeth out his branches wild and free,
To dare again the shock.
Come where no fear is known: the sea-bird's nest
On the old hemlock swings,
And thou shalt taste the gladness of unrest,
And mount upon thy wings.

Come up unto the hills. The men of old,
They of undaunted wills,
Grew jubilant of heart, and strong, and bold,
On the enduring hills—

Where came the soundings of the sea afar,
Borne upward to the ear,
And nearer grew the moon and midnight star,
And God himself more near.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Consecration of the House of Prayer.

GOD of wisdom, GOD of might,
Father! dearest name of all,
Bow thy throne and bless our rite;
'Tis thy children on thee call.
Glorious ONE! look down from heaven,
Warm each heart and wake each vow;
Unto Thee this house is given;
With thy presence fill it now.

Fill it now! on every soul
Shed the incense of thy grace,
While our anthem-echoes roll
Round the consecrated place;
While thy holy page we read,
While the prayers Thou lovest ascend,
While thy cause thy servants plead,—
Fill this house, our GOD, our Friend.

Fill it now—O, fill it long!
So, when death shall call us home,
Still to Thee, in many a throng,
May our children's children come.

Bless them, Father, long and late,
Blot their sins, their sorrows dry ;
Make this place to them the gate
Leading to thy courts on high.

There, when time shall be no more,
When the feuds of earth are past,
May the tribes of every shore
Congregate in peace at last !
Then to Thee, thou ONE all-wise,
Shall the gather'd millions sing,
Till the arches of the skies
With their hallelujahs ring.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Charity.

CHARITY ! decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind ;
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride ;
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives ;
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives ;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
Each other gift which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows ;
To one fixed purpose dedicates its power,
And finishing its act, exists no more.

Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show;
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above,)
High as we may lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirmed by Hope;
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispelled,
The Sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated, sublime, on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy;
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Shalt still survive——
Shalt stand before the host of heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Come, Lord! when Grace has made
me meet.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To live and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same pay?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord! when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

BAXTER.

Days of Joy ensue sad Nights of Sorrow.

WHAT joyful harvester did e'er obtain
The sweet fruition of his hopeful gain,
Till he in hardy labours first had pass'd
The summer's heat, and stormy winter's blast ?
A sable night returns a shining morrow,
And days of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow ;
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
And he that had no cross deserves no crown.
There's but one heaven, one place of perfect ease,
In man it lies, to take it where he please,
Above, or here below : and few men do
Enjoy the one, and taste the other too :
Sweating, and constant labour wins the goal
Of rest ; afflictions clarify the soul,
And like hard masters, give more hard directions,
Tutoring the nonage of uncurb'd affections.
Wisdom, the antidote of sad despair,
Makes sharp afflictions seem not as they are,
Through patient sufferance ; and doth apprehend,
Not as they seeming are, but as they end.
To bear affliction with a bended brow,
Or stubborn heart, is but to disallow
The speedy means to health ; salve heals no sore,
If misapplied, but makes the grief the more.
Who sends affliction, sends an end, and he
Best knows what's best for him, what's best for
me :
'Tis not for me to carve me where I like ;
Him pleases when he list to stroke or strike.

I'll neither wish nor yet avoid temptation,
But still expect it, and make preparation :
If he think best, my faith shall not be tried,
Lord, keep me spotless from presumptuous pride :
If otherwise with his trial, give me care,
By thankful patience to prevent despair :
Fit me to bear whate'er thou shalt assign ;
I kiss the rod, because the rod is thine.

Howe'er, let me not boast, nor yet repine ;
With trial, or without, Lord, make me thine.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Death of the Righteous.

OH! beautiful beyond depicting words
To paint the hour that wafts a soul to heaven !
The world grows dim, the scenes of time depart,
The hour of peace, the walk of social joy,
The mild companion, and the deep-souled friend,
The loved and lovely—see his face no more.
The mingling spell of sun, of sea and air,
Is broken : voice and gaze, and smiles that speak
Must perish ; parents take their hushed adieu ;
A wife, a child, a daughter half divine,
Or son that never drew a father's tear,—
Approach him, and his dying tones receive.
Like God's own language ! 'tis an hour of awe,
Yet terrorless, when revelations flow
From faith immortal ; view that pale worn brow,
It gleams with glory !—in his eyes there dawns
A dazzling earnest of unuttered joy.

Each pang subdued, his longing soul respire
The gales of glorified eternity;
And round him, hues ethereal, harps of light,
And lineaments of earthless beauty, throng,
As, winged on melody, the saint departs,
While heaven in miniature before him shines.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Devotion Breathes Aloud from every Chord.

WHEN first, in ancient time, from Jubal's
tongue,

The tuneful anthem filled the morning air,
To sacred hymnings and Elysian song
His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.
Devotion breathed aloud from every chord;—
The voice of praise was heard in every tone,
And prayer, and thanks to Him, the Eternal
One,—

To Him, that, with bright inspiration, touched
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song,
And warmed the soul with new vitality.
A stirring energy through Nature breathed!—
The voice of adoration from her broke,
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard
Long in the sullen waterfall,—what time
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth
Its bloom or blighting,—when the Summer smiled,
Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourned,
The Deity was there!—a nameless spirit

Moved in the hearts of men to do Him homage ;
Or when the Morning smiled, or Evening, pale,
Hung weeping o'er the melancholy sun,
They came beneath the broad o'erarching trees,
And in their tremulous shadow worshipped oft,
Where the pale vine clung round their simple
altars,

And gray moss mantling hung. Above was heard
The melody of winds, breathed out as the green
trees

Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty,
And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below,
Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots,
That choked its weedy fountain—and dark rocks,
Worn smooth by the constant current, even there
The listless wave, that stole with mellow voice,
Where weeds grew rank upon the rushy brink,
And to the wandering wind the green sedge bent,
Sang a sweet song of fixed tranquillity.

Men felt the heavenly influence ; and it stole
Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace ;
And even the air they breathed,—the light they
saw,—

Became religion ;—for the ethereal spirit,
That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,
And mellows everything to beauty, moved
With cheering energy within their breasts,
And made all holy there—for all was love.
The morning stars that sweetly sang together—
The moon that hung at night in the mid-sky—
Day-spring—and eventide—and all the fair
And beautiful forms of nature, had a voice

Of eloquent worship. Ocean, with its tide,
Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm
Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat
The pulses of the sea, sent forth a voice
Of awful adoration of the Spirit,
That, wrapped in darkness, moved upon its face.
And when the bow of evening arched the east,
Or, in the moon-light pale, the gentle wave
Kissed, with a sweet embrace, the sea-worn beach,
And the wild song of winds came o'er the waters,
The mingled melody of wind and wave
Touched like a heavenly anthem on the ear;
For it arose a tuneful hymn of worship.
And have our hearts grown cold? Are there on
earth

No pure reflections caught from heavenly love?
Have our mute lips no hymn—our souls no song?
Let him that in the summer-day of youth,
Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,
And him, that in the night-fall of his years,
Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace
His weary eyes on life's short wayfaring,
Praise Him that rules the destiny of man.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Death.

LIKE to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flow'r of May,
Or like the morning of the day,

Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which JONAS had,—
 Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done :
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

ANON.

Deathless Principle, Arise !

DEATHLESS principle, arise !
 Soar, thou native of the skies !
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To his glorious likeness wrought !
 Go to shine before his throne ;
 Deck his mediatorial crown ;
 Go, His triumph to adorn,—
 Made for God, to God return.

Lo ! He beckons from on high,—
 Fearless to His presence fly :
 Thine the merit of his blood ;
 Thine the righteousness of God !
 Angels, joyful to attend,
 Hovering, round thy pillow bend ;
 Wait to catch the signal given,
 And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distress'd,
 Willing to retain her guest ?
 'Tis not thou, but she, must die.
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly !

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay ;
Sweetly breathe thyself away :
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream ;
Venture all thy care on Him ;
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave ;
Gentle as a summer's eve ;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view !
Love divine shall bear thee through.
Trust to that propitious gale ;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade ;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See ! they throng the blissful shore.

Mount, their transports to improve ;
Join the longing choir above ;
Swiftly to their wish be given ;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.—
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes ;
Such the glorious vista, Faith
Opens through the shades of death.

TOPLADY.

Evening.

'TIS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;—

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense ;—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold ;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy Priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE.

Evelyn Hope.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!

Sit and watch by her side an hour.

That is her book-shelf, this her bed;

She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.

Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—

It was not her time to love: beside,

Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,

And now was quiet, now astir—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?

What, your soul was pure and true,

The good stars met in your horoscope,

Made you of spirit, fire and dew—

And just because I was thrice as old,

And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?

We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above

Is great to grant, as mighty to make,

And creates the love to reward the love,—

I claim you still, for my own love's sake!

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young
smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young
gold.

So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep:
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Earth and Heaven.

IN hell no life, in heaven no death there is ;
In earth both life and death, both bale and
bliss :

In heaven's all life, no end, nor new supplying ;
In hell's all death, and yet there is no dying.

Earth (like a partial ambidexter) doth
Prepare for death, or life, prepares for both :
Who lives to sin in hell his portion's given,
Who dies to sin, shall after live in heaven.

Though earth my nurse be, heaven, be thou
my father ;

Ten thousand deaths let me endure rather
Within my nurse's arms, than one to thee ;
Earth's honour, with thy frowns, is death to me :
I live on earth, upon a stage of sorrow ;
Lord, if thou pleasest, end the play to-morrow.
I live on earth, as in a dream of pleasure ;
Awake me when thou wilt, I wait thy leisure :
I live on earth, but as of life bereaven ;
My life's with thee, for, Lord, thou art in heaven.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Entrance into Bliss.

O SACRED star of evening, tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths by holy angels trod,
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright,
Their home, the Paradise of God ?

Soul of the just ! and canst thou soar
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,
Beyond the bounds of space or time ?

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Through heaven's high dome the song to raise,
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre
In ever-during notes of praise ?

Oh ! who would heed the chilling blast
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
If bid to hail, its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity !

And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a transient world as this,
When hope displays, beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss !

W. O. PEABODY.

Easter.

A GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

Oh ! what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom :
Oh ! what a Sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion moved,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls He loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind his soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line ;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much divine.

And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
While broke, beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below;
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man
A brother's pity flows;
And still his bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.

To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Easter.

I GOT me flowers to strew thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The sun arising in the east,—
Though he give light, and the east perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Earth not the Sphere of Souls.

“PARENT of good ! since all thy laws are just,
 Say, why permits thy judging providence
 Oppression’s hand to bow meek innocence,
 And gives prevailing strength to fraud and lust ?
 Who steels with stubborn force the arm unjust,
 That proudly wars against Omnipotence ?
 Who bids thy faithful sons, that reverence
 Thine holy will, be humbled in the dust ?
 Amid the din of joy fair Virtue sighs,
 While the fierce conqueror binds his impious head
 With laurel, and the car of triumph rolls.”
 Thus I ;—when radiant ’fore my wondering eyes
 A heavenly spirit stood, and smiling said :
 “Blind moralist ! is Earth the sphere of souls ?”

B. L. ARGENSOLA, *Trans. by HERBERT.*

Each hath his Fortune in his Breast.

In vain do men
 The heavens of their fortune’s fault accuse,
 Sith they know best what is the best for them ;
 For they to each such fortune do diffuse
 As they do know each can most aptly use.
 For not that which men covet most is best,
 Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse ;
 But fittest is, that all contented rest
 With that they hold : each hath his fortune in
 his breast.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor;
For some that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greater store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches; fools therefore
They are which fortune do by vows devise,
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Ere long it Will be Day.

I WILL take refuge in my God
From man, and sin, and woe.
Fain would I drop this mortal clod,
To know as angels know;
And love as angels love,
And be as angels pure.
It is all light, pure light above,—
Bliss unalloyed and sure.

But shall I shun the sacred fight
Which good maintains with ill?
No; strong in my Redeemer's might,
Be mine to wrestle still.
Here only, in this strife,
Can I his soldier be:
Here only spend or lose a life
For Him who died for me.

Nor would I too impatient pry
The awful veil within ;
Or scan th' appalling mystery
Of God-resisting sin.
Oh, let me be content
For Heaven's own light to stay.
The night, the night, is well-nigh spent :
Ere long it will be day.

CONDER.

Early Calling.

AY, thou art for the grave ; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long ; another Spring
Shall deck her for men's eyes—but not for
thine—

Sealed in a sleep which knows no wakening.
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
And the vexed ore no mineral of power ;
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour :
Glide softly to thy rest then ; Death should come
Gently, to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds wandering through groves of
bloom

Detach thy delicate blossom from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes, calmly, and without pain ;
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Excelsior !

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flash'd like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright :
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

“Try not the pass !” the old man said ;
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answer'd, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

“Beware the pine tree's wither'd branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !”
This was the peasant's last good-night ;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint BERNARD
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
 Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay ;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star!
 Excelsior!

HENRY LONGFELLOW.

Even her Joes Wept.

GOD of the thunder! from whose cloudy seat
The fiery winds of desolation flow :
Father of vengeance! that with purple feet,
Like a full wine-press treadst the world below ;
The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,
Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,
Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
Till Thou the guilty land hast sealed for woe.
God of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign
The billows of the proud their rage suppress ;
Father of mercies! at one word of thine
An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness !

And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
And pillared temples rise Thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land Thy thunders broke, O Lord!

The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian sword,
E'en her foes wept to see her fallen state:

And heaps her ivory palaces became,
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
Her temple sank amid the smouldering flame,
For Thou didst ride the tempest-cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land Thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
And the sad city lift her crownless head;
And songs shall wake, and dancing footsteps
gleam,

Where broods o'er fallen streets the silence of
the dead.

The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers,
To deck, at blushing eve, their bridal bowers,
And angel-feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And Abraham's children were led forth for
slaves;

With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,
Envyng our fathers in their peaceful graves.
The stranger's bread with bitter tears we steep,
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
'Neath the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy ;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead Thy children home ;
He that went forth a tender yearling boy,
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come.
And Canaan's vines for us their fruits shall bear,
And Hermon's bees their honied stores prepare ;
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
Where, o'er the cherub-seated God, full blazed
the irradiate dome.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

Father ! Thou must Lead.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If thou the Spirit give by which I pray :
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed :
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou sayest it may.
Unless Thou show to us thy own true way,
No man can find it : Father ! Thou must lead :
Do Thou then breathe these thoughts into my
mind,
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee !
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI,

Trans. by WORDSWORTH.

Faith.

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn ;
Not seldom, evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark, untrue ;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord !
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die ;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify !

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace with suppliant knee ;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Far from the World, O Lord, I Flee.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one,)
My Saviour, Thou art mine !

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Faith, the Evidence of Things Unseen.

LORD, how couldst thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sin, as, when man's sight was
dim
And could see little, to regard his ease,
And bring by faith all things to him ?

Hungry I was, and had no meat,
I did conceit a most delicious feast;
I had it straight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,
That I can walk to heav'n well near.

I owed thousands, and much more:
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And liv'd accordingly; my creditor
Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all,
That I believe is in the sacred story:
And when sin placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger?
Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise and strong had gained it:
Where now, by faith, all arms are of a length;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much
As a great clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend and
crouch,
While grace fills up uneven nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, thou didst make the sun
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright ;
And in this show what Christ hath done.

That which before was darken'd clean,
With bushy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
Vanish'd away, when faith did change the scene ;
And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust ?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Faint not, Poor Traveller.

FAIN'T not, poor traveller, though thy way
Be rough, like that thy SAVIOUR trod ;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.

Nay, sink not ; though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain ;
Thou dost but share the lot of Him
With whom his followers are to reign.

Thy friends are gone, and thou, alone,
Must bear the sorrows that assail ;
Look upward to the eternal throne,
And know a Friend who cannot fail.

Bear firmly ; yet a few more days,
And thy hard trial will be past ;
Then, wrapt in glory's opening blaze,
Thy feet will rest on heaven at last.

Christian ! thy Friend, thy Master pray'd,
When dread and anguish shook his frame ;
Then met his sufferings undismay'd ;
Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?

O ! think'st thou that his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise ?

Go, sufferer ! calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear ;
Then, rising as thy SAVIOUR rose,
Go ! his eternal victory share.

ANDREWS NORTON.

Footsteps of Angels.

WHEN the hours of day are number'd,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumber'd
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour-wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife,—
By the road-side fell and perish'd,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,—
Folded their pale hands so meekly,—
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depress'd and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Fair Sun of Righteousness!

O BLEST Redeemer! from thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs
won:

From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
Look down on those who bear thy sacred name:
Restore their ways, inspire them, by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace.
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And, by their morals, prove their faith divine.
Nor only to thy church confine thy ray;
O'er the glad world thy healing light display.
Fair SUN of righteousness! in beauty rise,
And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies;
To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
O great Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;
O'er earth as wide thy saving warmth diffuse
As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews;
And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy
power,
Death shall expire, and sin defile no more.

BOYCE.

Forgive, while I presume to Praise!

LIFE of the world! immortal Mind!

Father of all the human kind!

Whose boundless eye, that knows no rest,

Intent on nature's ample breast,

Explores the space of earth and skies,

And sees eternal incense rise,

To Thee my humble voice I raise;

Forgive, while I presume to praise!

Though thou this transient being gave,

That shortly sinks into the grave,

Yet 'twas thy goodness still to give

A being that can think and live;

In all thy works thy wisdom see,

And stretch its towering mind to Thee.

To Thee my humble voice I raise;

Forgive, while I presume to praise!

And still this poor, contracted span,

This life, that bears the name of Man,

From thee derives its vital ray,

Eternal Source of life and day!

Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,

That gilds its morn and evening hours:

To Thee my humble voice I raise;

Forgive, while I presume to praise!

Thro' error's maze, through folly's night,

The lamp of reason lends me light.

When stern affliction waves her rod,

My heart confides in thee, my God:

When nature shrinks, oppress'd with woes,
E'en then she finds in thee repose.
To Thee my humble voice I raise ;
Forgive, while I presume to praise !

Affliction flies, and hope returns ;
The lamp with brighter splendour burns ;
Gay Love, with all his smiling train,
And Peace and Joy are here again.
These, these, I know, 'twas thine to give ;
I trusted, and, behold, I live ;
To Thee my humble voice I raise ;
Forgive, while I presume to praise !

Oh, may I still thy favour prove !
Still grant me gratitude and love ;
Let truth and virtue guide my heart,
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart :
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee.
To Thee my humble voice I raise ;
Forgive, while I presume to praise !

LANGHORNE.

Fair is the Star of Eve.

BRIGHT with the golden shine of heaven plays
On tender blades the dew ;
And the spring-landscape's trembling likeness
sways
Clear in the streamlet's blue.

Fair is the rocky fount, the blossomed hedge,
Groves stained with golden light ;
Fair is the star of eve, that on the edge
Of purple clouds shines bright.

Fair is the meadow's green,—the valley's copse,—
The hillock's dress of flowers,—
The alder-brook,—the reed-encircled pond,
O'er-snowed with blossom-showers.

This manifold world of life is held in one
By Love's eternal band :
The glowworm and the fire-sea of the sun
Sprang from one Father's hand.

Thou beckonest, Almighty ! from the tree
The blossom's leaf doth fall ;—
Thou beckonest,—and in immensity
Is quenched a solar ball !

FRIEDRIC VON MATTHISSON, *Trans. Anon.*

Flowers of the Earth and the Stars of Heaven.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine ;—
Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld ;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above :
But not less in the bright flowrets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours ;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowrets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light ;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming,
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Fear not, for I am With Thee.

EVEN as the sun (which every day surrounds
The sublune globe, and pries into the bounds
Of this dark centre,) lets his beams reflect
Upon a mole-hill, with as much respect
As on a mountain—for his glorious beams
Shine always with equivalent extremes,—
Even so the great and powerful Three in One,
That sits upon his all-enlightening throne,
Does not deny to let his mercies crown
The poorest peasant with as much renown
As the most stateliest emperor: though he
Invests his body with more dignity,
Yet he's but earth, and must at last decay;
For prince and peasant go the self-same way;
There's no distinction—one infused breath
Made them alike, and both must live in death
Or everlasting life; both must commence
Divines in heaven; there's no pre-eminence,
But all equality; all must express
With equal joy their equal happiness.

Rouse up, dull man, and let thy wakened soul
Be vigilate! oh, let thy thoughts enrol
The love of God; engrave it in thy breast,
That his resounding tongue may read thee blest!
Oh! let thy sighs like pens, and let thy tears
Like ink, inscribe the love, th' indulgent cares
Of thy Creator; that Himself may find,
Within th' unblotted volume of thy mind,
Himself recorded; so will He embrace
Thy spotless soul, and fill thee with his grace.

Incline thine ears, and let thy heart rejoice
To hear the strains of his harmonious voice.
Hearken, and thou shalt hear his prophets sing
The admired mercies of the glorious King :
Thus saith the great and everlasting One,
That rules the heavens, and governs earth alone ;
Thus saith the Lord, that takes delight to dwell
Among his saints, that formed Israel,
Created Jacob, " Let thy sorrows flee
Out of thy breast : I have redeemed thee.
'Twas I that made thy clouded vision shine,
And called thee by my name, for thou wert mine ;
I will be with thee : when thy feet shall wade
Through the waters, I will be thy aid :
I'll make thee walk through rivers, and the waves
Shall prove ambitious to become thy slaves ;
And when thou walkest through the raging fire,
The unruly flames shall not presume t' aspire,
Or kindle on thy garments. I alone,
The Lord thy God, and Israel's Holy One,
And thy dear Saviour, that was always true,
Gave Egypt, Seba, Ethiopia, too,
To ransom thee ; for thou wert my delight,
And always precious in my favouring sight.
Honours were heaped upon thee, and thou wert
The tender love of my affecting heart ;
Therefore e'en I, well pleased with thee, will give
People for thy dear sake, that thou mayst live.
Fear not, for I am with thee, and will stand
In thy defence ; and my all-grasping hand
Shall bring thy seed from the remotest places,
And fill thee with my satisfying graces.

My tongue shall call unto the north, and say
Unto the south, Give; and they shall obey;
Bring from afar my sons and daughters all,
Hear my loud voice, be active when I call.
I have created them, and I proclaim
They shall be called and honoured by my name.
I'll usher forth the blind, and make them see
The splendid glories of my Majesty:
I'll cure the deaf, and make their hearts rejoice
To hear the echoes of my warbling voice."
Thus hath our God untied the tongues, and
broke

His prophets' lips—thus have his prophets spoke;
And wilt thou be, O man, so much obdure,
As not to credit Him that will assure
Perpetual happiness? Thou canst not ask
That which He cannot give: do but unmask
Thy shame-faced soul, that so thou mayst descry
Jehovah's mercies with a faithful eye;
Descant upon his promises; advise
With thine own thoughts; let wisdom make thee
wise.

* * * * * Go rally all

Thy thoughts together, and discreetly fall
Into a serious study. Let thy mind
Be absolute and really inclined
To meditation. Contradict the rage
Of thine own passions. Labour to assuage
The fire of lust, that so thou mayst behold,
With more serenity, how manifold
His mercies are. Think what he did endure
Before his wounds had perfected thy cure.

Remember how undauntedly He stood,
And sweat Himself into a crimson flood,
To ransom thee ; remember how his woes
Were asperated by his raging foes ;
Remember how his sacred temples wore
A spiny crown ; remember how it tore
His sublime front ; remember how they broached
His breast with spears, and shamefully reproached
His spotless fame ; remember how they nailed
His spreading hands ; remember how they scaled
His ivory walls ; remember how they spawled
Upon his face ; remember how they bawled
And banded at his agony, whilst He
Proved patient martyr to their tyranny ;
Remember, when He came unto the brink
Of death, they gave Him vinegar to drink.
Here's love, O man, that does as far transcend
Thy thoughts as thy deserts, that Heaven should
send

His Son and Heir to be incarnated
And suffer death for thee : thou wert as dead
As sin could make thee ; 'twas for thy offence
He died, ah ! how, how canst thou recompense
Such high-bred favours ? After thou art fed,
Wilt thou condemn the hand that gave thee bread ?
Wouldst thou not love that friend that should
bestow

A superannuated crust, and show
Respect unto thee when the ebbing tide
Of fortune runs so low, that thou mayst ride
Upon the sands of poverty ? Fond man,
Strive to be grateful ; study how to scan

The mercies of thy God ; remember how
He feeds thy soul with manna ; learn to bow
The unruly thoughts ; with admiration think
How often and how much embittered drink
Thy Saviour drank, with what a doleful cry
He begged of God to let that cup pass by ;
But knowing that his pleasure must be done,
He proved Himself a most obedient Son.
And wilt thou not, coy wretch ! drink one poor
sup
Of bitter drink for Him that drank a cup
To sweeten thine ?

JOHN QUARLES.

**Firm as the Rocks thy Promise
Stands.**

IN every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee :
Firm as the rocks Thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands ;
Thy love, a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace, an ever-flowing tide.

In every object here I see
Something, my heart, that points at thee :
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And, like the tides, in constant motion.

NEWTON.

Faith.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear,
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the word of life!

Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus He raised from earth the drooping heart:

“Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.

Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?

And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold, and look away your low despair—

See the light tenants of the barren air:

To them not stores nor granaries belong;

Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;

Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye

On the least wing that flits along the sky.

To Him they sing when spring renews the plain,

To Him they cry in winter's pinching reign;

Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain;

He hears the gay and the distressful call,

And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace;

Observe the various vegetable race;

They neither toil nor spin; but careless grow;

Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they
glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare?
What king so shining, or what queen so fair?
If ceaseless, then, the fowls of heaven He feeds;
If o'er the fields such lucid robes He spreads;
Will He not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is He unwise? or, are ye less than they?"

JAMES THOMSON.

Father, Hallowed be Thy Name.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame:
Father, hallowed be Thy name!

Though estranged from Thee in heart,
Doubtless Thou our Father art:
From Thy hand our spirits came:
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known:
Nearer now, in Christ our claim:
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

Born anew, Oh, may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal;
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame:
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

Whether, then, in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same :
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

CONDER.

Father ! not my Will, but Thine be
Done.

O LORD my God, do Thou Thy holy will—
I will lie still—

I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm,
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace ! thou must not me beguile
With thy false smile :

I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways.

Be silent, Praise,
Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all
That hear thy call.

Come, Self-devotion, high and pure,
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.

Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye serene
Their blessing, who by faith can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only, and the joys above.

They say, who know the life divine,
And upward gaze with eagle eyne,
That by each golden crown on high,
Rich with celestial jewelry,
Which for our Lord's redeem'd is set,
There hangs a radiant coronet,
All gemm'd with pure and living light,
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
Prepar'd for virgin souls, and them
Who seek the martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire,
Must win their way through blood and fire.
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.
Oft in Life's stillest shade reclining,
In Desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an Angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth—so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,
From hopes fulfill'd and mutual love.
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget,
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where'er He go,

By purest pleasures unbeguil'd
To idolize or wife or child ;
Such wedded souls our God shall own
For faultless virgins round His throne.

Thus every where we find our suffering God,
And where He trod
May set our steps : the Cross on Calvary
Uplifted high
Beams on the martyr host, a beacon light
In open fight.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of His midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

Mortal ! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, who did once from Heaven to Hell descend
Thee to befriend :
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
Thy best, thine al .

“ O Father ! not My will, but Thine be done ”—
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing Earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys :
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest !

JOHN KEBLE.

Forgive, Blest Shade, the Tributary Tear.

FORGIVE, blest shade, the tributary tear
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss.

No more confined to grovelling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay:
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And track thy journey to the realms of day.

STEELE.

Father All Merciful!

FATHER Almighty!

From thy high seat thou watchest and controullest
The insects that upon thy footstool creep,
While, with a never-wearied hand, thou rollest
Millions of worlds along the boundless deep.
O Father; now the clouds hang blackening o'er us,
And the dark, boiling deeps beneath us yawn:
Scatter the tempests, quell the waves before us;
To the wild, fearful night send thou a blessed
dawn.

Father All Holy!

When thou shalt sit upon thy throne of glory,
The steadfast earth, the strong, untiring sea,
Their verdant isles, their mountains high and
hoary,
With awe and fear shall from thy presence flee.

Then shalt thou sit a Judge, the guilty dooming
To adamantine chains and endless fire :
Oh, Father ! how may we abide thy coming ?
Where find a shelter from the pure Jehovah's
ire ?

Father All Merciful !

Still may the guilty come in peace before thee,
Bathing thy feet with tears of love and woe ;
And while for pardon only we implore thee,
Blessings divine, unnumbered, o'er us flow.
Father, her heart from all her idols tearing,
Thine erring child again would turn to thee ;
To thee she bends, trembling, yet not despairing :
From fear, remorse, and sin, O Father ! set
her free.

MARTHA DAY.

God of my Fathers !

GOD of my fathers ! holy, just, and good !
My God ! my Father ! my unfailing hope !
Jehovah ! let the incense of my praise,
Accepted, burn before thy mercy-seat,
And in thy presence burn, both day and night.
Maker ! Preserver ! my Redeemer, God !
Whom have I in the heavens but Thee alone ?
On earth, but Thee, whom should I praise, whom
love ?
For Thou hast brought me hitherto, upheld

By thy omnipotence ; and from thy grace—
Unbought, unmerited, though not unsought—
The wells of thy salvation, hast refreshed
My spirit, watering it, at morn and even ;
And by thy Spirit, which thou freely giv'st
To whom thou wilt, hast led my venturesome song
Over the vale and mountain track, the light
And shade of man ; into the burning deep
Descending now, and now circling the mount
Where highest sits Divinity enthroned ;
Rolling along the tide of fluent thought,
The tide of moral, natural, divine ;
Gazing on past and present : and again,
On rapid pinion borne, outstripping Time,
In long excursion, wandering through the groves
Unfading, and the endless avenues
That shade the landscape of Eternity ;
And talking there with holy angels met,
And future men, in glorious vision seen !
Nor unrewarded have I watched at night,
And heard the drowsy sound of neighbouring
sleep.

New thought, new imagery, new scenes of bliss
And glory, unrehearsed by mortal tongue,
Which, unrevealed, I trembling turned and left,
Bursting at once upon my ravished eye,
With joy unspeakable have filled my soul,
And made my cup run over with delight ;
Though in my face the blast of adverse winds,
While boldly circumnavigating Man,
(Winds seeming adverse, though perhaps not so,)
Have beat severely—disregarded beat,

When I behind me heard the voice of God,
And His propitious Spirit, say, Fear not!

God of my fathers! ever present God!
This offering more inspire, sustain, accept;
Highest, if numbers answer to the theme;
Best answering, if thy Spirit dictate most.
Jehovah! breathe upon my soul; my heart
Enlarge! my faith increase; increase my hope;
My thoughts exalt; my fancy sanctify,
And all my passions, that I near thy throne
May venture, unproved: and sing the day,
Which none unholy ought to name—the Day
Of Judgment! greatest day past or to come!
Day which—deny me what thou wilt, deny
Me home, or friend, or honourable name—
Thy mercy grant, I thoroughly prepared,
With comely garment of redeeming love,
May meet, and have my Judge for Advocate.

ROBERT POLLOK.

God's Operations by Day and by Night.

MY soul, adore the Lord of might,
With uncreated glory crowned;
And clad in royalty of light,
He draws the curtained heavens around.
Dark waters his pavilion form,
Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm:

Lightning before Him and behind,
Thunder rebounding to and fro;
He walks upon the winged wind,
And reins the blast, or lets it go:
This goodly globe his wisdom planned;
He fixed the bounds of sea and land.

When o'er a guilty world of old
He summoned the avenging main,
At his rebuke the billows rolled
Back to their parent gulf again;
The mountains raised their joyful heads,
Like new creations from their beds.

Thenceforth the self-revolving tide
Its daily fall and flow maintains;
Through winding vales fresh fountains glide,
Leap from the hills, or course the plains;
Their thirsty cattle throng the brink,
And the wild asses bend to drink.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
Expand their leaves, their fragrance fling
Where the cool breeze at noon-tide roves,
And birds among the branches sing;
Soft fall the showers when day declines,
And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

Grass through the meadows, rich with flowers,
God's bounty spreads for herds and flocks;
On Lebanon his cedar towers;
The wild goats bound upon his rocks;
Fowls in his forest build their nests;
The stork amid the pine-tree rests.

To strengthen man, condemned to toil,
He fills with grain the golden ear ;
Bids the ripe olive melt with oil,
And swells the grape, man's heart to cheer.
The moon her tide of changing knows,
Her orb with lustre ebbs and flows.

The sun goes down, the stars come out ;
He maketh darkness, and 'tis night ;
Then roam the beasts of prey about ;
The desert rings with chase and flight :
The lion and the lion's brood
Look up,—and God provides their food.

Morn dawns far east ; ere long the sun
Warms the glad nations with his beams ;
Day, in their dens, the spoilers shun,
And night returns to them in dreams :
Man from his couch to labour goes,
Till evening brings again repose.

How manifold thy works, O Lord,
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought !
The earth is with thy riches stored,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught ;
Unfathomed caves beneath the deep
For Thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails unfurled,
By Thee directed on their way ;
There, in his own mysterious world,
Leviathan delights to play ;
And tribes that range immensity,
Unknown to man, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone the living live ;
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly ;
They gather what thy seasons give ;
Take Thou away their breath, they die :
Send forth thy Spirit from above,
And all is life again, and love.

Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return ;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes ;
Touches the mountains, and they burn :
Thou, God, for ever art the same ;
I AM, is thine unchanging name.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

God's-Acre.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;
And each bright blossom, mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on
earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;
This is the field and acre of our God,
This is the place, where human harvests grow !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Gently the Parting Spirit fled.

DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee ;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is—that thou art free.
And thus shall Faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain ;
Oh ! who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee here again ?

Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone,
Joy breathed in thine expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.
Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine :
Oh ! may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine !

DALE.

Golden Precepts.

FIRST worship God ;—he that forgets to pray
Bids not himself good-morrow, nor good-day ;
Let thy first labour be to purge thy sin,
And serve him first, whence all things did begin.

Honour thy parents to prolong thine end ;
With them, though for a truth, do not contend ;
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed
Shall have a child that will avenge the deed.

Think that is just ; 'tis not enough to do,
Unless thy very thoughts are upright too.

Defend the truth ; for that, who will not die,
A coward is, and gives himself the lie.

Honour the king, as sons their parents do,
For he's thy father, and thy country's too.

Take well whate'er shall chance, though bad it be,
Take it for good, and 'twill be good to thee.

Swear not ; an oath is like a dangerous dart
Which, shot, rebounds to strike the shooter's heart.

Fly drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away thy reason and thy sense,
Till with Circean cups thy mind possessest
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns to beast :
Think, while thou swallowest the capacious bowl,
Thou let'st in seas, to wreck and drown thy soul ;
That hell is open, to remembrance call,
And think how subject drunkards are to fall.

To doubtful matters do not headlong run,
What's well left off were better not begun.

First think; and if thy thoughts approve thy will,
Then speak, and, after, that thou speak'st fulfil.

So live with men, as if God's curious eye
Did everywhere into thine actions pry;
For never yet was sin so void of sense,
So fully faced with brazen impudence,
As that it durst, before men's eyes commit
Their brutal lusts, lest they should witness it;
How dare they then offend, when God shall see,
That must alone both judge and jury be?

Take thou no care how to defer thy death,
And give more respite to this mortal breath.
Would'st thou live long? the only means are
these,

'Bove Galen's diet or Hippocrates':
Strive to live well; tread in the upright ways,
And rather count thy actions than thy days:
Then thou hast liv'd enough amongst us here,
For every day well spent I count a year.
Live well, and then how soon soe'er thou die
Thou art of age to claim eternity.
But he that outlives Nestor, and appears
To have pass'd the date of gray Methusalem's
years,
If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,
I say—he only *was*, he did not *live*.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

Goodness and Truth require no
Decoration.

GOODNESS and truth require no decoration;
They, in and through themselves, are great
and fair:

All ornament is supererogation,
Giving false coloring and fictitious air.

Beauty is virtue's image, truth's best light,—
Virtue and truth its representatives :
'Tis the grand girdle, that, with radiance bright,
To both,—in all that are,—their lustre gives.

To its sublime control all evil bows,
Or sneaks away, subjected to its reign ;
O'er each defect a garb of mystery throws,
Or seeks her midnight nakedness again.

Error must be the lot of mortal kind,
But virtue, in life's night, man's guide may be ;
For man's dim eye, so weak,—'tis almost blind,—
Scarce looks through mist-damps of mortality.

Vain is endeavour!—true ; but that endeavour,
It goodness, truth, and virtue testifies ;
Struggles and fails, but fails through weakness
ever,
Yet, failing, pours out light on darkened eyes.

Ye vainly dream, obscurers of the earth,
That all is tending downwards to its fall ;
Vain are your scoffs on manhood, and man's worth,
And that great tendency which governs all.

In vain, with fading and offensive flowers,
Ye hide the chains of mental tyranny :
The unhealthy spirit, lured to treacherous bowers,
May joy in its free-chosen slavery ;

Call what is incomplete, degenerate ;
God's children, bastards ; and its curses
throw
At all who bend not at its temple-gate,
Nor to night's image kneel in worship low.

We see in the unfinished, tottering, frail,
A slowly, surely, sweetly working leaven,
And in the childish dreams of life's low vale,
The faint, but lovely, shadowings-forth of
heaven.

We sink not, sacred ones ! but fluttering tend,—
Though weak, we tend towards God : the word
we hear,
Audibly bidding us uprise, and wend
Our way above man's feebleness and fear.

An idle toil is slumbering man's poor fate,
And duty neither lovely looks, nor true ;
God's mandate seems despotic,—desolate
His doings,—and his voice terrific too.

Yet duty is but deeds of loveliness,
And truth is power to make the prisoner free ;
And him, whose self-forged chains his spirit
press,
No effort shall arouse from slavery.

What's true and good demands no decoration;
It, in and through itself, is great and fair:
All ornament is supererogation,
Giving false coloring and fictitious air.

KINKER, *Trans. Anon.*

Glorying in the Cross.

CAN nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing best,
But still and still remove?
Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of rest
Receive my restless dove?
Is there no good than which there's nothing
higher
To bless my full desire,
With joys that never change; with joys that
ne'er expire?

I wanted wealth, and at my dear request,
Earth lent a quick supply;
I wanted mirth to charm my sullen breast;
And who more brisk than I?
I wanted fame to glorify the rest;
My fame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe, but all decayed,
Wealth vanished like a shade;
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

My trust is in the Cross ; there lies my rest,
My fast, my sole delight.
Let cold-mouthed Boreas, or the hot-mouthed east,
Blow till they burst with spite :
Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
And join their twisted might ;
Let showers of thunderbolts dart round and
wound me :
And troops of fiends surround me :
All this may well confront ; all this shall ne'er
confound me.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

**Give our Poor Hearts this Spirit
Strong and Holy.**

THERE was a little lowly upper room
Within the walls of proud Jerusalem,
Where met a few poor men in grief and gloom
Talking of Him who once had walked with them.

There came a sound as of a rushing wind,
And filled up all the place where they were met,
And flaming figures of unwonted kind,
Like tongues of fire, upon each brow were set.

That was the promise of the Father, come
To those who waited, mourning for their Lord ;
And the closed lips, that were so dead and dumb,
Are loosed at once to speak His precious Word.

Then all the strangers from afar, who came
From Asian shores, from Europe's fairer
strands,
From Afric's deserts, wondering heard His name
In the dear language of their native lands.

Not now in form distinct of flaming light
Comes that great Spirit on our earth to dwell ;
But, like the strong wind whispering at night,
Its mighty impulse is invisible.

Yet, to the lowly and obedient heart,
In gentleness and might its breath shall come,
Bidding the Christian choose the better part,
Stirring with thought of his eternal home.

O Lord, ascended ! from Thy glory's throne,
On Thy baptized children kneeling lowly,
Look down in mercy ! we were made Thine own ;
Give our poor hearts Thy Spirit strong and holy.

ANON.

Grace Drops from Above.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve :
O let thy graces without cease
Drop from above.

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove ;
Thy works, night's captives : O let grace
Drop from above.

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall :
And shall the dew out-strip thy Dove ?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove :
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart,
Unto a hardness void of love :
Let suppling grace to cross his art,
Drop from above.

O come ; for thou dost know the way :
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
'Drop from above.'

GEORGE HERBERT.

God's Providence o'er us.

GOD of my life, how good, how wise,
Thy judgments to my soul have been !
They were but mercies in disguise,
The painful remedies of sin :
How different now Thy ways appear,—
Most merciful, when most severe !
Since first the maze of life I trod,
Hast Thou not hedged about my way ;
My worldly, vain designs withstood,
And robbed my passions of their prey,—

Withheld the fuel from the fire,
And crossed each foolish, fond desire ?
How oft didst Thou my soul withhold,
And baffle my pursuit of fame,
And mortify my lust of gold,
And blast me in my surest aim ;
Withdraw my animal delight,
And starve my grovelling appetite !
Thou wouldst not let Thy captive go,
Or leave me to my carnal will ;
Thy love forbad my rest below,
Thy patient love pursued me still ;
And forced me from my sin to part,
And tore the idol from my heart.
But can I now the loss lament,
Or murmur at Thy friendly blow ?
Thy friendly blow my heart hath rent
From every seeming good below :
Thrice happy loss ! which makes me see
My happiness alone in Thee.

WESLEY.

God's Language.

MANY are the thoughts that come to me
In my lonely musing ;
And they drift so strange and swift,
There's no time for choosing
Which to follow, for to leave
Any, seems a losing.

When they come, they come in flocks,
As, on glancing feather,
Startled birds rise one by one,
In autumnal weather,
Waking one another up
From the sheltering heather.

Some so merry that I laugh,
Some are grave and serious,
Some so trite, their least approach
Is enough to weary us :
Others flit like midnight ghosts,
Shrouded and mysterious.

There are thoughts that o'er me steal,
Like the day when dawning ;
Great thoughts wing'd with melody,
Common utterance scorning,
Moving in an inward tune,
And an inward morning.

Some have dark and drooping wings,
Children all of sorrow ;
Some are as gay, as if to-day
Could see no cloudy morrow,
And yet like light and shade they each
Must from the other borrow.

One by one they come to me
On their destined mission ;
One by one I see them fade
With no hopeless vision ;
For they've led me on a step
To their home Elysian. C. P. CRANCH.

Hail! to the Day.

HAIL to the day, which He, who made the
heaven,

Earth, and their armies, sanctified and blest,
Perpetual memory of the Maker's rest!

Hail to the day, when He, by whom was given
New life to man, the tomb asunder riven,

Arose! That day his Church doth still confess,
At once Creation's and Redemption's feast,
Sign of a world called forth, a world forgiven.

Welcome that day, the day of holy peace,

The Lord's own day! to man's Creator owed,
And man's Redeemer; for the soul's increase
In sanctity, and sweet repose bestowed;

Type of the rest when sin and care shall cease,
The rest remaining for the loved of God!

BISHOP MANT.

Hymn on the Seasons.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields: the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.

Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun

Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, and hollow whisp'ring
gales.

Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness ! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bids't the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds ev'ry creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature attend ! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and ardent raise
One general song ! To Him ye vocal gales

Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness
breathes :

O talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th'astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world;

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heav'n.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows ; the Summer ray
Russets the plain ; *inspiring* Autumn gleams ;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east :
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun

Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From *seeming evil* still adducing good,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable !
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

JAMES THOMSON.

Hymn of the Waldenses.

HEAR, Father, hear thy faint afflicted flock
Cry to thee, from the desert and the rock ;
While those, who seek to slay thy children, hold
Blasphemous worship under roofs of gold ;
And the broad goodly lands, with pleasant airs
That nurse the grape and wave the grain are theirs.
Yet better were this mountain wilderness,
And this wild life of danger and distress—
Watchings by night and perilous flight by day,
And meetings in the depths of earth to pray,

Better, far better, than to kneel with them,
And pay the impious rite thy laws condemn.

Thou, Lord, dost hold the thunder ; the firm land
Tosses in billows when it feels thy hand ;
Thou dasheth nation against nation, then
Stillest the angry world to peace again.

O, touch their stony hearts who hunt thy sons—
The murderers of our wives and little ones.

Yet, mighty God, yet shall thy frown look forth
Unveiled, and terribly shall shake the earth,
Then the foul power of priestly sin and all
Its long-upheld idolatries shall fall.

Thou shalt raise up the trampled and oppressed,
And thy delivered saints shall dwell in rest.

W. C. BRYANT.

Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.

HAST thou a charm to stay the Morning-star
In his steep course ? So long he seems to
pause

On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc !
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful form !
Risest from forth the silent Sea of Pines,
How silently ! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,

As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my
thought,

Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused
Into the mighty vision passing—then,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the Morning-star at dawn.
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,

For ever shattered, and the same for ever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge ;
Motionless torrents ! Silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen, full-moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living
flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?
God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome
voice !

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds ;
Ye signs and wonders of the element !
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Thou too, hoar mount ! with thy sky-pointing
peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,

Shoots downward, glittering through the pure
serene

Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain ! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me.—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth !
Thou kingly Spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Heaven Watches o'er their Sleeping Dust.

WHEN he, who, from the scourge of wrong,
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region, promised long,
And bowed him on the hills to die ;
God made his grave, to man unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale infold,
And laid the aged seer alone
To slumber while the world grows old.

Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust
Till the pure spirit comes again.

Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

W. C. BRYANT.

Happiness! where is thy Seat?

HAPPINESS! thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat? O tell me where!
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, "It is not here."
Not the wisdom of the wise,
Can inform me where it lies;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.

Object of my first desire,
Jesus! crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee!
Thee to praise and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

Lord! it is not life to live,
If thy presence Thou deny.
Lord! if Thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy:
Here, O may I walk with Thee,
Then into Thy presence die!
Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness!
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below, and heaven above.

TOPLADY.

Having Nothing, yet hath All.

HOW happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend ;—

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR W. WOTTON.

Hallelujah ! Christ in God.

HARK ! the song of Jubilee !
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea

When it breaks upon the shore :
Hallelujah ! for the Lord

God omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah ; let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah!—hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banner's furled,
Sheathed his sword : He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away :
Then the end!—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Hymn for the Morning.

AWAKE, my soul ! awake, mine eyes !
Awake, my drowsy faculties !
Awake, and see the new-born light
Spring from the darksome womb of night !
Look up and see the unwearied sun,
Already has his race begun.
The pretty lark is mounted high,
And sings her matins in the sky.
Arise, my soul ! and thou, my voice,
In songs of praise early rejoice !

O great Creator! heavenly King!
Thy praises ever let me sing!
Thy power has made, thy goodness kept,
This fenceless body while I slept;
Yet one day more has given me
From all the powers of darkness free.
Oh! keep my heart from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure;
That when the last of all my days is come
Cheerful and fearless I may wait my doom.

THOMAS FLATMAN.

Hope, and be Undismay'd.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light,
When He makes bare His arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay His hand?

Leave to his sovereign sway,
To choose, and to command;
With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt own,
How wise, how strong his hand;
Thou comprehend'st Him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne,
He ruleth all things well.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee:
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly Thy truth declare;
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love, and guardian care.

FROM THE GERMAN.

His Heart Beats High.

WHEN heart and head are both o'erflowing,
When eager words within are glowing,
And all at once for utterance crowd and throng,
How hard to find no tongue!
The little babe upon the breast
Wails out his wail and is at rest:
These may but look and long.

Perhaps some deed of sacred story,
Or lesson deep of God's high glory,

For many a toilsome hour rehears'd or read,
In holy Church is said,
He knows it all—none half so well,—
And longs in turn his tale to tell,
But all his words are fled.

Perhaps on high the chant is ringing,
The youthful choir the free notes flinging,
To soar at will the mazy roof around :
But his to earth are bound.
In every chord his heart beats high,
But vainly would his frail lips try
The tones his soul hath found.

O gaze not so in wistful sadness :
Ere long a morn of power and gladness
Shall break the heavy dream ; the unchained voice
Shall in free air rejoice ;
Thoughts with their words and tones shall meet,
The unfaltering tongue harmonious greet
The heart's eternal choice.

Even now the call that wakes the dying
Steals on thine ear with gentle sighing :
The breath, the dew of heaven hath touched thy
tongue :
Far to the winds are flung
The bonds unseen, ill spirits' work :
Satan no more may round thee lurk,
Thine Ephphatha is sung.

ANON.

Hail! Gladdening Light.

HAIL! gladdening LIGHT, of his pure
glory poured

Who is th' immortal FATHER, heavenly, blest,
Holiest of Holies—JESUS CHRIST our LORD!

Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT
divine!

Worthiest art thou at all times to be sung
With undefiled tongue,
SON of our GOD, GIVER of Life, alone!
Therefore in all the world, thy glories, LORD,
they own.

ANON.

Hannah's Thanksgiving.

GOD hath raised my head on high:

O my heart, enlarge my joy!

God hath now my tongue untied,

To retort their scorn and pride.

In thy grace I will rejoice;

Praise Thee while I have a voice.

Who so holy as our Lord!

Who but He to be adored!

Who such wonders can effect!

Who so strongly can protect!

Be no longer arrogant,

Nor in folly proudly vaunt:

God our secret thoughts displays ;
All our works his balance weighs.
Giants' bows his forces break ;
He with strength invests the weak.
Who were full, now serve for bread ;
Those who served, enfranchised.
Barren wombs with children flow ;
Fruitful mothers childless grow.
God, frail man of life deprives ;
Those who sleep in death, revives :
Leads us to our silent tombs,
Brings us from those horrid rooms :
Riches sends ; sends poverty :
Casteth down and lifts on high.
He, from the despised dust,
From the dunghill, takes the just ;
To the height of honour brings ;
Plants them on the throne of kings.—
God, earth's mighty pillars made ;
He the world upon them laid.
He, his servants' feet will guide :
Wicked souls, who swell with pride,
Will in endless darkness chain,
Since all human strength is vain.
He shall grind his enemies ;
Blast with lightning from the skies :
Judge the habitable earth,
All of high and humble birth :
Shall with strength his King renown,
And his Christ with glory crown.

GEORGE SANDYS.

Hymn to the Sabbath.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some shoots
of bliss!

Heaven once a week;

The next world's gladness prepossessed in this;

A day to seek

Eternity in time; the steps by which

We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's
flight:

The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower:

The narrow way;

Transplanted paradise; God's walking hour;

The cool o' the day;

The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;

Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh,
of flowers;

Angels descending; the returns of trust;

A gleam of glory after six days' showers;

The Church's love-feasts; time's prerogative

And interest

Deducted from the whole; the combs and hive,

And home of rest;

The milky-way chalked out with suns; a clue

That guides through erring hours, and in full
story;

A taste of heaven on earth; the pledge and cue

Of a full feast, and the out-courts of glory.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Hail! Source of Uncreated Light.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command,
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
Thy Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

JOHN DRYDEN.

Hymn to the Night.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!

I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.
Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Heaven Calls and I Must Go.

AH! why should this immortal mind,
Enslaved by sense, be thus confined,
And never, never rise?
Why, thus amused with empty toys,
And soothed with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies?
The mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight
Upon her drooping wings.
The world employs its various snares,
Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
And chained to earth I lie:
When shall my fettered powers be free,
And leave these seats of vanity,
And upward learn to fly?

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
Invite my soul ;—O could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below !

I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say to every tempting snare,
“Heaven calls, and I must go.”

Heaven calls, and can I yet delay ?
Can aught on earth engage my stay ?

Ah, wretched, lingering heart !
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

STEELE.

Hail, Holy Love !

HAIL, holy love ! thou word that sums all bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
Thou givest ! spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn ! emblem of God !
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink !
Essence that binds the uncreated Three,
Chain that unites creation to its Lord,
Centre to which all being gravitates,
Eternal, ever-growing, happy love !
Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all ;
Instead of law, fulfilling every law ;
Entirely blest, because thou seek'st no more,
Honest not, nor fear'st ; but on the present livest,
And hold'st perfection smiling in thy arms.

Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love !
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
In heaven ; sweet chord, that harmonises all
The harps of Paradise ! the spring, the well,
That fills the bowl and banquet of the sky.

ROBERT POLLOK.

He Hears to Forgive.

DIDST thou not hear how soft the day-wind
sighed,

How from afar that sweeping breath it drew,
Waved the light rustling branches far and wide,
Then died away, then rose and moaned anew ?

Sure if aright our morning prayers were said,
We in those tones the Almighty's unseen walk
Shall hear, nor vainly shun the Presence dread,
Which comes in mercy with our souls to talk.

"Where art thou, child of earth ?" He seems to
say,

"Why hide so deep from Love's all-seeing
eye ?"—

"I heard and feared, for I have sinned to-day."—

"What ? know'st thou not the Almighty One
was by ?

"Think'st thou to lurk in yonder wavering boughs,
Where even these earthly sunbeams glide and
steal ?

Nay, speed thee forth while yet high grace allows,
Lay bare thy wounds to Him who waits to heal.

“They only rankle in th’ unwholesome shade ;
But sun and air have soothing power, and He
Yearns to forgive, when hearts are lowly laid,
Even now behold His robe prepared for thee.
“These fluttering leaves the more unveil thy
shame ;
Fall humbly down, and hide thine eyes in dust :
He will upraise thee, for His own great Name ;
His penance garb will make and show thee
just.”

ANON.

Hymn of the City.

Not in the solitude
Alone, may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity ;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.
Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty—here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city roll’d,
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
’Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.
Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes—
For them thou fill’st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along ;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine ;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

W. C. BRYANT.

Hope in God.

IN thee, dear Lord, my pensive soul respire,
Thou art the fulness of my choice desires ;
Thou art that sacred spring, whose waters burst
In streams to him that seeks with holy thirst.
Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirst, to bring
Thy fainting soul to so, so sweet a spring ;
Thrice happy he, whose well-resolved breast
Expects no other aid, no other rest ;
Thrice happy he, whose downy age has been
Reclaimed by scourges from the pride of sin,
And early seasoned with the taste of truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

**He is the Freeman whom the Truth
makes Free.**

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside! There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"

WILLIAM COWPER.

**I sought Thee round, O Thou,
my God!**

I SOUGHT Thee round about, O Thou, my God!
In thine abode.
I said unto the Earth, "Speak, art thou He?"
She answered me,
"I am not."—I inquired of creatures all
In general
Contained therein;—they with one voice proclaim
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas, and all the deeps below,
My God to know :
I asked the reptiles, and whatever is
In the abyss—
Even from the shrimp to the leviathan,
Inquiry ran ;
But in those deserts which no line can sound,
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air if that were He ? but
It told me “ No.”
I, from the towering eagle to the wren,
Demanded then
If any feathered fowl ’mongst them were such ?
But they all, much
Offended with my question, in full quire
Answered—“ To find thy God thou must look
higher.”

I asked the heavens, sun, moon, and stars, but they
Said, “ We obey
The God thou seek’st.”—I asked, what eye or ear
Could see or hear ;
What in the world I might descry or know,
Above, below :
With an unanimous voice all these things said,
“ We are not God, but we by Him were made.”

I asked the world’s great universal mass,
If that God was ;
Which, with a mighty and strong voice replied,
As stupefied,

“I am not He, O man! for know that I
By Him on high,
Was fashioned first of nothing, thus instated
And swayed by Him, by whom I was created.”

I sought the court; but smooth-tongued flattery
there

Deceived each ear;
In the thronged city there was selling, buying,
Swearing and lying;
I' the country, craft in simpleness arrayed:
And then I said,
“Vain is my search, although my pains be great,
Where my God *is*, there *can* be no deceit.”

A scrutiny within myself I then,
Even thus began:
“O man, what art thou?”—What more could I say
Than, Dust and clay?
Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,
That cannot last;
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn;
Formed from that earth to which I must return.

I asked myself what this great God might be
That fashioned me?
I answered—The all-potent, solely immense,
Surpassing sense;
Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal—
Lord over all.

The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give
 To all that live
Both breath and being; He is the Creator
 Both of the water,
Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist
 He hath the list;
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their
 names.

And now, my God, by thine illuming grace,
 Thy glorious face,
(So far forth as it may discovered be),
 Methinks I see;
And, though invisible and infinite,
 To human sight,
Thou in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest;
In which to our weak senses thou comest
 nearest.

Oh! make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
 Thou God most kind!
Give us love, hope, and faith, in Thee to trust;
 Thou God most just!
Remit all our offences we intreat,
 Most Good, most Great!
Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest,
May through thy grace admit us 'mongst the
 blest.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Immortality.

IMMORTAL! ages past, yet nothing gone!

Morn without eve! a race without a goal!

Unshortened by progression infinite!

Futurity for ever future! life

Beginning still where computation ends!

'Tis the description of a Deity!

'Tis the description of the meanest slave.

Immortal! What can strike the sense so strong,

As this the soul? it thunders to the thought;

Reason amazes, gratitude o'erwhelms,

No more we slumber on the brink of fate;

Roused at the sound, the exulting soul ascends,

And breathes her native air: an air that feeds

Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires!

Quick kindles all that is divine within us,

Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.

Immortal! was but one immortal, how

Would others envy! how would thrones adore!

Because 'tis common, is the blessing less?

How this ties up the bounteous hands of heaven!

O vain, vain, vain! all else; eternity!

A glorious and a needful refuge that,

From vile imprisonment in abject views.

'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,

Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,

The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.

Eternity depending covers all;

Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades;

Blends her distinctions; abrogates her powers:

The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,

Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath, if I may call him man,
Whom immortality's full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touching his high thought;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward every wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.
Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
If earth's whole orb by some due distanced eye
Was seen at once, her towering Alps would sink,
And levelled Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallowed in eternity's vast round.
To that stupendous view when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's joys subside, and equal all below.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Invocation to Sleep.

SLEEP! downy sleep! come close mine eyes,
Tired with beholding vanities;
Sweet slumbers, come, and chase away
The toils and follies of the day.
On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.
O Israel's watchful Shepherd! spread
Tents of angels round my bed;

Let not the spirits of the air
While I slumber me ensnare ;
But save thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasped in thine everlasting arms.
Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion ;
Oh ! dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day !
Thus when the morn in crimson drest,
Breaks through the windows of the east,
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise,
Like incense at the morning sacrifice !

THOMAS FLATMAN.

**If the Lord Build not the House, the
Labour is Vain.**

MAY the blessing of God, my dearest and
loveliest daughter,
Be with thee ! yea, the blessing of God on this
earth and in heaven !
Young have I been, and now am old, and of joy
and of sorrow,
In this uncertain life, sent by God, much, much,
have I tasted :
God be thanked for both ! O, soon shall I now
with my fathers
Lay my grey head in the grave ! how fain ! for
my daughter is happy :

Happy, because she knows this, that our God,
like a father who watches
Carefully over his children, us blesses in joy and
in sorrow.

Wondrously throbs my heart at the sight of a
bride young and beauteous,
Dressed and adorned, while she leans, in affectionate,
childlike demeanour,
On the arm of the bridegroom, who through
life's path shall conduct her :

Ready to bear with him boldly, let whatsoever
may happen ;

And feeling with him, to exalt his delight and
lighten his sorrow ;

And, if it please God, to wipe from his dying
forehead the last sweat !

Even such my presentiments were, when, after
the bridal,

I my young wife led home. Happy and serious,
I showed her, at distance,

All the extent of our fields, the church-tower,
and the dwellings, and this one,

Where we together have known so much both
of good and of evil.

Thou, my only child ! then in sorrow I think of
the others,

When my path to the church by their blooming
graves doth conduct me.

Soon, thou only one, wilt thou track that way
whereon I came hither,—

Soon, soon my daughter's chamber, soon 't will
be desolate to me,

And my daughter's place at the table! In vain
shall I listen

For her voice afar off, and her footsteps at distance
approaching!

When with thy husband on that way thou from
me art departed,

Sobs will escape me, and thee my eyes bathed
in tears long will follow;

For I am a man and a father,—and my daughter,
who heartily loves me,

Heartily love! But I will in faith raise my head
up to heaven,

Wipe my eyes from their tears, and with folded
hands myself humble

E'en in prayer before God, who, as a father
watches his children,

Both in joy and in sorrow us blesses, for we are
his children.

Yea, for this is the law of the Eternal, that
father and mother

Ever they shall forsake, who as husband and
wife are united.

Go, then, in peace, my child! forsake thy family
and thy

Father's dwelling,—go, by the youth guided,
who to thee must hence be

Father and mother! Be to him like a vine that
is fruitful

In his house; round his table thy children like
branches of olive

Flourish! So will the man be blessed in the
Lord who confideth.

Lovely and fair to be is nothing; but a God-
fearing wife brings
Honor and blessing both! for and if the Lord
build the house not,
Surely the builders but labour in vain.

JOHANN HEINRICH VOSS, *Trans. Anon.*

IF I Wake to Know my Better Self.

I WASTE no more in idle dreams
My life, my soul away;

I wake to know my better self—

I wake to watch and pray.

Thought, feeling, time, on idols vain,

I've lavished all too long :

Henceforth to holier purposes

I pledge myself, my song!

Oh! still within the inner veil,

Upon the spirit's shrine,

Still unprofaned by evil, burns

The one pure spark divine,

Which God has kindled in us all,

And be it mine to tend

Henceforth, with vestal thought and care,

The light that lamp may lend.

I shut mine eyes in grief and shame

Upon the dreary past—

My heart, my soul poured recklessly

On dreams that could not last :

My bark was drifted down the stream,
At will of wind or wave—
An idle, light, and fragile thing,
That few had cared to save.

Henceforth the tiller Truth shall hold,
And steer as Conscience tells,
And I will brave the storms of Fate,
Though wild the ocean swells.
I know my soul is strong and high,
If once I give it sway ;
I feel a glorious power within,
Though light I seem and gay.

Oh, laggard Soul ! unclosethine eyes,
No more in luxury soft
Of joy ideal waste thyself :
Awake, and soar aloft !
Unfurl this hour those falcon wings
Which thou dost fold too long ;
Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze,
And sing thy loftiest song !

FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

Indestructibility of Love.

THEY sin who tell us love can die ;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell :

Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth.
But love is indestructible ;
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest :
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.
Oh ! when a mother meets on high
The babe, the lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the anxious night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight ?

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

If the Good Fight have fought.

“ I THE good fight have fought ”—
 O when shall I declare !

The victory by my Saviour got,
 I long with Paul to share.

O may I triumph so,
 When all my warfare's past !
And dying, find my latest foe
 Under my feet at last !

This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gain'd;—
“Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintain'd:”
The apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

JOHN WESLEY.

I see them Walking in an Air of Glory.

THEY are all gone into a world of light,
I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove;
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy Hope, and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them
me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining no where but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may
know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair field, or grove, he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that locked her up gave room,
She'd shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Infinite Spirit! who art round us ever.

INFINITE Spirit! who art round us ever,
In whom we float, as motes in summer-sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen—yet not unfelt—if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth, or pure desire,
A generous act, or noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O LORD, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and
shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That I may live to glorify thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and
fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

I am unworthy. Yet, for their dear sake
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found;
For precious vines are propp'd by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,
Young plants are warm'd,—they drink my
branches' dew:

Let them not, LORD, by me be Upas-shaded;
Make me, for their sake, firm, and pure, and true.

For their sake, too, the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and
stay,
Those who have found in me some trace of gold,
For their sake purify my lead and clay.
And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest ;
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,
When on his soul the guilt of man was press'd.
Tender and sensitive, he braved the storm,
That we might fly a well-deserved fate,
Pour'd out his soul in supplication warm,
Look'd with his eyes of love on eyes of hate.
Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,
Let all this mercy on my heart be seal'd !
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean :
O, speak the word—thy servant shall be heal'd.

JAMES F. CLARK.

Jehovah, the Provider.

AUTHOR of being ! life-sustaining King !
Lo ! Want's dependant eye from Thee im-
plores
The seasons, which provide nutritious stores ;
Give to her prayers the renovating Spring,
And Summer-heats all perfecting that bring
The fruits which Autumn from a thousand stores
Selecteth provident ! when earth adores
Her God, and all her vales exulting sing.

Without thy blessing, the submissive steer
 Bends to the ploughman's galling yoke in vain ;
Without thy blessing on the varied year,
 Can the swarth reaper grasp the golden grain ?
Without thy blessing, all is black and drear ;
 With it, the joys of Eden bloom again.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Light and Darkness.

TWO Spirits o'er an open grave were bending,
 Their gaze far down its gloomy chamber
 sending.

One, with a brow of stern and cold despair,
And sable weeds and cypress in his hair,
Turned not his eyes, so fixed and dark with wo,
From the cold pit, which fearful yawned below.
The other stood with garments pure and white
As deck the dwellers of the land of light :
Her placid brow was as an angel's fair,
While calm and joyous was her gentle air ;
And though within the grave she dropped a tear,
Her upturned eye was still serene and clear.

"Life!" said the Spirit with the brow of gloom,
His arm outstretching o'er the gaping tomb—

 "'T is a deep and sullen river,
 Rolling slowly to the sea,
There to be engulfed for ever
 In a dark eternity!"

"Nay," said the shining one, with upturned eye,
And smile so clear it mirrored back the sky—

"'T is a sunny streamlet gliding
Gently on to seek its goal;
There in God's own bosom hiding—
Bright and pure, a white-robed soul."

But the dark Spirit's gloomy voice again
Doled out in slow and melancholy strain:

"'T is a mournful weed, that groweth
Lone and friendless in the world,
Which a ghastly reaper moweth,
And 't is to oblivion hurled!"

"Nay," the bright, gentle one replied once more,
And softer still the holy smile she wore—

"'T is a starry flower upraising
Through all ills a trusting eye,
Evermore its Maker praising—
Fading here to bloom on high!"

Slowly the dark one sunk his gloomy brow,
As once again he murmured sad and low:

"'T is a storm, for ever sweeping
O'er a bleak and barren heath;
Tossing, surging, never sleeping,
Till it lull in endless death!"

"Nay!" and the hoping Spirit's hands were prest
In meek and holy rapture to her breast—

"'T is a friendly rain, that showers
On a fair and pleasant land,
Where the darkest cloud that lowers
By the rainbow still is spanned!"

Stern was the gaze of sorrow and despair
That now was fixed upon the Spirit fair,
As, a last time, the hopeless wailer's burst
Of anguish came more drear than e'en at first:

“'T is a haunting vision, blended

Evermore with tears and pain:

'T is a dream, that best were ended;

Life is false, and life is vain!”

Ceased the dark Spirit—and a sable cloud
O'er his set features folded like a shroud;
Then slowly sank, as sinks the dying wave,
In the dark chambers of the yawning grave.
Silently closed the damp turf o'er his head,
And the stern Spirit, like the mortal dead,
Came not again from out his gloomy bed!

“Life!” said the shining one, as, stretching forth
Her long, fair arms, she blessed the teeming earth,

“Life is true, and life is real!

Life has worthy deeds for all;

'T is no vain and false ideal,

Ending with the shroud and pall.

Up and do, then, dreaming mortal!

With a strong heart toil away;

Earth has cares, but heaven a portal

Opening up to endless day!”

She paused, and o'er her pure and spotless breast
Drew the soft drapery of her snowy vest;
Her long, fair arms extended yet once more
To bless the earth she oft had blessed before;
Then turned away to pour her heavenly light
In genial floods where all were else but night.

Still dwells she here, that child of heavenly birth—
Soothing the sorrows of the sons of earth ;
Drying the tears that dim the mourner's eye ;
Gently subduing Grief's desponding sigh ;
Winging with rapture e'en the parting ray,
And wreathing smiles around the lips of clay.

Blest be her path along life's rugged way !
Blest be her smiles which light the darkest day !
And blest the tears that, trusting still, she weeps,
Where the dark Spirit yet in silence sleeps.

CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

“Let there be Peace!” he said, and
all was Calm.

“LET there be peace!” he said, and all was
calm,

Amongst the warring world,—calm as the sea
When, “Oh, be still, ye boisterous winds!” he
cried,

And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And death and sin, and hell in triumph lead.
His, by the right of conquest, is mankind,
And in sweet servitude, and golden bonds
We're tied to him for ever.—Oh, how easy

Is his ungalling yoke! and all his burthens
'Tis ecstasy to bear! Him, blessed Shepherd!
His flocks shall follow through the maze of life,
And shades that tend to dayspring from on high,
And as the radiant roses, after fading,
In fuller foliage, and more fragrant breath,
Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
With those that love him:—for, sweet is their
savour,

And all eternity shall be their spring.
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the King of Glory enters in,
Be to the saints unbarr'd; and there, where
pleasure

Boasts an undying bloom; where dubious hope
Is certainty; and grief-attended love
Is free from passion; there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him who is, and was,
And in immortal prowess King of kings,
Shall be the monarch of all worlds for ever.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

Leaves have their Time to Fall.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's
breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad tidings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming
power,
A time for softer tears, but all are thine !

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee !—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey !

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

We know when moons shall wane ;
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden
grain,—
But who shall teach us when to look for Thee !

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale ?
They have one season,—all are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth,—and Thou art there !

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;

Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Life's Guiding Star.

THE youth whose bark is guided o'er
A summer stream by zephyr's breath,
With idle gaze delights to pore
On imaged skies that glow beneath.
But should a fleeting storm arise
To shade a while the watery way,
Quick lifts to heaven his anxious eyes,
And speeds to reach some sheltering bay.

'Tis thus, down time's eventful tide,
While prosperous breezes gently blow,
In life's frail bark we gayly glide,
Our hopes, our thoughts all fixed below.
But let one cloud the prospect dim,
The wind its quiet stillness mar,
At once we raise our prayer to Him
Whose light is life's best guiding star.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

Let me Live to Thee.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss

Thy sovereign will denies ;
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise ;

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee :

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

STEELE.

Let there be Light.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT!” The Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flow'd.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day come blushing in ;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouch'd by sin.

“Let there be light!” O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam pour'd,
Utter'd again his fiat forth,
And shed the gospel's light abroad,

And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first
Flushes the signal-light for prayer ;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there.
Come kneel to Him who through the night
Hath watch'd above thy sleeping soul,
To Him whose mercies, like his light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

CHARLES F. HOFFMAN.

Lord of the Sabbath, hear us Pray.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach that place ;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

Lift the Heart and Bend the Knee.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thy earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest-work to leave ;
Pray !—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain!
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Litany to the Holy Spirit.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright my parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half-damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Let us not Lose Thee yet.

“**A**BIDE with us ! The evening hour draws on ;
And pleasant at the daylight's fading close
The traveller's repose !

And as at morn's approach the shades are gone,
Thy words, oh, blessed stranger, have dispelled
The midnight gloom in which our souls were held.

Sad were our souls, and quenched hope's latest ray,
But thou to us hast words of comfort given
Of him who came from heaven!

How burned our hearts within us on the way,
While thou the sacred scripture didst unfold,
And bad'st us trust the promise given of old.

Abide with us: let us not lose thee yet!
Lest unto us the cloud of fear return,

When we are left to mourn
That Israel's Hope—his better Sun—is set!
Oh, teach us more of what we long to know,
That new-born joy may chide our faithless wo."

Thus in their sorrow the disciples prayed,
And knew not He was walking by their side
Who on the cross had died!

But when he broke the consecrated bread,
Then saw they who had deigned to bless their
board,
And in the stranger hailed their risen Lord.

"Abide with us!" Thus the believer prays,
Compassed with doubt and bitterness and dread—
When, as life from the dead,

The bow of mercy breaks upon his gaze:
He trusts the word, yet fears lest from his heart
He whose discourse is peace too soon depart.

Open, thou trembling one, the portal wide,
And to the inmost chamber of thy breast
Take home the heavenly guest!
He for the famished shall a feast provide—

And thou shalt taste the bread of life, and see
The Lord of angels come to sup with thee.

Beloved—who for us with care hast sought—
Say, shall we hear thy voice, and let thee wait
All night before the gate—

Wet with the dews—nor greet thee as we ought ?
Oh, strike the fetters from the hand of pride,
And, that we perish not, with us, O Lord, abide !

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

Love Led them On.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from
thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, called life ; which us from life doth
sever.

Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod ;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever !
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best
Thy handmaids, and clad them o'er with purple
beams

And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes,
Before the Judge ; who thenceforth bade thee
rest,

And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

JOHN MILTON.

Lord, I would Fear Thee.

'T IS not thy terrors, Lord, thy dreadful frown,
Which keep my step in duty's narrow path ;
'T is not the awful threatenings of thy wrath,—
But that in virtue's sacred smile alone
I find peace and happiness. Thy light,
In all its prodigality, is shed
Upon the worthy and the unworthy head :
And thou dost wrap in misery's stormy night
The holy as the thankless. All is well ;
Thy wisdom has to each his portion given ;—
Why should our hearts by selfishness be riven ?
'T is vain to murmur, daring to rebel :
Lord, I would fear thee, though I feared not hell ;
And love thee, though I had no hopes of heaven !

SANTA TERESA DI AVILA, *Trans. by BOWRING.*

Labyrinth of Life.

LIFE is a crooked labyrinth, and we
Are daily lost in that obliquity.
'Tis a perplexed circle, in whose round
Nothing but sorrows and new sins abound.
How is the faint impression of each good
Drowned in the vicious channel of our blood,
Whose ebbs and tides by their vicissitude,
Both our great Maker and ourselves delude !
Oh ! wherefore is the most discerning eye
Unapt to make its own discovery ?
Why is the clearest and best judging mind,
In its own ills' prevention dark and blind ?

Dull to advise, to act precipitate,
We scarce think what to do, but when too late,
Or if we think, that fluid thought, like seed,
Roots there to propagate some fouler deed.
Still we repent and sin—sin and repent ;
We thaw and freeze ; we harden and relent.
Those fires which cooled to day, the morrow's heat
Rekindles ; thus frail nature does repeat
What she unlearnt, and still by learning on
Perfects her lesson of confusion.
Sick soul ! what cure shall I for thee devise,
Whose leprous state corrupts all remedies ?
What medicine or what cordial can be got
For thee, who poisonest thy best antidote ?
Repentance is thy bane, since thou by it
Only revivest the fault thou didst commit.
Nor grievest thou for the past, but art in pain,
For fear thou mayest not act it o'er again ;
So that thy tears, like water spilt on lime,
Serve not to quench, but to advance thy crime.
My blessed Saviour, unto Thee I fly !
For help against this home-bred tyranny.
Thou canst true sorow in my soul imprint,
And draw contrition from a breast of flint ;
Thou canst reverse this labyrinth of sin,
My will affects and actions wander in.
Oh ! guide my faith ! and, by thy grace's clue
Teach me to hunt that kingdom at the view,
Where true joys reign, which like their day shall
last,
Those never clouded, nor that overcast.

HENRY KING.

Lobe, the Last Divinest Image.

THOU Jehovah

Art named, but I am dust of dust ;
Dust, yet eternal ! for the immortal soul
Thou gav'st me, gav'st thou for eternity,
Breath'dst into her, to form thy image,
Sublime desires for peace and bliss,
A thronging host ! But one ; more beautiful
Than all the rest, is as the queen of all,—
Of thee the last, divinest image,
The fairest, most attractive,—Love !
Thou feelest it, though as the Eternal One :
It feel, rejoicing, the high angels, whom
Thou mad'st celestial,—thy last image,
The fairest and divinest,—Love !
Deep within Adam's heart thou plantedst it :
In his idea of perfection made,
For him create, to him thou broughtest
The mother of the human race.
Deep also in my heart thou plantedst it :
In my idea of perfection made,
For me create, from me thou ledest
Her whom my heart entirely loves,
Towards her my soul is all outshed in tears,—
My full soul weeps, to stream itself away
Wholly in tears ! From me thou ledest
Her whom I love, O God ! from me,—
For so thy destiny, invisibly,
Ever in darkness works,—far, far away
From my fond arms in vain extended,—
But not away from my sad heart !

And yet thou knowest why thou didst conceive,
And to reality creating call,

Souls so susceptible of feeling,

And for each other fitted so.

Thou know'st, Creator! But thy destiny

Those souls, thus born as for each other, parts :

High destiny, impenetrable,—

How dark, yet how adorable!

But life, when with eternity compared,

Is like the swift breath by the dying breathed,

The last breath, wherewith flees the spirit

That aye to endless life aspired.

What once was labyrinth in glory melts

Away,—and destiny is then no more.

Ah, then, with rapturous rebeholding,

Thou givest soul to soul again!

Thought of the soul, and of eternity,

Worthy and meet to soothe the saddest pain :

My soul conceives it in its greatness;

But, O, I feel too much the life

That here I live! Like immortality,

What seemed a breath fearfully wide extends!

I see, I see my bosom's anguish

In boundless darkness magnified.

God! let this life pass like a fleeting breath!

Ah, no;—But her who seems designed for me

Give,—easy for thee to accord me,—

Give to my trembling, tearful heart!

(The pleasing awe that thrills me, meeting her!

The suppressed stammer of the undying soul,

That has no words to say its feelings,

And, save by tears, is wholly mute!)

Give her unto my arms, which, innocent,
In childhood, oft I raised to thee in heaven,
 When, with the fervor of devotion,
 I prayed of thee eternal peace!
With the same effort dost thou grant and take
From the poor worm, whose hours are centuries,
 His brief felicity,—the worm, man,
 Who blooms his season, droops and dies!
By her beloved, I beautiful and blest
Will Virtue call, and on her heavenly form
 With fixed eye will gaze, and only
 Own that for peace and happiness
Which she prescribes for me. But, Holier One,
Thee too, who dwell'st afar in higher state
 Than human virtue,—thee I'll honour,
 Only by God observed, more pure.
By her beloved, will I more zealously,
Rejoicing, meet before thee, and pour forth
 My fuller heart, Eternal Father,
 In hallelujahs ferventer.
Then, when with me she thine exalted praise
Weeps up to heaven in prayer, with eyes that
 swim
 In ecstasy, shall I already
 With her that higher life enjoy.
The song of the Messiah, in her arms
Quaffing enjoyment pure, I nobler may
 Sing to the good, who love as deeply,
 And, being Christians, feel as we!

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK,

Trans. Anon.

Lead, Kindly Light.

LEAD, Kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on:

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

ANON.

Lift your Heart and Voice in Prayer.

ERE the morning's busy ray
Call you to your work away;
Ere the silent evening close
Your wearied eyes in sweet repose,
To lift your heart and voice in prayer,
Be your *first* and *latest* care.

He, to whom the prayer is due,
From heaven his throne shall smile on you ;
Angels sent by Him shall tend,
Your daily labour to befriend,
And their nightly vigils keep
To guard you in the hour of sleep.

When through the peaceful parish swells
The music of the Sabbath-bells,
Duly tread the sacred road
Which leads you to the house of God ;
The blessing of the Lamb is there,
And " God is in the midst of her."
And oh ! where'er your days be past,
And oh ! howe'er your lot be cast,
Still think on Him whose eye surveys,
Whose hand is over all your ways.

Abroad, at home, in weal, in woe,
That service which to Heaven you owe
That bounden service duly pay,
And God shall be your strength alway.

He only to the heart can give
Peace and true pleasure while you live ;
He only, when you yield your breath,
Can guide you through the vale of death.

He can, He will, from out the dust
Raise the blest spirits of the just ;
Heal every wound, hush every fear ;
From every eye wipe every tear ;
And place them where distress is o'er,
And pleasures dwell for evermore.

BISHOP MANT.

Luther's Psalm.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell ;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour :
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can ;
Full soon were we down-ridden,
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same ?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son :
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit.
For why ? His doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of Hell, shall have its course,
'Tis written by his finger.

And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things shall vanish all,
The City of God remaineth.

MARTIN LUTHER, *Trans by CARLYLE.*

Land for the Broken-hearted.

INTO the Silent Land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, O, thither,

Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions

Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and
band!

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand

Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!

For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

JOHANN G. VON SALIS,
Trans. by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

“Lord! why is this?” I Trembling
Cried.

I ASKED the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

’Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that in some favoured hour,
At once He’d answer my request;
And, by His love’s constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea more, with His own hand He seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

“Lord, why is this?” I trembling cried,
“Wilt Thou pursue thy worm to death?”—
“’Tis in this way,” the Lord replied,
“I answer prayer for grace and faith.”

“These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thy all in Me.”

NEWTON.

Mine is an Unchanging Love.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
’Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
“Say, poor sinner,—lovest thou me?”

“I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

“Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death.

“Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shall be :
Say, poor sinner,—lovest thou me ?”

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint :
Yet I love Thee, and adore,—
Oh ! for grace to love Thee more !

WILLIAM COWPER.

My Wounded Spirit longs to Fly.

O, HAPPY, happy he, who flies
Far from the noisy world away,—
Who, with the worthy and the wise,
Hath chosen the narrow way,—
The silence of the secret road
That leads the soul to virtue and to God !
No passions in his breast arise :
Calm in his own unaltered state,
He smiles superior, as he eyes
The splendour of the great ;
And his undazzled gaze is proof
Against the glittering hall and gilded roof.
He heeds not, though the trump of fame
Pour forth the loudest of its strains,
To spread the glory of his name ;
And his high soul disdains
That flattery's voice should varnish o'er
The deed that truth or virtue would abhor.

Such lot be mine : what boots to me
The cumbrous pageantry of power ;
To court the gaze of crowds, and be
The idol of the hour ;
To chase an empty shape of air,
That leaves me weak with toil and worn with care ?

O streams, and shades, and hills on high,
Unto the stillness of your breast
My wounded spirit longs to fly,—
To fly, and be at rest !

Thus from the world's tempestuous sea,
O gentle Nature, do I turn to thee !

Be mine the holy calm of night,
Soft sleep and dreams serenely gay,
The freshness of the morning light,
The fulness of the day ;

Far from the sternly frowning eye
That pride and riches turn on poverty.

The warbling birds shall bid me wake
With their untutored melodies ;
No fearful dream my sleep shall break,
No wakeful cares arise,
Like the sad shapes that hover still
Round him that hangs upon another's will.

Be mine my hopes to Heaven to give,
To taste the bliss that Heaven bestows,
Alone and for myself to live,
And 'scape the many woes
That human hearts are doomed to bear,—
The pangs of love, and hate, and hope, and fear.

A garden by the mountain-side
Is mine, whose flowery blossoming
Shows, even in spring's luxuriant pride,
What autumn's suns shall bring :
And from the mountain's lofty crown
A clear and sparkling rill comes trembling down ;
Then pausing in its downward force
The venerable trees among,
It gurgles on its winding course ;
And, as it glides along,
Gives freshness to the day, and pranks
With ever changing flowers its mossy banks.
The whisper of the balmy breeze
Scatters a thousand sweets around,
And sweeps in music through the trees,
With an enchanting sound,
That laps the soul in calm delight,
Where crowns and kingdoms are forgotten quite.
Theirs let the dear-bought treasure be,
Who in a treacherous bark confide ;
I stand aloof, and changeless see
The changes of the tide,
Nor fear the wail of those that weep,
When angry winds are warring with the deep :
Day turns to night ; the timbers rend ;
More fierce the ruthless tempest blows ;
Confused the varying cries ascend,
As the sad merchant throws
His hoards, to join the stores that lie
In the deep sea's uncounted treasury.

Mine be the peaceful board of old,
From want as from profusion free :
His let the massy cup of gold,
And glittering baubles be,
Who builds his baseless hope of gain
Upon a brittle bark and stormy main.

While others, thoughtless of the pain
Of hope delayed and long suspense,
Still struggle on to guard or gain
A sad preëminence,
May I, in woody covert laid,
Be gayly chanting in the secret shade,—

At ease within the shade reclined,
With laurel and with ivy crowned,
And my attentive ear inclined
To catch the heavenly sound
Of harp or lyre, when o'er the strings
Some master-hand its practised finger flings.

LUIS PONCE DE LEON, *Trans. Anon.*

My Life, my Joy, my Strength,
my All!

O THOU great Power! in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie;
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By thy Christ's blood, the bath for sin.

No hallowed oils, no gums I need,
 No rags of saints, no purging fire ;
 One rosy drop from David's seed,
 Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire ;
 Oh precious ransom ! which once paid,
 That "*consummatum est*" was said ;—

And said by Him, that said no more,
 But sealed it with His sacred breath :
 Thou then, that has dispunged my score,
 And, dying, wert the death of death,
 Be to me now, on Thee I call,
 My life, my strength, my joy, my all !

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

My Life's a Preparation but to Leave Thee.

THUS I, the object of the world's disdain,
 With pilgrim faces surround the weary earth ;
 I only relish what the world counts vain ;
 Her mirth's my grief, her sullen grief my
 mirth ;
 Her light my darkness, and her truth my error ;
 Her freedom is my gaol, and her delight my terror.

Fond earth ! proportion not my seeming love
 To my long stay ; let not thy thoughts de-
 ceive thee ;
 Thou art my prison, and my home's above ;
 My life's a preparation but to leave thee.

Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee :
With thee I cannot live ; I cannot live without
thee.

The world's a labyrinth, whose anfractuous
ways
Are all composed of rubs and crooked
meanders ;
No resting here ; he's hurried back, that stays
Athought ; and he that goes unguided,
wanders :

Her way is dark, her path untrod, uneven,
So hard's the way from earth, so hard's the way
to heaven.

This gyring labyrinth is betrenched about
On either hand, with streams of sulphurous
fire,
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond deceiver ;
Where, if his footsteps trust their own invention,
He falls without redress, and sinks without
dimension.

Where shall I seek a guide ? where shall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces ;
What trusty lantern will direct my feet
To 'scape the danger of these dangerous
places ?
What hopes have I to pass without a guide ?
Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall
beside.

An unrequested star did gently slide
Before the wise men to a greater light ;
Backsliding Israel found a double guide,
A pillar and a cloud—by day, by night ;
Yet in my desperate dangers, which be far
More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud,
nor star.

Oh ! that the pinions of a clipping dove
Would cut my passage through the empty air ;
Mine eyes being sealed, how would I mount
above
The reach of danger and forgotten care ;
My backward eyes should ne'er commit that fault,
Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of
salt.

Great God ! Thou art the flowing spring of
light ;
Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray :
Thou art my path ; direct my steps aright,
I have no other light, no other way :
I'll trust my God, and Him alone pursue ;
His law shall be my path, his heavenly light my
clue. FRANCIS QUARLES.

Man, thou shalt never Die !

IS this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, love ?
And doth death cancel the great bond that
holds
Commingling spirits ? Are thoughts that know
no bounds,

But self-inspired rise upward, searching out
The Eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
Of uncreate life have visited, and lived?
Lived in the dreadful splendour of that throne,
Which One, with gentle hand the veil of flesh
Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
In glory?—throne, before which, even now,
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?
Souls that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful, unseen Presence—are they quenched,
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?

And with our frames do perish all our loves?
Do those that take their root, and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves, unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue
give speech,

And make it send forth living harmonies,—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents?—no more
To live in it, and when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

Oh! listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,

“Man, thou shalt never die!” Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls : according harps
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality ;
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn universal song.
Oh ! listen ye our spirits ! drink it in
From all the air ! ’Tis in the gentle moonlight :
’Tis floating ’midst day’s setting glories ; Night
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears :
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful
eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument are touched,
By an unseen living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it ; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

RICHARD H. DANA.

Morning Hymn in Paradise.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable, who sitt’st above these Heavens

To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou, Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.

Moon that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring Fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,

In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

JOHN MILTON.

My Lord hath Need of these Flow'rets
Gay.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he:

“Have nought but the bearded grain?

Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,

I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,

He kissed their drooping leaves:

It was for the Lord of Paradise

He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”

The Reaper said, and smiled;

“Dear tokens of the earth are they,

Where He was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,

Transplanted by my care,

And saints, upon their garments white,

These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,

The flowers she most did love;

She knew she should find them all again

In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,

The Reaper came that day;

’Twas an angel visited the green earth,

And took the flowers away.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Man's breathing Miniature.

AH! cease thy tears and sobs my little Life!
I did but snatch away the unclasp'd knife:
Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,
And to quick laughter change this peevish cry!
Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of woe,
Tutor'd by pain each source of pain to know!
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire;
Alike the good, the ill, offend thy sight,
And rouse the stormy sense of shrill affright!
Untaught, yet wise! 'mid all thy brief alarms
Thou closely clingest to thy Mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest!
Man's breathing Miniature! thou mak'st me
sigh—

A Babe art thou—and such a thing am I!
To anger rapid, and as soon appeas'd,
For trifles mourning, and by trifles pleas'd,
Break friendship's mirror with a tetchy blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar
glow!

O thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet
As on I totter with unpractis'd feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek nurse of souls through their long infancy!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Men call it Death when Mortals Soar.

LOVE now is found ;—for from the lips of all
He murmurs forth in tones most wonderful ;
Is manifest alike in hues and sounds,
And beautiful alike in every tongue.
Within the verdant sanctuary of groves
The zephyr steals along to kiss the earth,
And by his kiss gives life to fragrant flowers :
The children of Platonic love are they.
So, too, the trees with green and various tongues
In gentle whisperings own, at eventide,
Their mutual and mysterious love ; as low
They downward bend their heads embracingly
In twilight, when no watchful eyes are on them.
The flowerets also love ; and though no tongue
Have they, to tell their tenderness, they gaze
With streaming looks into each others' eyes,
And understand each other, although dumb :
Earth never hears a sweeter language spoken
Than that invented by these fond ones, who
With fervent glance fulfil the want of tongues.
The streamlet, too, clasping, with constant arms,
And folding to its breast the green Lemoniade,
Arrayed in living rubies and in gold,
Sighs forth its tender love in broken tones.
Nature ! I know thy heart's deep meaning well,
Thy flowery writings and discourse of birds,
Whereof the fair interpreting by thee
Was written on my heart's pure page with fire.
A word it was of holy flame, long stifled,

But now set free ; like to the enfranchised bird,
Which high upsoars and fills the air with songs,
Forgetting how of late the prison pressed
That love of song within his heart to pain,
While with a voiceful flight he mounts to heaven,
His home. Though o'er the wide earth none
these sounds

May understand, they still are known to God.
Ye flowerets ! I will gently dream among ye ;
And I will give to ye a human heart,
And thus empower ye to return my love.
Sweet, even as childhood's sinless beauty, shines
The glance that greets me through your trembling
tears.

Fair angels ! blooming in eternal youth,
Ye ne'er survive your early loveliness,
But even in death itself are beautiful.
And yet ye do not die,—but sink to rest,
When ruthless northern tempests raging come.
Ye will not look on life when stormful ; ne'er
Save when, in child-like sweetness, it disports
With Nature in the western breeze. But when
Destruction, striding o'er the fresh green fields,
Goes forth to battle with this blissful life,
Then ye close down your lovely lids in slumber,
And on your mother's beauteous breast repose,
Until, the contest done, victorious life
In light and song reveals itself once more.
Then God arouses ye again from sleep,
Sending sweet May to whisper in your ears
That spring is blooming in the vaulted heaven,
And that 't is time for you yourselves to bloom.

Ye then put off your verdant veil,—and feel
The spring-breeze spreading life upon your cheeks,
Which vie with roses planted by the Morn
Along the Garden of the East. And when
The sun shall come, your forms so bright and fair,
Will shine forth more magnificently still.
Thus I, too, shall not die ;—men call it death,
When mortals soar unto the eternal Father,
Who yonder dwells upon the horizon's verge,
Where earth and heaven mingle in harmony and
joy !

ERIC SJORGEN, *Trans. Anon.*

Ministering Spirits.

THEY are winging, they are winging,
Through the thin blue air their way ;
Unseen harps are softly ringing
Round about us, night and day.
Could we pierce the shadows o'er us,
And behold that seraph band,
Long-lost friends would bright before us
In angelic beauty stand.

Lo ! the dim blue mist is sweeping
Slowly from my longing eyes,
And my heart is upward leaping
With a deep and glad surprise.
I behold them—close beside me,
Dwellers of the spirit-land ;

Mists and shades alone divide me
From that glorious seraph band.

Though life never can restore me
My sad bosom's nestling dove,
Yet my blue-eyed babe bends o'er me
With her own sweet smile of love;
And the brother, long departed,
Who in being's summer died—
Warm, and true, and gentle-hearted—
Folds his pinions by my side.

Last called from us, loved and dearest—
Thou the faultless, tried, and true,
Of all earthly friends sincerest,
Mother—I behold thee too!
Lo! celestial light is gleaming
Round thy forehead pure and mild,
And thine eyes with love are beaming
On thy sad, heart-broken child!

Gentle sisters there are bending,
Blossoms culled from life's parterre;
And my father's voice ascending,
Floats along the charmed air.
Hark! those thrilling tones Elysian
Faint and fainter die away,
And the bright seraphic vision
Fades upon my sight for aye.

But I know they hover round me
In the morning's rosy light,
And their unseen forms surround me
All the deep and solemn night.

Yes, they're winging—yes, they're winging
Through the thin blue air their way :
Spirit-harps are softly ringing
Round about us night and day.

SOPHIA HELEN OLIVER.

Ministering Angels.

MOTHER, has the dove that nestled
Lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up his little pinion,
And in darkness gone to rest ?
Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
But the lost one is not there ;
Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper,
Floating on the ambient air ?
It is near thee, gentle mother,
Near thee at the evening hour ;
Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
It looks up from every flower.
And when, Night's dark shadows fleeing,
Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
Then thy angel babe is there !
Maiden, has thy noble brother,
On whose manly form thine eye
Loved full oft in pride to linger,
On whose heart thou couldst rely,
Though all other hearts deceived thee,
All proved hollow, earth grew drear,
Whose protection, ever o'er thee,
Hid thee from the cold world's sneer—

Has he left thee here to struggle,
All unaided on thy way ?
Nay ; he still can guide and guard thee,
Still thy faltering steps can stay :
Still, when danger hovers o'er thee,
He than danger is more near ;
When in grief thou'st none to pity,
He, the sainted, marks each tear.

Lover, is the light extinguished
Of the gem that, in thy heart
Hidden deeply, to thy being
All its sunshine could impart ?
Look above ! 'tis burning brighter
Than the very stars in heaven !
And to light thy dangerous pathway,
All its new-found glory's given.
With the sons of earth commingling,
Thou the loved one mayst forget ;
Bright eyes flashing, tresses waving,
May have power to win thee yet ;
But e'en then that guardian spirit
Oft will whisper in thine ear,
And in silence, and at midnight,
Thou wilt know she hovers near.

Orphan, thou most sorely stricken
Of the mourners thronging earth,
Clouds half veil thy brightest sunshine,
Sadness mingles with thy mirth.
Yet, although that gentle bosom,
Which has pillowed oft thy head,

Now is cold, thy mother's spirit
Can not rest among the dead.
Still her watchful eye is o'er thee
Through the day, and still at night
Hers the eye that guards thy slumber,
Making thy young dreams so bright.
Oh! the friends, the friends we've cherished,
How we weep to see them die!
All unthinking they're the angels
That will guide us to the sky!

EMILY JUDSON.

Mother! oh, where is that Radiant Shore?

“I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou callest its children a happy band:
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?—
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle
boughs?”

—“Not there—not there, my child!”

“Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?—
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze;
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?”

—“Not there—not there, my child!”

“Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o’er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand—

Is it there, sweet mother,—that better land?”
—“Not there—not there, my child!”

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there—it is there, my child!”

FELICIA HEMANS.

Morning.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of Heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untir'd we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and stedfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE.

Never Sleep the Sun up.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul
leave

To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun ;
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou
keep

Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
Dawn with the day ; there are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good
After sun-rising ; far day sullies flowers :
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures : note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing?
Above thy cares and follies ! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world : let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine :
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries: the first, World's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light,
truth,

Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food:
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each day:
Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may:
Yet keep these cares without thee! let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Not one Prayer is Breathed in Vain.

MY GOD, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will!

ANDREWS NORTON.

O, let us Seize on what is Stable.

I TOLD thee, soul, that joy and woe
Were but a gust, a passing dew:
I told thee so,—I told thee so,—
And, O my soul, the tale was true!

This mortal life,—a fleeting thing,—
When most we love it, swiftest flies;
It passes like a shade and dies:
And while it flaps its busy wing,
It scatters every mist that lies
Round human hopes,—all air and dew.
I told thee so,—I told thee so,—
And, O my soul, the tale was true!

Like the dry leaf that autumn's breath
Sweeps from the tree, the mourning tree,
So swiftly and so certainly
Our days are blown about by death:
For life is built on vanity;
Renewing days but death renew.
I told thee so,—I told thee so,—
And, O my soul, the tale was true!

O, let us seize on what is stable,
 And not on what is shifting! All
 Rushes down life's vast waterfall,
 On to that sea interminable
 Which has no shore. Earth's pleasures pall,
 But heaven is safe, and sacred too.
 I told thee so,—I told thee so,—
 And, O my soul, the tale was true!

FRANCISCO DI VELASCO, *Trans. by BOWRING.*

“O Life, how Fair!”

AT morning I stood on the mountain's brow,
 In its May-wreath crowned, and there
 Saw day-rise in gold and in purple glow,
 And I cried,—“O Life, how fair!”

As the birds in the bowers their lay began,
 When the dawning time was nigh,
 So wakened for song in the breast of man
 A passion heroic and high.

My spirit then felt the longing to soar
 From home afar in its flight,
 To roam, like the sun, still from shore to shore,
 A creator of flowers and light.

At even I stood on the mountain's brow,
 And, rapt in devotion and prayer,
 Saw night-rise in silver and purple glow,
 And I cried,—“O death, how fair!”

And when that the soft evening wind, so meek,
With its balmy breathing came,
It seemed as though Nature then kissed my cheek
And tenderly sighed my name!

I saw the vast Heaven encompassing all,
Like children the stars to her came;
The exploits of man then seemed to me small,—
Nought great save the Infinite's name.

Ah! how unheeded all charms which invest
The joys and the hopes that men prize,
While the eternal thoughts in the poet's breast,
Like stars in the heavens, arise!

ERIC SJORGEN, *Trans. Anon.*

On the Death of her Brother, Francis the First.

'T IS done! a father, mother, gone,
A sister, brother, torn away,
My hope is now in God alone,
Whom heaven and earth alike obey.
Above, beneath, to him is known,—
The world's wide compass is his own.
I love,—but in the world no more,
Nor in gay hall, or festal bower;
Not the fair forms I prized before,—
But Him, all beauty, wisdom, power,
My Saviour, who has cast a chain
On sin and ill, and woe and pain!

I from my memory have effaced
All former joys, all kindred, friends ;
All honors that my station graced
I hold but snares that fortune sends :
Hence ! joys by Christ at distance cast,
That we may be his own at last !

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, *Trans. by COSTELLO.*

O, how Blest are ye whose Toils are
Ended !

O, HOW blest are ye whose toils are ended !
Who, through death, have unto God
ascended !

Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving ;
Our undertakings
Are but toils, and troubles, and heart-breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleeping,
Quiet, and set free from all our weeping ;
No cross nor trial
Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears for ever ;
Ye have that for which we still endeavour.
To you are chanted
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us!
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us!
With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

SIMON DACH, *Trans. by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.*

On my Front I shew my Mighty Maker's Seal.

BORN unto God in Christ—in Christ, my all!
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply,
rather
Than forfeit that blest name, by which we call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, our Father!
The heir of heaven, henceforth I dread not death:
In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life. Let sea, and earth, and sky,
Wage war against me; on my front I shew
Their mighty Maker's seal! In vain they try
To end my life, who can but end its woe.
Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes! but not *his*: 'tis death itself that dies!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

○ Thou, who art the Source and
Spring.

TO love, where love is shewn to me,
With smile a smile to greet—
Where tempers, tastes, and thoughts agree,
In friendship's bonds to meet—

To light at others' torch the flame,
And burn, one common fire—
To list the chord, and strike the same
On a responsive wire—

This were not hard, 'twere but to own
The force of Nature's might,
Who ever wakes a kindred tone,
Where harmonies unite.

But for the living torch to burn,
Tho' all around be chill—
Where kindly acts meet no return,
To feed love's fervours still—

To keep the heart in tune, despite
A war of jarring sounds—
Still to preserve the affections right,
And love, where hate abounds—

This, this is hard, for nature spurns
To render good for ill,
And hot the angry spirit burns,
Harsh rules the ungoverned will.

'Tis grace alone can mould the heart

This gentle power to prove—

'Tis grace alone can grace impart,

And teach the soul to love.

O Thou, who art the Source and Spring

Of our new nature's birth,

Love brought Thee down, that Thou might'st
bring

Love to this wretched earth.

Light Thou my torch by Thine own flame;

So shall it ever glow,

A light to mark from whence it came,

Thro' all the fogs below.

Light Thou my torch, a living sign,

While thro' this world I rove,

A child of love, a child of Thine—

For Thou, my God, art Love!

LATROBE.

Ordination Hymn.

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one
thing more;

If thou wouldst perfect be,

Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,

And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,

Those sacred words hath said,

And his invisible hands to-day have been

Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
“Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?”

Beside him at the marriage-feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Only to Man Thou hast made Known
Thy Way.

O SACRED Providence, who from end to end,
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
And not of Thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not do Thee
right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
Only to man Thou hast made known thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their
notes;

Trees would be tuning of their native lute
To thy renown; but all their hands and throats
Are brought to man, while they are lame and
mute.

Man is the world's high-priest; he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that
blow.

He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise Thee fain;
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present,
For me and all my fellows, praise to Thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendant, and divine,
Who dost so strongly and sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but
thine:

For either thy command, or thy permission,
Lay hands on all; they are thy right and left;
The first puts on with speed and expedition,
The other curbs sin's stealing pace and theft;

Nothing escapes them both ; all must appear,
And be disposed, and dressed and tuned by
Thee,

Who sweetly temperest all ; if we could hear
Thy skill and art, what music would it be !

Thou art in small things great, not small in any ;
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall ;
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many :
For Thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to Thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their father's,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor
sand

Check the proud sea, even when it swells and
gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world : the meat is set
Where all may reach ; no beast but knows his
food ;

Birds teach us hawking ; fishes have their net :
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing engendered doth prevent his meat,
Flies have their table spread, ere they appear ;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat,
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely dost thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checkered with night and day,
Which, as it lengthens, winds and winds us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good,
The pigeons feed their tender offspring crying,
When they are callow ; but withdraw their food
When they are fledged, that need may teach
'em flying.

Bees work for man, and yet they never bruise
Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use :
So both the flower do stay and honey run.

Sheep eat the grass, and dung the ground for
more :
Trees, after bearing, drop their leaves for soil ;
Springs vent their streams, and by expanse get
store ;
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to express the rare
And curious virtues both of herbs and stones ?
Is there an herb for that ? O that thy care
Would show a root that gives expressions !

And if an herb hath power, what have the stars ?
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure ;
Doubtless our plagues and plenty, peace and wars,
Are there much surer than our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metals, man may take them thence,
But at his peril ; when he digs the place,
He makes a grave, as if the thing had sense,
And threatened man that he should fill the
space.

E'en poisons praise thee : should a thing be lost ?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their
due ?

Since where are poisons, antidotes are most,
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in
view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made ;
The winds, who think they rule the mariner,
Are ruled by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods ;
Thy hills with health abound, thy vales with store ;
The south with marble, north with fur and
woods.

Hard things are glorious ; easy things, good,
cheap ;

The common all men have ; that which is rare,
Men therefore seek to have and care to keep :
The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind, is glass ; warm without
weight,

Is wool and furs ; cool without coldness, shade ;
Speed without pains, a horse ; tall without weight,
A servile hawk ; low without loss, a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need ;
If they seek fine things, thou dost make them
run

For their offence ; and then dost turn their speed,
To be commerce and trade, from sun to sun.

Nothing wears clothes but man; nothing doth
need

But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
But man alone, to show his heavenly breed:
And only he hath fuel in desire.

When the earth was dry, Thou madest a sea of wet;
When that lay gathered, thou didst broach the
mountains;

While yet some places could no moisture get,
The winds grew gardeners, and the clouds
good fountains.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently spend
Your honey-drops; press not to smell them
here;

When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And, at your lodging, with their thanks appear.

How harsh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need less reparation;
How smooth are silks, compared with a stake,
Or with a stone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts to man—
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail, and, need be, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks are hot and dry;
Cold fruit's warm kernels help against the wind:
The lemon's juice and rind cure mutually;
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

To show Thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worse than ours, sometimes Thou
shiftest hands :

Most things move th' under jaw ; the crocodile
not ;

Most things sleep lying ; th' elephant leans or
stands.

But who hath praise enough ? nay, who hath any ?

None can express thy works but he that knows
them,

And none can know thy works, which are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owns them.

All things that are, though they have several ways,
Yet in their being join with one advice
To honour Thee ; and so I give Thee praise
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many ways in store
To honour Thee ; and so each hymn thy fame
Extolleth many ways ; yet this, one more.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Ⓞ God Unseen, but not Unknown.

O GOD unseen, but not unknown,
Thine eye is ever fixed on me ;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
Encompassed by thy Deity.

Throughout this universe of space
To nothing am I long allied,
For flight of time, and change of place,
My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had, but where are they?
Friends whom I knew, I know no more,
Companions once that cheered by way,
Have dropt behind or gone before.

Now I am one amidst the crowd
Of life and action hurrying round;
Now left alone—for like a cloud
They came, they went, and are not found.

Even from myself sometimes I part,
Unconscious sleep is nightly death;
Yet surely by my bed thou art,
To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.

Of all that I have done or said
How little can I now recal!
Forgotten things to me are dead;
With Thee they live, Thou know'st them all.

Thou hast been with me from the womb,
Witness to every conflict here;
Nor wilt Thou leave me at the tomb,
Before thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes, when strength must fail,
When health, and hope, and comfort flown,
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death, with Thee alone.

Alone with Thee ;—in that dread strife
Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when the unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveiled presence stands
Of Thee, my Saviour, and my God ;—

Be mine eternal portion this,
Since Thou wert always here with me,
That I may view Thy face in bliss,
And be for evermore with Thee.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Oh! come it First, or come it Last.

OH! come it first, or come it last,
The shadow o'er my passage cast,
Grant it may find me on my guard,
And at thy will, O God, prepared
To welcome the approaching gloom,
The deep dark stillness of the tomb!
'Tis but a transitory night:
The sun shall rise, and all be light!

Sweet thought, and of sweet solace full,
And apt the swelling grief to lull
Of those, beside a parting friend
Constrained in bitterness to bend;

The form, so cherished once and dear,
To follow on his funeral bier ;
And see the grave above it close,
The last "long home" of man's repose.

It has been said, and I believe,
Though tears of natural sorrow start,
'Tis mixed with pleasure when we grieve
For those the dearest to the heart,
From whom long-lived at length we part ;
As by a Christian's feelings led
We lay them in their peaceful bed.

Yet speak I not of those who go
The allotted pilgrimage on earth,
With earth-born passions grovelling low,
Enslaved to honour, avarice, mirth,
Unconscious of a nobler birth :
But such as tread with loftier scope
The Christian's path with Christian hope.

We grieve to think, that they again
Shall ne'er in this world's pleasure share :
But sweet the thought, that this world's pain
No more is theirs ; that this world's care
It is no more their lot to bear.
And surely in this scene below
The joy is balanced by the woe !

We grieve to see the lifeless form,
The livid cheek, the sunken eye :
But sweet to think, corruption's worm
The living spirit can defy,
And claim its kindred with the sky.

Lo! where the earthen vessel lies!
Aloft the unbodied tenant flies.

We grieve to think, our eyes no more
That form, those features loved, shall trace:
But sweet it is from memory's store
To call each fondly-cherished grace,
And fold them in the heart's embrace.
No bliss 'mid worldly crowds is bred,
Like musing on the sainted dead!

We grieve to see expired the race
They ran, intent on works of love:
But sweet to think, no mixture base,
Which with their better nature strove,
Shall mar their virtuous deeds above.
Sin o'er their soul has lost his hold,
And left them with their earthly mould!

We grieve to know, that we must roam
Apart from them each wonted spot:
But sweet to think, that they a home
Have gained, a fair and goodly lot,
Enduring, and that changeth not.
And who that home of freedom there
Will with this prison-house compare?

BISHOP MANT.

Ⓒ Absalom my Son!

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.

The reeds bent down the stream: the willow-leaves,

With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem: and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep
tones

Grew tremulous. But oh ; for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave ; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet : his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
Reversed, beside him : and the jewelled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle ; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang ; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,

In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died: then throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe!—

“Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

“Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill.
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee,
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet ‘*My father*,’ from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

“The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft wind flung:
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt
come
To meet me, Absalom!

“And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!

It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom !

" And now, farewell ! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee—
And thy dark sin !—Oh ! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom !"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child : then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer ;
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

WILLIS.

Ⓞ make me Pure, with Pure Ones
e'er to Dwell.

YES, let me die ! Am I of spirit-birth,
And shall I linger here where spirits fell,
Loving the stain they cast on all of earth ?

Oh make me pure, with pure ones e'er to dwell !

'Tis sweet to die ! The flowers of earthly love
(Fair, frail, spring blossoms) early droop and
die ;

But all their fragrance is exhaled above,
Upon our spirits evermore to lie.

Life is a dream, a bright but fleeting dream,
I can but love; but then my soul awakes,
And from the mist of earthliness a gleam
Of heavenly light, of truth immortal, breaks.

I shrink not from the shadows Sorrow flings
Across my pathway; nor from cares that rise
In every footprint; for each shadow brings
Sunshine and rainbow as it glooms and flies.

But heaven is dearer. There I have my treasure;
There angels fold in love their snowy wings;
There sainted lips chant in celestial measure,
And spirit fingers stray o'er heav'n-wrought
strings.

There loving eyes are to the portals straying;
There arms extend, a wanderer to fold;
There waits a dearer, holier One, arraying
His own in spotless robes and crowns of gold.

Then let me die! My spirit longs for heaven,
In that pure bosom evermore to rest;
But, if to labour longer here be given,
"Father, thy will be done!" and I am blest.

EMILY JUDSON.

Ⓖ Love-destroying Bigotry.

O LOVE-DESTROYING, cursèd Bigotry!
Cursèd in heaven, but cursèd more in hell,
Where millions curse thee, and must ever curse.
Religion's most abhorred! perdition's most

Forlorn ! God's most abandoned ! hell's most damned !

The infidel who turned his impious war
Against the walls of Zion, on the rock
Of ages built, and higher than the clouds,
Sinned, and received his due reward ; but she
Within her walls sinned more. Of Ignorance
Begot, her daughter, Persecution, walked
The earth, from age to age, and drank the blood
Of saints ; with horrid relish drank the blood
Of God's peculiar children, and was drunk,
And in her drunkenness dreamed of doing good.
The supplicating hand of innocence,
That made the tiger mild, and in his wrath
The lion pause—the groans of suffering most
Severe, were nought to her : she laughed at
groans ;

No music pleased her more ; and no repast
So sweet to her as blood of men redeemed
By blood of Christ. Ambition's self, though
mad,

And nursed on human gore, with her compared,
Was merciful. Nor did she always rage.
She had some hours of meditation, set
Apart, wherein she to her study went,
The Inquisition, model most complete
Of perfect wickedness, where deeds were done—
Deeds ! let them ne'er be named—and sat and
planned

Deliberately, and with most musing pains,
How to extremest thrill of agony
The flesh, and blood, and souls of holy men,

Her victims, might be wrought ! and when she saw
New tortures of her labouring fancy born,
She leaped for joy, and made great haste to try
Their force, well pleased to hear a deeper groan.

ROBERT POLLOK.

**O Thou Great Being ! in whom I
Move and Live.**

O THOU great Being ! in whom I move and live,
The grateful tribute of my praise receive.
To thy indulgence I my being owe,
And all the joys which from that being flow.
Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling year,
And run their distant courses round the sphere,
Since thy creative eye my form survey'd
'Midst undistinguish'd heaps of matter laid.
Thy skill my elemental clay refin'd ;
The vagrant particles in order join'd ;
With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
And stamp'd thy sacred image on my soul ;
A soul, susceptible of endless joy,
Whose frame not force nor time can e'er destroy ;
Which shall survive when Nature claims my
 breath,
And bid defiance to the darts of death ;
To realms of bliss with active freedom soar,
And live when earth and skies shall be no more.
Author of life ! in vain my tongue essays
For this immortal gift to speak thy praise !
How shall my heart its grateful sense reveal,
Where all the energy of words must fail !

O may its influence on my life appear,
And ev'ry action prove my thanks sincere !
Grant me, great God, a heart to thee inclin'd ;
Increase my faith, and rectify my mind ;
Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred ways,
And to thy service consecrate my days.
Still as through life's perplexing maze I stray,
Be thou the guiding star to mark my way.
Conduct the steps of my unguarded youth,
And point their motions to the paths of truth.
Protect me by thy providential care,
And warn my soul to shun the tempter's snare.
Through all the shifting scenes of varied life,
In calms of ease, or ruffling storms of grief,
Through each event of this inconstant state,
Preserve my temper equal and sedate :
Give me a mind that nobly can despise
The low designs and little arts of vice.
Be my religion such as taught by thee,
Alike from pride and superstition free :
Inform my judgment, regulate my will,
My reason strengthen, and my passions still.
To gain thy favour be my first great end,
And to that scope may every action tend !
Amidst the pleasures of a prosp'rous state,
Whose flatt'ring charms the untutored heart
 elate,
May I reflect to whom those gifts I owe,
And bless the bounteous hand from whence they
 flow.
Or if an adverse fortune be my share,
Let not its terrors tempt me to despair ;

But, fix'd on thee, a steady faith maintain,
And own all good which thy decrees ordain ;
On thy unfailing Providence depend,
The best protection, and the surest friend.
Thus on life's stage may I my part sustain,
And at my exit thy applauses gain !
When thy pale herald summons me away,
Support me in that dread catastrophe ;
In that last conflict guard me from alarms,
And take my soul expiring to thy arms.

MRS. CARTER.

Onward ! for the Truths of God.

ONWARD ! Hath earth's ceaseless change
Trampled on thy heart ?
Faint not, for that restless range
Soon will heal the smart.
Trust the future : time will prove
Earth hath stronger, truer love.
Bless thy God—the heart is not
An abandoned urn,
Where, all lonely and forgot,
Dust and ashes mourn :
Bless him, that his mercy brings
Joy from out its withered things.
Onward, for the truths of God—
Onward, for the right !
Firmly let the field be trod,
In life's coming fight :

Heaven's own hand will lead thee on,
Guard thee till thy task is done !

Then will brighter, sweeter flowers
Blossom round thy way,
Than e'er sprung in Hope's glad bowers,
In thine early day :
And the rolling years shall bring
Strength and healing on their wing.

LUELLE J. B. CASE.

One Glance of Thine Creates a Day.

YET, gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling face :
What though a short eclipse his beauties shroud,
And bar the influence of his rays ?
Tis but a morning vapour or a summer cloud ;
He is my sun, though He refuse to shine.
Though for a moment He depart,
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever He on mine.
Early before the light arise,
I'll spring a thought away to God ;
The passion of my heart and eyes
Shall shout a thousand groans and sighs,
A thousand glances strike the skies,
The floor of his abode.

Dear Sovereign, hear thy servant pray ;
Bend the blue heavens, Eternal King,
Downward thy cheerful graces bring ;

Or shall I breathe in vain, and pant my hours away?
Break, glorious Brightness, through the gloomy
veil,

Look, how the armies of despair
Aloft their sooty banners rear
Round my poor captive soul, and dare
Pronounce me prisoner of hell.

But Thou, my Sun, and Thou, my Shield,
Wilt save me in the bloody field;
Break, glorious Brightness, shoot one glimmering
One glance of thine creates a day, [ray;
And drives the troops of hell away.

Happy the times, but ah! those times are gone,
When wondrous power, and radiant grace,
Round the tall arches of thy temple shone,
And mingled their victorious rays:

Sin, with all its ghastly train,
Fled to the depths of death again,
And smiling triumph sat on every face:
Our spirits, raptured with the sight,
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud Hosannas sounded the Redeemer's
praise.

Here could I say,
(And paint the place whereon I stood,)
Here I enjoyed a visit half the day
From my descending God:
I was regaled with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely sweet the blessings were,
While my Emmanuel was there;

And o'er my head
The Conqueror spread
The banner of his love.

Then why, my heart, sunk down so low?
Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
And hopeless nature mourn?
Review, my soul, those pleasing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Through the displeasure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raise a frown,
To chide the child, or prove the son,
But love will ne'er destroy;
The hour of darkness is but short,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy support:
The morning brings thee joy.

ISAAC WATTS.

Oh! what is Life!

SO many years I've seen the sun,
And called these hands and eyes my own;
A thousand little acts I've done,
And childhood have, and manhood known:
Oh! what is Life! and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?
So many airy thoughts and lines,
And vain exertions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice grovelled far behind:
Oh what is Thought! and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes

Have on my quivering soul had power ;
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
The boast or burden of their hour :
Oh what is all we feel ! why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head ?

So many human souls divine

So at one interview displayed,
Some oft and freely mixt with mine,
In lasting bands my heart have laid :
Oh what is Friendship ! why imprest
On my weak, wretched, dying breast !

So many wondrous gleams of light,

And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love :
Oh what is Virtue ! why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high ?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,

My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, which strangely fills
This frame, and waft me to the dead :
Oh what is Death !—'Tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more ;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And Life is all retouched again ;
Where in their bright results shall rise,
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

GAMBOLD.

Oh, cling not, Trembler, to Life's
fragile Bark.

OH, cling not, Trembler, to life's fragile bark :
It fills—it soon must sink :

Look not below, where all is chill and dark ;

'Tis agony to think

Of that wild waste ; but look, oh ! look above,

And see the outstretched arm of Love.

Cling not to this poor life : unlock thy clasp

Of fleeting, vapoury air.

The world receding soon will mock thy grasp ;

But let the wings of prayer

Take the blest breeze of Heaven, and upward flee,

And life from God shall enter thee.

Oh, fear not Him who walks the stormy wave :

'Tis not a spectre, but the Lord.

Trust thou in Him who overcame the Grave,

Who holds in captive ward

The powers of Hell. Heed not the monster grim ;

Nor fear to go through death to Him.

Look not so fondly back on this false Earth :

Let hope not linger here.

Say, would the worm forego its second birth,

Or the transition fear,

That gives it wings to try a world unknown,

Although it wakes and mounts alone ?

But thou art not alone : on either side

The portal, friends stand guard :

And the kind spirits wait thy course to guide.

Why, why should it be hard,

To trust our Maker with the soul He gave,
Or Him who died that soul to save ?

Into His hands commit thy trembling spirit,
Who gave His life for thine.

Guilty, fix all thy trust upon His merit :

To Him thy heart resign.

Oh, give Him love for love, and sweetly fall
Into His hands who is thy All.

CONDER.

© Thou, whom still I Hold, but
cannot See.

COME, O Thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see !

My company before is gone,

And I am left alone with Thee ;

With Thee all night I mean to stay,

And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am ;

My misery or sin declare ;

Thyself hast called me by my name ;

Look on Thy hands and read it there :

But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?

Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,

I never will unloose my hold :

Art Thou the Man that died for me ?

The secret of thy love unfold :

Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,

Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my sinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then am I strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath Thy mighty hand;
Faint, to revive, and fall, to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand,—
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Yield to me now,—for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me, if Thy name be Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart:
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, Universal Love, Thou art:
To me, to all, Thy bowels move:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;

Through faith I see Thee face to face;

I see Thee face to face, and live:

In vain I have not wept and strove;

Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,

Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;

Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,

But stay, and love me to the end:

Thy mercies never shall remove;

Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me

Hath rose, with healing in His wings;

Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee

My soul its life and succour brings;

My help is all laid up above;

Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh

I halt, till life's short journey end;

All helplessness, all weakness, I

On Thee alone for strength depend;

Nor have I power from Thee to move;

Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;

Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;

I leap for joy, pursue my way,

And, as a bounding hart, fly home;

Through all eternity to prove,

Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

JOHN WESLEY.

**O God, Thou Great Intelligence
Supreme.**

O LORD, Thou great intelligence supreme,
Sov'reign director of this mighty frame ;
Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,
Fashions the heart, and views the ways of men ;
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
Or measure sparingly the daily bread ;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain ;
On Thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye !
Know that thy providence, their constant friend,
Thro' life shall guard them, and in death attend ;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

BOYCE.

On Him I Lean.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few ;
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain :
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,

To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despised by those I prized too well ;
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe :
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
Yet, He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from His voice, His hand, His smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh ! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last ;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

GRANT.

Ⓔ God, Ⓔ Good beyond Compare!

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
“Our beauties are but for a day.”

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer-sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
“Our days of light are numbered.”

O God, O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair;
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man;
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

BISHOP HEBER.

Omnipresence of God.

ONCE more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The Poet of my God.—Awake, my glory,
Awake, my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploring bird,
In lively lay, sings welcome to the dawn.

List ye ! how nature, with ten thousand tongues,
Begins the grand thanksgiving. Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the forest and the field !
My fellow-subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.
O Thou, who or the lambkin or the dove,
When offered by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory immense the orphan's mite exclude.

What, though th' Almighty's regal throne be
raised

High o'er your azure heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unkennd—where east, nor west,
Nor south, nor blustering north, has breath to
blow ;

Albeit He there with angels and with saints
Holds conference, and to his radiant host,
E'en face to face, stands visibly confest ;
Yet know that nor in presence or in power
Shines He less perfect here ; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes the obscurity. He is the same,
Alike in all his universe the same ;
Whether the mind along the spangled sky
Measures her pathless walk, studious to view
The works of vaster fabric, where the planets,
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march
directing

Still faithful, still inconstant to the sun ;
Or where the comet, through space infinite,
(Though whirling worlds oppose in globes of fire)

Darts like a javelin to his distant goal ;
Or where in heaven above, the heaven of heavens,
Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll,
With satellites more glorious,—Thou art there.
Or whether on the ocean's boisterous rock,
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretched arm
Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows,
The suppliant sailor finds Thee there, his chief,
His only help. When Thou rebuk'st the storm
It ceases ; and the vessel gently glides
Along the glassy level of the calm.
Oh ! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending ; there thy
works
Would also speak thy residence, and there
Would I, thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonished into silence, muse thy praise.
Behold ! behold th' unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral ! sea-flowers gay,
And shrubs of amber, from the pearl-paved bottom
Rise richly varied, where the finny race,
In blithe security, their gambols play ;
While high above their heads Leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes, with transport proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.
Hence through the genial bowels of the earth,
Easy may fancy pass ; till at thy mines,
Gani or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,

Where the rich ruby (deemed by sages old
Of sovereign virtue) sparkles e'en like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate, and the deep intrenched gem
Of kindred jasper; nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself;
And in their veins she oft portrays the forms
Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams
Now stealing softly o'er, now thundering down
In desperate cascade, with flowers and beasts,
And all the living landscape of the vale:
In vain thy pencil, Claudio, or Poussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate; it is the hand
Of God Himself, for God Himself is there.
Hence with the ascending springs let me advance,
Through beds of magnets, minerals, and spar;
Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
The ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call the horizon all her own.
Behold the forest and the expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth shorn sod
No object interrupts; unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends. Behold, in regal solitude
And pastoral magnificence he stands,
So simple and so great, the underwood,
Of meaner rank, an awful distance keep.
Yet Thou art there, yet God Himself is there,
Even on the bush, (though not as when to Moses

He shone in burning majesty revealed,)
Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness. Thee her maker,
Thee her preserver, chants she in her song ;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn. No other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for in attention
Buried, even babbling echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains where the unbounded
prospect
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon inclosures, where appears
Chequered variety in all her forms
Which the vague mind attract, and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of labouring men and clumsy art,
Seen with the ringdove's nest? On that tall beech
Her pensile house the feathered artist builds,
The rocking winds molest her not ; for see,
With such due poise the wondrous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself, and stedfast e'en in storms.
Thou idiot, that asserts there is no God,
View and be dumb for ever.
Go, bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave.
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the
cherry
To blush with just vermilion. Hence, away !
Hence, ye profane ! for God himself is here.
Vain were the attempt, and impious, to trace

Through all his works th' Artificer Divine.
And though nor shining sun nor twinkling star
Bedecked the crimson curtains of the sky;
Though neither vegetable, beast, nor bird,
Were extant on the surface of the ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; though the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
Yet man, at home within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame,
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power.
I see and I adore;—O God, most bounteous!
Oh! infinite of goodness and of glory,
The knee that Thou hast shaped shall bend to
Thee!
The tongue which Thou hast tuned shall chant
thy praise!
And thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

Ⓞ that I may Keep Thy Word.

JESUS, by whose grace I live,
From the fear of evil kept,
Thou hast lengthened my reprieve,
Held in being while I slept;
With the day my heart renew,
Let me wake Thy will to do.

Since the last revolving dawn
Scattered the nocturnal cloud,
O how many souls have gone,
Unprepared to meet their God!
Yet Thou dost prolong my breath,
Nor hast sealed my eyes in death!
O that I may keep Thy word,
Taught by Thee to watch and pray!
To Thy service, dearest Lord,
Sanctify the present day:
Swift its fleeting moments haste;
Doomed, perhaps, to be my last!
Crucified to all below,
Earth shall never be my care;
Wealth and honour I forego,
This my only wish and prayer;—
Thine in life and death to be,
Now, and to eternity!

TOPLADY.

Oh, come, let us go to the Valley
of Peace!

OH, come, let us go to the Valley of Peace!
There earth's weary cares to perplex us shall
cease;
We will stray through its solemn and far-spread-
ing shades,
Till twilight's last ray from each green hillock
fades.

There slumber the friends whom we long must
regret—

The forms whose mild beauty we can not forget ;
We will seek the low mounds where so softly
they sleep,

And will sit down and muse on the idols we weep :
But we will not repine that they're hid from our
eyes,

For we know they still live in a home in the skies ;
But we'll pray that, when life's weary journey
shall cease,

We may slumber with them in the Valley of
Peace !

Oh, sad were our path through this valley of tears,
If, when weary and wasted with toil and with
years,

No home were prepared where the pilgrim might
lay

Mortality's cumbering vestments away !

But sadder, and deeper, and darker the gloom,
That would close o'er our way as we speed to
the tomb,

If Faith pointed not to that heavenly goal,

Where the Sun of eternity beams on the soul !

Oh, who, mid the sorrows and changes of time,
E'er dreamed of that holier, that happier clime,
But yearned for the hour of the spirit's release—
For a pillow of rest in the Valley of Peace !

Oh, come, thou pale mourner, whose sorrowing
gaze

Seems fixed on the shadows of long-vanished days,

Sad, sad is thy tale of bereavement and wo,
And thy spirit is weary of life's garish show !
Come here : I will shew thee a haven of rest,
Where sorrow no longer invades the calm breast ;
Where the spirit throws off its dull mantle of care,
And the robe is ne'er folded o'er secret despair !
Yet the dwelling is lonely, and silent, and cold,
And the soul may shrink back as its portals
unfold ;

But a bright Star has dawned through the shades
of the east,
That will light up with beauty the Valley of Peace !
Thou frail child of error ! come hither and say,
Has the world yet a charm that can lure thee to
stay ?

Ah, no ! in thine aspect are anguish and wo,
And deep shame has written its name on thy brow.
Poor outcast ! too long hast thou wandered forlorn,
In a path where thy feet are all gored with the
thorn ;

Where thy breast by the fang of the serpent is
stung,

And scorn on thy head by a cold world is flung !
Come here, and find rest from thy guilt and thy
tears,

And a sleep sweet as that of thine innocent years ;
We will spread thee a couch where thy woes
shall all cease :

Oh, come and lie down in the Valley of Peace !

The grave, ah, the grave ! 'tis a mighty stronghold,
The weak, the oppressed, all are safe in its fold :

There Penury's toil-wasted children may come,
And the helpless, the houseless, at last find a home.
What myriads unnumbered have sought its re-
pose,
Since the day when the sun on creation first rose;
And there, till earth's latest, dread morning shall
break,
Shall its wide generations their last dwelling
make :
But beyond is a world—how resplendently bright!
And all that have lived shall be bathed in its light.
We shall rise—we shall soar where earth's sor-
rows shall cease,
Though our mortal clay rests in the Valley of
Peace!

CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

Call to Heaven.

OH, weary heart, there is a rest for thee!
Oh, truant heart, there is a blessed home—
An isle of gladness on life's wayward sea,
Where storms that vex the waters never come;
There trees perennial yield their balmy shade,
There flower-wreathed hills in sunlit beauty
sleep,
There meek streams murmur thro' the verdant
glade,
There heaven bends smiling o'er the placid
deep.

Winnowed by wings immortal that fair isle ;
Vocal its air with music from above :
There meets the exile eye a welcoming smile ;
There ever speaks a summoning voice of love
Unto the heavy-laden and distressed,
“ Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

Palm Sunday.

YE whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of Poesy—
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold,)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old—
Sovereign masters of all hearts !
Know ye, who hath set your parts ?
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you, to lead
His Hosannahs here below ;—
Mount, and claim your glorious meed ;
Linger not with sin and woe.
But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease—
Angels round His glory-throne,
Stars, His guiding hand that own,

Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,
Stones in earth's dark womb that rest,
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere His Name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue,
Be Thy praise so duly sung,
That Thine angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here.
We the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell
Dare not hope to join on earth,
Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seal
Lips, that might half Heaven reveal,
Should bards in idol-hymns profane
The sacred soul-enthraling strain,
(As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using,)
Then, Thy power and mercy show,
In vile things noble breath infusing ;

Then waken into sound divine
The very pavement of Thy shrine,
Till we, like Heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore :
Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts.

JOHN KEBLE.

Public Worship.

RESTORE to God his due in tithe and time ;
A tithe purloin'd, cankers the whole estate.
Sundays observe : think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music ; therefore come not late.

God then deals blessings ; if a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show ?

Twice on the day his due is understood,
For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended ; bate not of the food,
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God ; O be not cross.
Fast when thou wilt, but then 'tis gain, not loss.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love ;
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors ; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;
Pray with the most ; for where most pray, is
heav'n.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou : for thou art there
Only by his permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking : quit thy
state :

All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most ;
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest ;

Stay not for the other pin. Why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about
thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise.
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure
thither.

Christ purg'd his temple: so must thou thy heart.
All wordly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy action well,
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The worst speak something good: if all want
sense.

God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by being at church, escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.

He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them
shine.

Jest not at preachers' language or expression :
How know'st thou but thy sins made him mis-
carry ?

Then turn thy faults and his into confession :
God sent him whatsoe'er he be : O tarry,
And love him for his Master : his condition,
Though he be ill, makes him no ill physician.

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure,
As those who mock at God's way of salvation.
Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure ?
They drink with greediness a full damnation.
The Jews refused thunder ; and we folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy ?

GEORGE HERBERT.

Prayer for Even Temper.

HOW should I praise thee, Lord ! how should
my rhymes

Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel !

Although there were some forty heav'ns or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all ;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score ;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent ;
Those distances belong to thee :
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost
stretch

A crumb of dust from heav'n to hell ?
Will great God measure with a wretch ?
Shall he thy stature spell ?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there :
Then of a sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way ; for sure thy way is best :
Stretch or contract me, thy poor debtor :
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and trust
Make one place everywhere.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Prayer.

LORD ! in whose sight a thousand years
but seem

A fleeting moment,—O Eternal Being !
Turn towards me thy clemency,

Lest like a shadow vain my brief existence flee !

Thou who dost swell with thine ineffable
Spirit the world,—O Being Infinite!

Regard me graciously,
Since than an atom more invisible am I!

Thou in whose mighty, all-protecting hand
The firmament of heaven abides,—O Power!

Since of my soul thou know'st
The fallen and abject state, unveil the virtuous
boast!

Thou who dost feed the world's immensity,
O Fount of Life, still inexhaustible!

Hear my despised breath,
Since before thee my life will seem but wretched
death!

Thou who dost see within thy boundless mind
Whatever was or will be!—knowledge vast!—

Thy light I now implore,
That I in error's shades may wander lost no more!

Thou, who upon the sacred throne of heaven
In glorious light dost sit, Immutable!

For thine eternal rest,
Exchange, my Lord, the thoughts of this unstable
breast!

Thou, whose right hand, if from the abyss
withdrawn,

Doth cause the stars to fall,—Omnipotent!

Since I am nothing, take
Sweet mercy upon me, for thy dear Jesus' sake!

Thou, by whose hand the sparrow is sustained,
Father of all, God of the universe!

Thy gifts with gracious speed
Scatter upon my head, since I am poor indeed!

Being Eternal, Infinite! Soul! Life!

Father all-knowing! wise, omniscient Power!

From thine exalted throne,
Since I thy creature am, look down upon thine
own!

JUAN MELANDEZ VALDES, *Trans. Anon.*

Picture of a Lady's Mind.

PAINTER, you're come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon;
This work I can perform alone,
And give you reasons more than one.

Not that your art I do refuse,
But here I may no colours use;
Beside, your hand will never hit
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle tow'ring in the sky,
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit;
But these are *like* a mind, not *it*.

No; to express a mind to sense
Would ask a heaven's intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

A mind so pure, so perfect, fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine ;
And, so disdaining any tryer,
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the sphere,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all, and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions, when it will express
In speech, it is with that excess
Of grace and music to the ear,
As what it spoke it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air ;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But, that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
Itself to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossness ; there's the how, and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth by some celestial flight,
Up to her own sublimed height ?

Or hath she here upon the ground,
Some paradise or palace found,
In all the bounds of beauty fit
For her to inhabit ? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that has receipt
For this so lofty form, so straight,
So polished, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently as a cloud ;
As smooth as oil poured forth, and calm
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood
Where it may run to any good ;
And where it stays, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a bank, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
Yet know with what thou art possessed ;
Thou entertaining in thy breast
But such a mind, makest God thy guest.

BEN JONSON.

Prune thou thy Words.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he, who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

ANON.

Pass we Blithely, then, the Time.

L O, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

"Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we, poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily:
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!

“ One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny ;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall ;
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow ;
God provideth for the morrow ! ”

BISHOP HEBER.

Prayer for Resignation.

GOOD and great God ! can I not think of thee,
But it must straight my melancholy be ?
Is it interpreted in me disease,
That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease ?
O be thou witness, that the reins dost know,
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show ;
And judge me after, if I dare pretend
To aught but grace, or aim at other end.
As thou art all, so be thou all to me,
First, midst, and last, converted One and Three !
My faith, my hope, my love ; and in this state,
My Judge, my Witness, and my Advocate,
Where have I been this while exiled from thee ?
And whither rapt, now thou but stoop'st to me ?
Dwell, dwell here still : O, being every where,
How can I doubt to find thee ever here ?
I know my state both full of shame and scorn,
Conceived in sin and unto labour born ;
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,
And destined unto judgment after all.

I feel my griefs too; and there scarce is ground
Upon my flesh to inflict another wound;
Yet dare I not complain, or wish for death,
With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
Of discontent; or that these prayers be
For weariness of life, not love of thee.

BEN JONSON.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

DEFENDER of my rightful cause,
While anguish from my bosom draws
The deep-felt sigh, the ceaseless pray'r,
O make thy servant still thy care.
That aid, which oft my griefs has heal'd,
To aid again, entreated, yield.
How long, ye sons of pride, how long
Shall falsehood arm your impious tongue,
And erring rage your breast inflame,
My pow'r to thwart, my acts defame?
To God my heart shall vent its woe,
Who, prompt his blessings to bestow
On each whose breast has learn'd his fear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear.
Him wouldst thou please? With rev'rend awe
Observe the dictates of his law:
In secret on thy couch reclin'd
Search to its depth thy restless mind,
Till hush'd to peace the tumult lie,
And wrath and strife within thee die.

With purest gifts approach his shrine,
And safe to him thy care resign.
I hear a hopeless train demand,
“Where’s now the wish’d Deliv’rer’s hand?”
Do Thou, my God, do Thou reply,
And let thy presence from on high
In full effusion o’er our head,
Its all-enlivening influence shed.
What joy my conscious heart o’erflows!
Not such the exulting lab’rer knows,
When to his long expecting eyes
The vintage and the harvests rise,
And, shadowing wide the cultur’d soil,
With full requital crown his toil.
My weary eyes in sleep I close,
My limbs, secure, to rest compose;
For Thou, great God, shalt screen my head,
And plant a guard around my bed.

MERRICK.

Prayer for Time.

AND must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
O Thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day;
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to Thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I
am free. HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Pleasure, Bewitching Syren!

BEWITCHING syren! golden rottenness!
Thou hast with cunning artifice displayed
Th' enamelled outside, and the honied verge
Of the fair cup, where deadly poison lurks.
Within, a thousand sorrows dance the round;
And, like a shell, pain circles thee without.
Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their west decline,
Doth to a giant's spreading form extend
Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art pain,
Greedy, intense desire; and the keen edge
Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terror
And apprehension of thy hasty end
Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets.
Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.
Captains that have resisted war and death,
Nations that over fortune have triumphed,
Are by thy magic made effeminate:
Empires, that know no limits but the poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
Thou wert the author of the first excess
That drew this reformation on the gods;
Canst thou, then, dream those powers that from
heaven
Banished the effect, will there enthrone the cause?
To thy voluptuous den fly, witch, from hence;
There dwell, for ever drowned in brutish sense.

THOMAS CAREW.

Peace! be Still.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast;
As when the righteous fall asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou, that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood,
Oh! send thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood.

Thou, that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil,—
So speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say,—“Peace, be still!”

FELICIA HEMANS.

Prayer for an Absent Husband.

FATHER in heaven !

Behold, he whom I love is daily treading

The path of life in heaviness of soul.

With the thick darkness now around him spread-
ing

He long hath striven—

Oh, thou most kind ! break not the golden bowl.

Father in heaven !

Thou who so oft hast healed the broken-hearted,

And raised the weary spirit bowed with care,

Let him not say his joy hath all departed,

Lest he be driven

Down to the deep abyss of dark despair.

Father in heaven !

Oh, grant to his most cherished hopes a blessing—

Let peace and rest descend upon his head,

That his torn heart, thy holy love possessing,

May not be riven—

Let guardian angels watch his lonely bed.

Father in heaven !

Oh, may his heart be stayed on thee ! each feeling

Still lifted up in gratitude and love ;

And may that faith the joys of heaven revealing

To him be given,

Till he shall praise thy name in realms above.

M. ST. LEON LOUD.

Raising of Jairus' Daughter.

THEY have watched her last and quivering
breath,

And the maiden's soul has flown ;
They have wrapt her in the robes of death,
And laid her dark and alone.

But the mother casts a look behind,
Upon that fallen flower,—
Nay, start not,—'twas the gathering wind ;
Those limbs have lost their power.

And tremble not at that cheek of snow,
O'er which the faint light plays ;
Tis only the crimson curtain's glow,
Which thus deceives thy gaze.

Didst thou not close that expiring eye,
And feel the soft pulse decay ?
And did not thy lips receive the sigh,
Which bore her soul away ?

She lies on her couch, all pale and hushed,
And heeds not thy gentle tread,
And is still as the spring-flower by traveller
crushed,
Which dies on its snowy bed.

The mother has flown from that lonely room,
And the maid is mute and pale :
Her ivory hand is cold as the tomb,
And dark is her stiffened nail.

Her mother strays with folded arms,
 And her head is bent in woe ;
 She shuts her thoughts to joy or charms ;
 Nor tear attempts to flow.

But listen ! what name salutes her ear ?
 It comes to a heart of stone ;
 " Jesus," she cries, " has no power here ;
 My daughter's life has flown."

He leads the way to that cold white couch,
 And bends o'er the senseless form ;
 Can his be less than a heavy touch ?
 The maiden's hand is warm !

And the fresh blood comes with a roseate hue,
 While Death's dark terrors fly ;
 Her form is raised, and her step is true,
 And life beams bright in her eye.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

Religion, thou the Soul of Happiness.

RELIGION'S All. Descending from the skies
 To wretched man, the goddess, in her left,
 Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next* ;
Religion ! the sole voucher man is man :
 Supporter sole of man above himself ;
 E'en in this night of frailty, change, and death,
 She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
 Religion ! Providence ! an after-state !
Here is firm footing ; *here* is solid rock !

This can support us ; all is sea besides ;
Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids Earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrours, by kind fate, discharg'd,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load ;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change :
So joys the soul, when, from inglorious aims,
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To *reason's* region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness ;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee ! *There* shine
The noblest truths ; *there* strongest motives sting ;
There sacred violence assaults the soul ;
There, nothing but *compulsion* is forborne.
Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ?
He weeps !—the falling drop puts out the Sun ;
He sighs—the sigh Earth's deep foundation
shakes.

If in his love so terrible, what then
His wrath inflamed ? his tenderness on fire ?
Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires ?
Can prayer, can praise, avert it ?—Thou, my *All!*
My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !
My strength in age ! my rise in low estate !
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth !—my world !

My light in darkness ! and my life in death !
My boast through time ! bliss through eternity !
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise !
Or fathom thy profound of love to man !
To man, of men the meanest, e'en to me ;
My sacrifice ! my God !—what things are these !

EDWARD YOUNG.

Reception of the Spirit.

PEACE to thy ashes, sweetly-smiling maid !
Fled are thy beauties where they ne'er shall
fade ;

See where the hallow'd choir their sister greet,
And lead the stranger to her star-clad seat ;
“ All hail, pure spirit !—Life's short voyage o'er,
Safe thou reposest on this placid shore.
No flowing tears shall quench that radiant eye,
No rising sorrows prompt the frequent sigh :
One, thy sweet office in this blest abode,
To view thy Saviour, and to hymn thy God.”

ANON.

Raise then the Hymn to Death.

OH ! could I hope the wise and pure in heart
Might hear my song without a frown, nor
deem

My voice unworthy of the theme it tries,—
I would take up the hymn to Death, and say

To the grim power, The world hath slandered thee
And mocked thee. On thy dim and shadowy brow
They place an iron crown, and call thee king
Of terrors, and the spoiler of the world,
Deadly assassin, that strik'st down the fair,
The loved, the good—that breathest on the lights
Of virtue set along the vale of life,
And they go out in darkness. I am come,
Not with reproaches, not with cries and prayers,
Such as have stormed thy stern insensible ear
From the beginning. I am come to speak
Thy praises. True it is, that I have wept
Thy conquests, and may weep them yet again :
And thou from some I love wilt take a life
Dear to me as my own. Yet while the spell
Is on my spirit, and I talk with thee
In sight of all thy trophies, face to face,
Meet is it that my voice should utter forth
Thy nobler triumphs ; I will teach the world
To thank thee.—Who are thine accusers?—Who?
The living!—they who never felt thy power,
And know thee not. The curses of the wretch
Whose crimes are ripe, his sufferings when thy
hand

Is on him, and the hour he dreads is come,
Are writ among thy praises. But the good—
Does he whom thy kind hand dismissed to peace,
Upbraid the gentle violence that took off
His fetters, and unbarred his prison cell ?

Raise then the hymn to Death. Deliverer !
God hath anointed thee to free the oppressed

And crush the oppressor. When the armed chief,
The conqueror of nations, walks the world,
And it is changed beneath his feet, and all
Its kingdoms melt into one mighty realm—
Thou, while his head is loftiest and his heart
Blasphemes, imagining his own right hand
Almighty, thou dost set thy sudden grasp
Upon him, and the links of that strong chain
That bound mankind are crumbled; thou dost
break

Sceptre and crown, and beat his throne to dust.
Then the earth shouts with gladness and her tribes
Gather within their ancient bounds again.
Else had the mighty of the olden time,
Nimrod, Sesostris, or the youth who feigned
His birth from Libyan Ammon, smitten yet
The nations with a rod of iron, and driven
Their chariot o'er our necks. Thou dost avenge,
In thy good time, the wrongs of those who know
No other friend, nor dost thou interpose
Only to lay the sufferer asleep.

Where he who made him wretched troubles not
His rest—thou dost strike down his tyrant too.
Oh, there is joy when hands that held the scourge
Drop lifeless, and the pitiless heart is cold.
Thou too dost purge from earth its horrible
And old idolatries;—from the proud fanes
Each to his grave their priests go out, till none
Is left to teach their worship; then the fires
Of sacrifice are chilled, and the green moss
O'ercreeeps their altars; the fallen images
Cumber the weedy courts, and for loud hymns,

Chanted by kneeling multitudes, the wind
Shrieks in the solitary aisles. When he
Who gives his life to guilt, and laughs at all
The laws that God or man has made, and round
Hedges his seat with power, and shines in wealth,
Lifts up his atheist front to scoff at Heaven,
And celebrates his shame in open day,
Thou, in the pride of all his crimes, cutt'st off
The horrible example. Touched by thine,
The extortioner's hard hand foregoes the gold
Wrung from the o'er-worn poor. The perjurer,
Whose tongue was lithe, e'en now, and voluble
Against his neighbour's life, and he who laughed
And leaped for joy to see a spotless fame
Blasted before his own foul calumnies,
Are smit with deadly silence. He, who sold
His conscience to preserve a worthless life,
Even while he hugs himself on his escape,
Trembles, as, doubly terrible, at length,
Thy steps o'ertake him, and there is no time
For parley—nor will bribes unclench thy grasp.
Oft, too, dost thou reform thy victim, long
Ere his last hour. And when the reveller,
Mad in the chase of pleasure, stretches on,
And strains each nerve, and clears the path of life
Like wind, thou point'st him to the dreadful goal,
And shak'st thy hour-glass in his reeling eye,
And check'st him in mid course. Thy skeleton
hand

Shows to the faint of spirit the right path,
And he is warned, and fears to step aside.
Thou sett'st between the ruffian and his crime

Thy ghastly countenance, and his slack hand
Drops the drawn knife. But, oh, most fearfully
Dost thou show forth Heaven's justice, when thy
shafts

Drink up the ebbing spirit—then the hard
Of heart and violent of hand restores
The treasure to the friendless wretch he wronged.
Then from the writhing bosom thou dost pluck
The guilty secret ; lips, for ages sealed,
Are faithless to the dreadful trust at length,
And give it up ; the felon's latest breath
Absolves the innocent man who bears his crime ;
The slanderer, horror-smitten, and in tears,
Recalls the deadly obloquy he forged
To work his brother's ruin. Thou dost make
Thy penitent victim utter to the air
The dark conspiracy that strikes at life,
And aims to whelm the laws ; ere yet the hour
Is come, and the dread sign of murder given.

Thus, from the first of time, hast thou been
found

On virtue's side ; the wicked, but for thee,
Had been too strong for the good ; the great of
earth

Had crushed the weak for ever. Schooled in
guile

For ages, while each passing year had brought
Its baneful lesson, they had filled the world
With their abominations ; while its tribes,
Trodden to earth, imbruted, and despoiled,
Had knelt to them in worship ; sacrifice

Had smoked on many an altar, temple roofs
Had echoed with the blasphemous prayer and
hymn.

But thou, the great reformer of the world,
Tak'st off the sons of violence and fraud
In their green pupilage, their lore half learned—
Ere guilt had quite o'errun the simple heart
God gave them at their birth, and blotted out
His image. Thou dost mark them flushed with
hope,

As on the threshold of their vast designs,
Doubtful and loose they stand, and strik'st them
down.

* * * * *

Alas! I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus
Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search,
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes
And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy
skill
Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned
pale

When thou wert gone. This faltering verse,
which thou
Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
To copy thy example, and to leave
A name of which the wretched shall not think
As of an enemy's, whom they forgive
As all forgive the dead. Rest, therefore, thou
Whose early guidance trained my infant steps—
Rest, in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep
Of death is over, and a happier life
Shall dawn to waken thine insensible dust.

Now thou art not—and yet the men whose
guilt
Has wearied Heaven for vengeance—he who bears
False witness—he who takes the orphan's bread,
And robs the widow—he who spreads abroad
Polluted hands of mockery of prayer,
Are left to cumber earth. Shuddering I look
On what is written, yet I blot not out
The desultory numbers—let them stand,
The record of an idle revery.

W. C. BRYANT.

“Room for the Leper! Room!”

“ROOM for the leper! room!” And as he
came,
The cry passed on—“Room for the leper! room!”
Sunrise was slanting on the city gates

Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
The early-risen poor were coming in,
Duly and cheerfully, to their toil, and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city murmur swells,
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
Hailing the welcome light, and sounds that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.

“Room for the leper!” And aside they stood,
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper, with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, “Unclean! Unclean!”

’Twas now the depth
Of the Judæan summer, and the leaves,
Whose shadow lay so still upon the path,
Had budded on the clear and flashing eye
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons—and this was he!
With the soft air of summer there had come

A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins ;
Dimness crept o'er his eye ; a drowsy sloth
Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his port,
With all his loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
Even his voice was changed—a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear, silver key ;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light,
And very air, were steeped in sluggishness.
He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.
Day after day he lay as if in sleep ;
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,
Circled with livid purple, covered him.
And then his nails grew black, and fell away
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
Deepened beneath the hard unmoistened scales,
And from their edges grew the rank white hair.
—And Helon was a leper !

Day was breaking

When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
Like an articulate wail, and there alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.

The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his
head

Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom :—

Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God;
For He has smote thee with his chastening rod.
And to the desert wild,

From all thou lovest, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart, and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er.

And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains bide;

Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well or river's grassy brink.

And pass not thou between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze,
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen.

Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thy eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him

Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.
Depart, oh leper! and forget not God!

And he went forth—alone; not one, of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone, to die;
For God hath cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his parched lips,
Praying that he might be so blessed—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to
flee,

He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, “Unclean! Unclean!” and, in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth, shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o’er
The leper’s prostrate form, pronounced his name,
—“Helon!”—the voice was like the master-tone

Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet ;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
“Helon, arise !” and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe

Mingled in the regard of Helon’s eye
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear ;—yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and, if he smiled,
A kindly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn ;
His statue modelled with a perfect grace ;
His countenance, the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child ;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon ; his air, unshorn,
Fell on his shoulders ; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved, and stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand,
And laid it on his brow, and said, “Be clean !”
And lo ! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow

The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him.

WILLIS.

Return, thou Day of Holiness!

RETURN, thou wished and welcome guest,
Thou day of holiness and rest ;

The best, the dearest of the seven,
Emblem and harbinger of heaven !
Though not the Bridegroom, at his voice,
Friend of the Bridegroom, still rejoice.
Day, doubly sanctified and blessed,
Thee the CREATOR crowned with rest ;
From all his works, from all his woes,
On thee the SAVIOUR found repose.
Thou dost, with mystic voice, rehearse
The birth-day of an universe :
Prophet, historian, both, in scope
Thou speak'st to memory and to hope.

Amidst the earthliness of life,
Vexation, vanity, and strife,
Sabbath ! how sweet thy holy calm
Comes o'er the soul, like healing balm ;
Comes like the dew to fainting flowers,
Renewing her enfeebled powers.
Thine hours, how soothingly they glide,
Thy morn, thy noon, thine eventide !

All meet as brethren, mix as friends ;
Nature her general groan suspends ;

No cares the sin-born labourers tire ;
E'en the poor brutes thou bid'st respire ;
'Tis almost as, restored awhile,
Earth had resumed her Eden smile.
I love thy call of earthly bells,
As on my waking ear it swells ;
I love to see thy pious train
Seeking in groups the solemn fane :
But most I love to mingle there
In sympathy of praise and prayer,
And listen to that living word,
Which breathes the Spirit of the Lord :
Or at the mystic table placed,
Those eloquent mementos taste
Of Thee, Thou suffering Lamb Divine,
Thy soul-refreshing bread and wine ;
Sweet viands given us to assuage
The faintness of the pilgrimage.

Severed from Salem, while unstrung
His harp on Pagan willows hung,
What wonder if the Psalmist pined,
As for her brooks the hunted hind !—
The temple's humblest place should win
Gladlier than all the pomp of sin ;—
Envied th' unconscious birds that sung
Around those altars, o'er their young ;
And deemed one heavenly Sabbath worth
More than a thousand days of earth ;
Well might his harp and heart rejoice
To hear, once more, that festal voice :
“Come, brethren, come with glad accord,
Haste to the dwelling of the Lord.”

But if on earth so calm, so blest,
 The house of prayer, the day of rest ;
 If to the spirit when it faints,
 So sweet the assembly of the saints ;—
 There let us pitch our tents (we say),
 For, Lord, with Thee 'tis good to stay !
 Yet from the mount we soon descend,
 Too soon our earthly Sabbaths end ;
 Cares of a work-day will return,
 And faint our hearts, and fitful, burn ;
 Oh ! think, my soul ! beyond compare,
 Think what a Sabbath must be there,
 Where all is holy bliss, that knows
 Nor imperfection, nor a close ;
 Where that innumerable throng
 Of saints and angels mingle song ;
 Where, wrought with hands, no temples rise,
 For God Himself their place supplies ;
 Nor priests are needed in th' abode
 Where the whole host are priests to God.
 Think what a Sabbath *there* shall be,
 The Sabbath of Eternity !

THOMAS GRINFIELD.

Religion.

FAIREST of those that left the calm of heaven,
 And ventured down to man with words of
 peace,
 Daughter of Grace ! known by whatever name,
 Religion, Virtue, Piety, or Love

Of Holiness, the day of thy reward
Was come. Ah! thou wast long despised, des-
pised
By those thou wooedst from death to endless life.
Modest and meek, in garments white as those
That seraphs wear, and countenance as mild
As Mercy looking on Repentance' tear;
With eye of purity, now darted up
To God's eternal throne; now humbly bent
Upon thyself, and weeping down thy cheek,
That glowed with universal love immense,
A tear, pure as the dews that fall in heaven;
In thy left hand, the olive branch, and in
Thy right, the crown of immortality;—
With noiseless foot, thou walkedst the vales of
earth,
Beseeching men, from age to age, to turn
From utter death, to turn from woe to bliss.

ROBERT POLLOK.

Reception of Grace.

LIVE ever in my heart, sweet awful hour,
When prostrate in my sin and shame I lay,
And heard the absolving accents fall with power,
As soft, as keen, as lambent lightnings play.
And sure with lightning glance they seem'd to
thrill,
(O may the dream prove true!) and search
and burn

Each foul dark corner of my lawless will.

What if the Spirit griev'd did then return?—

O fear, O joy to think!—and what if yet,

In some far moment of eternity,

The lore of evil I may quite forget,

And with the pure in heart my portion be?

Live in my heart, dread blissful hope, to tame

The haughty brow, to curb the unchastened eye,

And shape to deeds of good each wavering aim;

O teach me some true penance ere I die!

ANON.

Regeneration.

SOMETIMES indeed, when Wisdom in their
ear

Whispered, and with its disenchanting wand

Effectually touched the sorcery of their eyes,

Directly pointing to the holy Tree,

Where grew the food they sought, they turned
surprised

That they had missed so long what now they found.

As one upon whose mind some new and rare

Idea glances, and retires as quick,

Ere memory has time to write it down:

Stung with the loss, into a thoughtful cast

He throws his face, and rubs his vexed brow;

Searches each nook and corner of his soul

With frequent care; reflects, and re-reflects,

And tries to touch relations that may start
The fugitive again ; and oft is foiled ;
Till something like a seeming chance, or flight
Of random fancy, when expected least,
Calls back the wandered thought, long sought in
vain ;

Then does uncommon joy fill all his mind ;
And still he wonders, as he holds it fast,
What lays so near he could not sooner find ;
So did the man rejoice, when from his eye
The film of folly fell, and what he, day
And night, and far and near, had idly searched,
Sprang up before him suddenly displayed ;
So wondered why he missed the tree so long.

ROBERT POLLOK.

Retrospection.

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place,
Appointed for my second race ;
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love ;
And, looking back at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face ;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,

And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound ;
Or had the black art to dispense,
A several sin to every sense ;
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
Oh ! how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train ;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm-trees ;
But, oh ! my soul, with too much stay,
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move ;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came return.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Right Method of Prayer.

POOR heart, lament :
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub, some discontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father could
Quickly effect what thou dost move ;
For he is power : and sure he would ;
For he is love.

Go search this thing :
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book ;
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not look ?

What do I see
Written above there ? “ Yesterday
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.”

And should God’s ear
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions hear ?
Is God less free ?

But stay ! what’s there ?
“ Late, when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear ;
Yet I went on.”

And should God’s ear,
Which needs not man, be tied to those
Who hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter foes ?

Then once more pray ;
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice ;
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
“ Glad heart, rejoice !”

GEORGE HERBERT.

She is not Dead, but Sleepeth.

WITHIN the darkened chamber sat
A proud but stricken form ;
Upon her vigil-wasted cheeks
The grief-wrung tears were warm ;
And faster streamed they as she bent
Above the couch of pain,
Where lay a withering flower that wooed
Those fond eyes' freshening rain.

The raven tress on that young brow
Was damp with dews of death ;
And glassier grew her upraised eye
With every fluttering breath.
Coldly her slender fingers lay
Within the mourner's grasp ;
Lightly they pressed that fostering hand,
And stiffened in its grasp.

Then low the mother bent her knee,
And cried in fervent prayer—
"Hear me, O God ! mine own, my child,
Oh, holy Father, spare !
My loved, my last, mine only one—
Tear her not yet away ;
Leave this crushed heart its best, sole joy :
Be merciful, I pray !"

A radiance lit the maiden's face,
Though fixed in death her eye ;
A smile had met the angel's kiss
That stole her parting sigh !

And round her cold lips still that smile
A holy brightness shed,
As though she joyed her sinless soul
To Him who gave had fled.

The mother clasped the senseless form,
And shrieked in wild despair,
And kissed the icy lips and cheek,
And touched the dewy hair.

“No warmth—no life—my child, my child!
Oh for one parting word,
One murmur of that lutelike voice,
Though but an instant heard!

“She is not dead—she could not die—
So young, so fair, so pure;
Spare me, in pity spare this blow!
All else I can endure.

Take hope, take peace, this blighted head
Strike with thy heaviest rod;
But leave me this, thy sweetest boon,
Give back my child, O God!”

The suppliant ceased: her tears were stayed;
Hushed were those wailings loud;
A hallowed peace crept o’er her soul;
Her head to earth was bowed
Low as her knee; for as she knelt,
About her, lo! a flood
Of soft, celestial lustre fell—
A form beside her stood.

And slowly then her awe-struck face
And frightened eyes she raised;

Her heart leaped high : those clouded orbs
Grew brighter as she gazed ;
For oh ! they rested on a shape
Majestic—yet so mild,
Imperial dignity seemed blent
With sweetness of a child.

It spake not, but that saintlike smile
Was full of mercy's light,
And power and pity from those eyes
Looked forth in gentle might ;
Those angel looks, that lofty mien,
Have breathed without a word—
“Trust, and thy faith shall win thee all :
Behold, I am thy Lord !”

He turns, and on that beauteous clay
His godlike glances rest ;
Commandingly the pallid brow
His potent fingers pressed ;
The frozen current flows anew
Beneath that quickening hand ;
The pale lips, softly panting, move ;
She breathes at his command !

The spirit in its kindred realm
Has heard its Master's call ;
And back returning at that voice,
Resumes its earthly thrall.
And now from 'neath those snowy lids
It shines with meeker light,
As though 'twere chastened, purified,
By even that transient flight.

Loud swells the mother's cry of joy :
To Him how passing sweet !
Her child she snatches to her breast,
And sinks at Jesus' feet.
"Glory to thee, Almighty God!
Who spared my heart this blow ;
And glory to thine only Son—
My Saviour's hand I know !"

ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Song to the Eternal Wisdom.

O THOU eternal Mind ! whose wisdom sees,
And rules our changes by unchanged decrees ;
As with delight on thy grave works we look,
Say, art thou too with our light follies took ?
For when thy bounteous hand, in liberal showers
Each way diffused, thy various blessings pours,
We catch at them with strife, as vain to sight
As children, when for nuts they scrambling fight.
This snatching at a sceptre, breaks it ; he,
That broken does ere he can grasp it, see :
The poor world seeming like a ball, that lights
Betwixt the hands of powerful opposites ;
Which, while they cantonise in their bold pride,
They but an immaterial point divide.
O whilst for wealthy spoils these fight, let me,
Though poor, enjoy a happy peace with thee !

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

Star of the Dawning.

NOW, brighter than the host that all night
long,
In fiery armour, far up in the sky
Stood watch, thou comest to wait the morning
song,
Thou comest to tell me day again is nigh,
Star of the dawning! Cheerful is thine eye;
And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.
Thou seem'st to look on me, as asking why
My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;
Thou bid'st me turn to God, and seek my rest
in Him.

Canst thou grow sad, thou say'st, as earth
grows bright?
And sigh, when little birds begin discourse
In quick, low voices, ere the streaming light
Pours on their nests, from out the day's fresh
source?
With creatures innocent thou must perforce
A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.
And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,
Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,
And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to
endure.

I feel its calm. But there's a sombrous hue,
Edging that eastern cloud, of deep, dull red;
Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew;
And all the woods and hill-tops stand outspread
With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort
shed.

Still—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song—
The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead—
The silent city emptied of its throng,
And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and
wrong.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and
mirth

Will quicken soon; and hard hot toil and strife,
With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping
earth

With discord strange, and all that man calls life.
With thousand scatter'd beauties nature's rife;
And airs and woods and streams breathe har-
monies :

Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife ;
Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties:—
He, feverish, blinded, lives, and, feverish, sated,
dies.

It is because man useth so amiss
Her dearest blessings, nature seemeth sad ;
Else why should she in such fresh hour as this
Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,
From her fair face?—It is that man is mad !
Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine
When nature grieves ; nor deem this heart is
bad.

Thou look'st toward earth ; but yet the heavens
are thine ;

While I to earth am bound:—When will the
heavens be mine ?

If man would but his finer nature learn,
And not in life fantastic lose the sense
Of simpler things; could nature's features stern
Teach him be thoughtful, then, with soul
intense

I should not yearn for God to take me hence,
But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bow'd,
Remembering humbly why it is, and whence:
But when I see cold man of reason proud,
My solitude is sad—I'm lonely in the crowd.

But not for this alone, the silent tear
Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,
Nor for this solemn hour: fresh life is near;—
But all my joys!—they died when newly born.
Thousands will wake to joy; while I, forlorn,
And like the stricken deer, with sickly eye
Shall see them pass. Breathe calm—my
spirit's torn;

Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high!—
Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world
bring nigh.

And when I grieve, O, rather let it be
That I—whom nature taught to sit with her
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea—
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir
Of woods and waters—feel the quickening spur
To my strong spirit;—who, as my own child,
Do love the flower, and in the ragged bur
A beauty see—that I this mother mild
Should leave, and go with care, and passions fierce
and wild!

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the earth! In crown of living
fire

Up comes the day! As if they conscious
quaff'd—

The sunny flood, hill, forest, city spire
Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain desire!
The dusky lights are gone; go thou thy way;
And pining discontent, like them, expire!

Be call'd my chamber, PEACE, when ends the
day;

And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing
and pray.

H. DANA.

Search after God.

WHERE shall I find my God? O where, O
where,

Shall I direct my steps to find him there?

Shall I make search in swelling bags of coin?

Ah! no; for God and Mammon cannot join.

Do beds of down contain this heavenly stranger?

No, no, he's rather cradled in some manger:

Dwells he in wisdom? is he gone that road?

No, no, man's wisdom's foolishness with God:

Or hath some new plantation yet unknown,

Made him their king, adorned him with their
crown?

No, no; the kingdoms of the earth think scorn

To adorn his brows with any crown but thorn.

Where shall I go to trace, where go to wind him ?
My Lord is gone ; and O ! I cannot find him :
I'll ransack the dark dungeons ; I'll inquire
Into the furnace, after the seventh fire :
I'll seek in Daniel's den, and in Paul's prison ;
I'll search his grave, and see if he be risen :
I'll go to the house of mourning ; and I'll call
At every alms-abused hospital :
I'll go and ask the widow that's opprest ;
The heavy-laden that inquireth rest.
I'll search the corners of all broken hearts ;
The wounded conscience, and the soul that smarts ;
The contrite spirit fill'd with filial fear—
Ay, there he is ; and nowhere else but there :
Spare not to scourge thy pleasure, O my God,
So I may find thy presence with thy rod.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Self-purifying, Unpolluted Sea.

GREAT Ocean ! strongest of creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass,
In nature's anthem, and made music, such
As pleased the ear of God ! original,
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity,
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill ;
From age to age enduring and unchanged,
Majestical, inimitable, vast ;

Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man. Unfallen, religious, holy Sea!
Thou bow'dst thy glorious head to none, fear'dst
none,
Heardst none, to none didst honour, but to God
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance. Undiscovered Sea!
Into thy dark, unknown, mysterious caves,
And secret haunts, unfathomably deep,
Beneath all visible retired, none went
And came again, to tell the wonders there.
Tremendous Sea! what time thou liftedst up
Thy waves on high, and with thy winds and storms
Strange pastime took, and shook thy mighty sides
Indignantly, the pride of navies fell;
Beyond the arm of help, unheard, unseen,
Sank friend and foe, with all their wealth and war;
And on thy shores men of a thousand tribes,
Polite and barbarous, trembling stood, amazed,
Confounded, terrified, and thought vast thoughts
Of ruin, boundlessness, omnipotence,
Infinitude, eternity; and thought,
And wondered still, and grasped, and grasped,
and grasped
Again; beyond her reach exerting all
The soul, to take thy great idea in,
To comprehend incomprehensible:
And wondered more, and felt their littleness.
Self-purifying, unpolluted Sea!
Lover unchangeable, thy faithful breast
For ever heaving to the lovely moon,

That like a shy and holy virgin, robed
In saintly white, walked nightly in the heavens,
And to thy everlasting serenade
Gave gracious audience ; nor was wooed in vain.

ROBERT POLLOK.

Song of the Stars.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty
breath,

And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss by myriads came,—
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rang,
And this was the song the bright ones sang :

“ Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie,—
Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole ;
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“ For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o’erflows unbounded space ;
And we drink as we go the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides ;

Lo, yonder the living splendours play ;
Away, on our joyous path, away !

“ Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly
pass !

How the verdure runs o’er each rolling mass !
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young
woods lean.

“ And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower ;
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o’er the bright planets and shed their dew ;
And ’twixt them both, o’er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone the night goes round !

“ Away, away ! in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, Love is brooding, and Life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

“ Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years ;
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent,
To the farthest wall of the firmament,—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim.”

W. C. BRYANT.

Spring Sabbath Walk.

MOST earnest was his voice! most mild his look,
As with raised hands he blessed his parting
flock.

He is a faithful pastor of the poor;—
He thinks not of himself; his Master's words,
"Feed, feed my sheep!" are ever at his heart,
The cross of Christ is aye before his eyes.
Oh! how I love with melted soul to leave
The house of prayer, and wander in the fields
Alone! what though the opening spring be chill!
Although the lark, checked in his airy path,
Eke out his song, perched on the fallow clod
That still o'ertops the blade! although no branch
Have spread its foliage, save the willow wand
That dips its pale leaves in the swollen stream.
What though the clouds oft lour! their threats
but end

In summer-showers, that scarcely fill the folds
Of moss-couched violets, or interrupt
The merle's dulcet pipe,—melodious bird!
He, hid behind the milk-white sloe-thorn spray,
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf),
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant year.
Sweet is the sunny nook to which my steps
Have brought me, hardly conscious where I
roamed,

Unheeding where,—so lovely all around
The works of God arrayed in vernal smile.

JAMES GRAHAME.

Search after God.

WEIGH me the fire ; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind ;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixed in that watery theatre,
And taste thou them as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep ;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshiver'd into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears ;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence :
This if thou canst, then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Song of Praise for the Evening.

NOW, from the altar of my heart,
Let incense-flames arise :
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.
Awake, my love ; awake, my joy ;
Awake my heart and tongue !
Sleep not : when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

Man's life's a book of history ;
The leaves thereof are days ;
The letters, mercies closely join'd ;
The title is thy praise.
This day God was my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide ;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day :
Minutes came quick ; but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
New time, new favour, and new joys
Do a new song require :
Till I should praise thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

JOHN MASON.

Song to a Nightingale.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling
flow'rs ;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs ;
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.

What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and
 wrongs,

And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Summer Sabbath Walk.

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness ! it calms
My heart : pleasant the cool beneath these
 elms

That throw across the stream a moveless shade !
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks ;
How peaceful every sound !—The ring-dove's
 plaint,

Moaned from the twilight centre of the grove,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-eaved nest,
And from the root-sprig trills her ditty clear,—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp,—the buzz
Angrily shrill of moss-entangled bee,
That soon as loosed booms with full twang away,—
The sudden rushing of the minnow-shoal,
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout

Watches his time to spring; or, from above
Some feathered dam, purveying midst the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize:—sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,
(Where safe and happily he might have lurked),
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.
Now let me trace the stream up to its source,
Among the hills; its runnel by degrees
Diminishing, the murmur runs a trickle;
Closer and closer still the banks approach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble-shoots,
With brier and hazel branch, and hawthorn spray,
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
Into the open air; grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples! smiles the plain
Spread wide below; how sweet the placid view!
But oh! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing
thought!

That thousands, and ten thousands of the sons
Of toil, partake this day the common joy
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
And blessing Him who gave the Sabbath-day.
Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,
To think that now the townsman wanders forth

Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
The coolness of the day's decline : to see
His children sport around, and simply pull
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.
Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned ;
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strewed with heath-bells up and down.
Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown across the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
How deep the hush ! the torrent's channel dry
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt :
But hark, a plaintive sound floating along !
'Tis from yon heath-roofed shielin ; now it dies
Away, now rises full ; it is the song
Which He,—who listens to the hallelujahs
Of choiring seraphim—delights to hear :
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age,—of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicket door : behold the man !
The grandsire and the saint ; his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray ; before him lies,
Upon the smooth cropt sward, the open book,
His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight !
While, heedless, at his side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

JAMES GRAHAME.

Speak, for thy Servant Heareth.

SPEAK, for thy servant heareth;
Alone, in my lowly bed,
Before I laid me down to rest,
My nightly prayer was said;
And naught my spirit feareth,
In darkness or by day :
Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

I've stood before thine altar,
A child before thy might ;
No breath within thy temple stirred
The dim and cloudy light ;
And still I knew that thou wert there,
Teaching my heart to say—
“Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.”

O God, my flesh may tremble
When thou speakest to my soul ;
But it can not shun thy presence blest,
Or shrink from thy control.
A joy my spirit cheereth
That can not pass away :
Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

Thou biddest me to utter
Words that I scarce may speak,
And mighty things are laid on me,
A helpless one and weak ;

Darkly thy truth declareth
Its purpose and its way ;
Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

And shouldst thou be a stranger
To that which thou hast made ?
Oh ! ever be about my path,
And hover near my bed.
Lead me in every step I take,
Teach me each word I say :
Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

How hath thy glory lighted
My lonely place of rest ;
How sacred now shall be to me
The spot which thou hast blest !
If aught of evil should draw nigh
To bring me shame and fear,
My steadfast soul shall make reply,
“ Depart, for God is near ! ”

I bless thee that thou speakest
Thus to an humble child ;
The God of Jacob calls to me
In gentle tones and mild ;
Thine enemies before thy face
Are scattered in dismay :
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

I've stood before thee all my days—
Have ministered to thee ;
But in the hour of darkness first
Thou speakest unto me.
And now, the night appeareth
More beautiful than day :
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

JULIA W. HOWE.

Song of Praise for the Morning.

MY God was with me all this night,
And gave me sweet repose :
My God did watch, even whilst I slept,
Or I had never rose.
How many groan'd, and wish'd for sleep,
Until they wish'd for day,
Measuring slow hours with their quick pains,
Whilst I securely lay !

Whilst I did sleep all dangers slept,
No thieves did me affright ;
Those ev'ning wolves, those beasts of prey,
Disturbers of the night.
No raging flames nor storms did rend
The house that I was in ;
I heard no dreadful cries without,
No doleful groans within.

What terrors have I scap'd this night,
Which have on others fell !
My body might have slept its last ;
My soul have wak'd in hell.
Sweet rest hath gain'd that strength to me,
Which labour did devour :
My body was in weakness sown,
But it is rais'd in power.

Lord, for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I pay ;
And unto thee I dedicate
The first-fruits of the day.
Let this day praise thee, O my God,
And so let all my days :
And, O let mine eternal day
Be thine eternal praise.

JOHN MASON.

Song of Praise.

GOD of my life, and author of my days !
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise ;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of Seraphs sung.
Yet here the brightest Seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in ev'ry diff'rent sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All Nature faints beneath the mighty name,

Which Nature's works, through all her parts,
proclaim.

I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul ;
As by a charm the waves of grief subside ;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide :
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes ;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His Spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd ;
Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame :
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give :
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live.
From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
Still ev'ry wish that centres not in thee ;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and through flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,
Oh ! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware !
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee ;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live ;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky,
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree ;
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees ;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk ;
In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
Thus shall I rest unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state ;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene ;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Sing forth the Triumphs of his Name.

YOU Spirits ! who have thrown away
That envious weight of clay,
Which your celestial flight denied ;
Who by your glorious troops supply
The winged hierarchy,
So broken in the angel's pride !

O you ! whom your Creator's sight
Inebriates with delight !

Sing forth the triumphs of his name ;
All you enamoured souls, agree
In a loud symphony,
To give expression to your flame !

To Him his own great works relate,
Who deigned to elevate

You 'bove the frailty of your birth,
Where you stand safe from that rude war
With which we troubled are,
By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted air beneath
Here in this world we breathe,
Each hour some passion us assails.
Now lust casts wildfire in the blood,
Or, that it may seem good,
Itself in wit or beauty veils.

Then envy circles us with hate,
And lays a siege so strait,
No heavenly succour enters in :
But if revenge admittance find
For ever hath the mind
Made forfeit of itself to sin.

Assaulted thus, how dare we raise
Our minds to think his praise,
Who is eternal and immense ?
How dare we force our feeble wit
To speak Him infinite,
So far above the search of sense ?

O you ! who are immaculate,
His name may celebrate
In your soul's bright expansion :
You, whom your virtues did unite
To his perpetual light,
That ever with Him you now shine one.

While we who to earth contract our hearts,
And only study arts
To shorten the sad length of time,
In place of joys, bring humble fears,
For hymns, repentant tears,
And a new sigh, for every crime.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

Sire, Maker, Spirit !

SIRE, Maker, Spirit, who alone canst know
My soul and all the deep remorse that's
there—

I ask no mitigation of my wo ;

Yet pity me, and give me strength to bear !

Remorse ?—ah ! not for ill designedly done :

To look on pain, to me is pain severe ;

Yet, yet, dear forms which Death from me hath
won,

Had Love been Wisdom, haply ye were here !

Much have I suffered ; yet this form, unscathed,

Declares thy kind protection, by its thrift :

With secret dews the wounded plant is bathed ;

My ills are my desert, my good thy gift.

Three years are flown since my sore heart bereft

Hath mourned for two, ta'en by the powers on
high,

Nor tint nor atom that is fair is left

Beneath the marble where their relics lie.

Yet no oblivious veil is o'er them cast :

Blent with my blood, the sympathetic glow

Burns brighter now their mortal lives are past,

Than when, on earth, I felt their joy and wo.

Oh ! may their spirits, disembodied, come,

And strong though secret influence dispense—

Pitying the sorrows of an earthly doom,

And smoothing pain with sweet beneficence.

Oh! cover them with forms so made to meet
The models of their souls, that, when they see,
They cast themselves in beauty at thy feet,
In all the heaven of grateful ecstasy.

Methinks I see them, side by side, in love,
Like brothers of the zodiac, all around
Diffusing light and fragrance, as they move
Harmonious as the spheric music's sound.

And may these forms in warm and rosy sleep,
(In some fair dwelling for such forms assigned,)
Lie, while o'er air, earth, sea, their spirits sweep,
Quick as the changeful glance of thought and
mind.

This fond ideal which my grief relieves,
Father, beneath thy throne may live, may be:
For more than all my feeble sense conceives,
Thy hand can give in blest reality.

Sire, Maker, Spirit! source of all that's fair!
Howe'er my poor words be unworthy thee,
Oh! be not weary of the imperfect prayer
Breathed from the fervor of a wretch like me!

MARIA BROOKS.

She Comes to Me.

SHE comes to me in robes of snow,
The friend of all my sinless years—
Even as I saw her long ago,
Before she left this vale of tears.

She comes to me in robes of snow—

She walks the chambers of my rest,
With soundless footsteps, sad and slow,
That wake no echo in my breast.

I see her in my visions yet,
I see her in my waking hours ;
Upon her pale, pure brow is set
A crown of azure hyacinth flowers.

Her golden hair waves round her face,
And o'er her shoulders gently falls :
Each ringlet hath the nameless grace
My spirit yet on earth recalls.

And, bending o'er my lowly bed,
She murmurs—" Oh, fear not to die !
For thee an angel's tears are shed,
An angel's feast is spread on high.

" Come, then, and meet the joy divine
That features of the spirits wear :
A fleeting pleasure here is thine—
An angel's crown awaits thee there.

" Listen ! it is a choral hymn"—
And, gliding softly from my couch,
Her spirit-face waxed faint and dim,
Her white robes vanished at my touch.

She leaves me with her robes of snow—
Hushed is the voice that used to thrill
Around the couch of pain and wo—
She leaves me to my darkness still.

CATHERINE WARFIELD AND ELEANOR LEE.

Search Well Another World.

'TIS now clear day : I see a rose
Bud in the bright east, and disclose
The pilgrim sun ; all night have I
Spent in a roving ecstasy
To find my Saviour ; I have been
As far as Bethlehem, and have seen
His inn and cradle : being there
I met the wise men ; asked them where
He might be found, or what star can
Now point him out, grown up a man ?
To Egypt hence I fled, ran o'er
All her parched bosom to Nile's shore,
Her yearly nurse ; came back, inquired
Among the doctors, and desired
To see the temple ; but was shown
A little dust, and for the town
A heap of ashes, where some said
A small bright sparkle was a-bed,
Which would one day (beneath the pole)
Awake, and then refine the whole.
Tired here, I came to Sychar ; thence
To Jacob's well, bequeathed since
Unto his sons ; where often they
In those calm golden evenings lay,
Watering their flocks ; and having spent
Those white days, drove home to the tent
Their well-fleeced train ; and here (O fate !)
I sit where once my Saviour sate.
The angry spring in bubbles swelled,
Which broke in sighs still as they filled.

And whispered Jesus had been there,
But Jacob's children would not hear.
Loth hence to part, at last I rise,
But with the fountain in my eyes ;
And here a fresh search is decreed,
He must be found where He did bleed.
I walk the garden, and there see
Ideas of his agony,
And moving anguishments, that set
His blessed face in a bloody sweat :
I climbed the hill, perused the cross,
Hung with my gain, and his great loss ;
Never did tree bear fruit like this,
Balsam of souls, the body's bliss !
But, O his grave ! where I saw lent
(For he had none) a monument,
An undefiled and new hewed one,
But there was not the Corner Stone ;
" Sure then," said I, " my quest is vain,
He'll not be found where He was slain.
So mild a lamb can never be
'Midst so much blood and cruelty ;
I'll to the wilderness, and can
Find beasts more merciful than man ;
He lived there safe, 'twas his retreat
From the fierce Jew, and Herod's heat ;
And forty days withstood the fell
And high temptations of hell.
With seraphims there talked He,
His Father's flaming ministry :
He heavened their walks, and with his eyes
Made those wild shades a paradise :

Thus was the desert sanctified,
To be the refuge of his Bride.
I'll thither then ; see ! it is day ;
The sun's broke through to guide my way."
But as I urged thus, and sit down,
What pleasures should my journey crown ;
What silent paths, what shady cells,
Fair virgin flowers, and hallowed wells,
I should rove in, and rest my head
Where my dear Lord did often tread ;
Sweetening all danger with success,
Methought I heard one singing thus :
" Search well another world ; who studies this
Travels in clouds, seeks manna where none is."

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Search after God.

YET why drown fancy in such depths as these ?
Return, presumptuous rover ! and confess
The bounds of man, nor blame them as too small.
Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen ?
Full ample the dominions of the sun !
Full glorious to behold ! how far, how wide,
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
Farther and faster than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires !
Beyond this city why strays human thought ?
One wonderful enough for man to know !

One firmament enough for man to read !
Nor is instruction here our only gain :
There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,
Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.
How eloquently shines the glowing pole !
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
Though silent, loud ! heard earth around, above
The planets heard ; and not unheard in hell ;
Hell has its wonder, though too proud to praise.

Divine Instructor ! thy first volume this,
For man's perusal ; all in capitals !
In moon and stars (heaven's golden alphabet !)
Emblazed to seize the sight ; who runs may read,
Who reads can understand : 'tis unconfined
To Christian land, or Jewry ; fairly writ
In language universal, to mankind :
A language lofty to the learned, yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from its husk, strike out the bounding grain.
A language worthy the great Mind that speaks !
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page !
Stupendous book of wisdom to the wise !
Stupendous book, and opened, Night ! by thee.
By thee much opened, I confess, O Night !
Yet more I wish ; say, gentle Night, whose beams
Give us a new creation, and present
The world's great picture, softened to the sight ;
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number ; worlds concealed by day
Behind the proud and envious star of noon !

Canst thou not draw a deeper scene ?—and show
The mighty Potentate, to whom belong
These rich regalia, pompously displayed ?
Oh ! for a glimpse of Him my soul adores !
As the chased hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream ; for Him who made her
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys : say, goddess, where ?
Where blazes his bright court ? where burns his
throne ?

Thou know'st, for thou art near Him ; by thee,
round

His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports,
The sable curtains drawn : if not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where He dwells ?
A star his dwelling pointed out below :
Say ye, who guide the wildered in the waves,
On which hand must I bend my course to find
Him ?

These courtiers keep the secret of their King ;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.
In ardent contemplation's rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I set out ;
How swift I mount ! diminished earth recedes ;
I pass the moon ; and, from her further side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain ; pause at every
planet,

And ask for Him who gives their orbs to roll.
From Saturn's ring I take my bolder flight,
Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud ;

The souls of systems!—What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonders burning round,
Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres.
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity,
Or far beneath it I am grovelling still.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Sin of the Thoughtless.

WHO laughs at sin, laughs at his Maker's
frowns;

Laughs at the sword of vengeance o'er his head;
Laughs at the great Redeemer's tears and wounds,
Who, but for sin, had never wept or bled.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at the numerous woes
Which have the guilty world so oft befel;
Laughs at the whole creation's groans and
throes,—

At all the spoils of death, and pains of hell.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at his own disease;
Welcomes approaching torments with his
smiles;

Dares at his soul's expense his fancy please,
Affronts his God, himself of bliss beguiles.

Who laughs at sin, sports at his guilt and shame;
Laughs at the errors of his senseless mind:
For so absurd a fool, there wants a name,
Expressive of a folly so refined.

ANON.

Song of Praise for Grace.

O GOD of grace, who hast restor'd
Thine image unto me,
Which by my sins was quite defac'd,
What shall I render thee?
Thine image and inscription, Lord,
Upon my heart I bear:
Thine own I render unto thee,
O God, my God most dear.

Myself I owe thee for myself,
Whom thou didst make of earth;
But thou hast made me o'er again,
Thou gav'st a second birth.
Twice born, and twice endu'd with life,
I haste to come to thee,
To pay my vows, my thanks, my heart,
With all humility.

O, was I born first from beneath,
And then born from above?
Am I a child of man and God?
O rich and endless love!
When I had broke the tables, Lord,
New tables thou didst hew;
And with thy finger didst engrave
Thy laws on them anew.

Earth is my mother, earth my nurse,
And earth must be my tomb:
Yet God, the God of heaven and earth,
My Father is become.

Hell enter'd me, and into hell
I quickly should have run ;
But, O ! kind heav'n laid hold on me :
Heav'n is in me begun.

This spark will rise into a flame,
This seed into a tree ;
My songs shall rise, my praises shall
Loud hallelujahs be.

JOHN MASON.

Smiles and Tears.

WHAT is this passing scene ?
A peevish April-day !

A little sun,—a little rain,—
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away :

Man (soon discussed)

Yields up his trust ;

And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the
dust !

And what is beauty's power ?

It flourishes and dies ;

Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek

Beneath its surface lies ?

Mute, mute is all

O'er beauty's fall ;

Her praise resounds no more, when mantled in
her pall.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day ;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away :
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid !
Then since this world is vain
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat ?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing
heart lie still ?

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Song of Praise for the Gospel Ministry.

FAIR are the feet which bring the news
Of gladness unto me :
What happy messengers are these
Which my bless'd eyes do see !
These are the stars which God appoints
For guides unto my way,
To lead me unto Bethlem-town,
Where my dear Saviour lay.

These are my God's ambassadors,
By whom his mind I know ;
God's angels in his lower heav'n,
God's trumpeters below.
The trumpet sounds, the dead arise,
Which fell by Adam's hand :
Again the trumpet sounds, and they
Set forth for Canaan's land.

Thy servants speak ; but thou, Lord, dost
An hearing ear bestow :
They smite the rock ; but thou, my God,
Dost make the waters flow.
They shoot the arrow ; but thy hand
Doth drive the arrow home :
They call ; but, Lord, thou dost compel,
And then thy guests are come.

Angels that fly, and worms that creep,
Are both alike to thee ;
If thou mak'st worms thine angels, Lord,
They bring my God to me.
As sons of thunder first they come,
And I the lightning fear ;
But then they bring me to my home,
And sons of comfort are.

Lord, thou art in them of a truth,
That I might never stray ;
The clouds and pillars march before,
And show me Canaan's way :

I bless my God, who is my guide ;
I sing in Sion's ways :
When shall I sing on Sion's hill
Thine everlasting praise ?

JOHN MASON.

**Sphere-born Harmonious Sisters,
Voice and Verse.**

BLEST pair of Syrens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and
Verse,

Wed your divinest sounds, and mixed power
employ

Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure consent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne,
To Him that sits thereon,

With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee :
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;
And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms

Singing everlastingly :

That we on earth, with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din

Broke the fair music that all creatures made,
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
Oh, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

JOHN MILTON.

Soon to Meet Thee Face to Face.

GLORIOUS Shepherd of the sheep,
May I dare to call me Thine,
One whom Thou wilt tend and keep
Safe beneath thy wings divine?
Ah! with Thee so kind and near,
What have I to wish or fear?

Where the heavenly pastures grow,
Where the living waters glide,
Led and fed by Thee below,
I have nought to ask beside;
Nought but thankfulness of heart,
To proclaim how good Thou art.

Keep me in Thy righteous ways,
Guide me with Thy holy wand,
Through this life's perplexing maze,
Through the vale of death beyond;
Gracious Thou, and happy I,
With so great a Friend so nigh.

In the desert then I'm fed,
Manna round me rains from high,
Holy oil anoints my head,
And my cruse is never dry;
Then from grace I pass to grace,
Soon to meet Thee face to face.

LYTE.

Sweet Spirit Mother.

ART thou near me, spirit mother,
When, in the twilight hour,
A holy hush pervades my heart
With mysterious power:
While eyes of dreamy tenderness
Seem gazing into mine,
And stir the fountains of my soul—
Sweet mother, are they thine?
Is thine the blessed influence
That o'er my being flings
A sense of rest, as though 'twere wrapped
Within an angel's wings?
A deep, abiding trustfulness,
That seems an earnest given
Of future happiness and peace
To those who dwell in heaven!
And ofttimes when my footsteps stray
In error's shining track,
There comes a soft, restraining voice,
That seems to call me back;

I hear it not with outward ears,
But with a power divine
Its whisper thrills my inmost soul :
Sweet mother, is it thine ?

It well may be, for know we not
That beings all unseen
Are ever hovering o'er our paths,
The earth and sky between ?
They're with us in our daily walks,
And tireless vigils keep,
To weave those happy fantasies
That bless our hours of sleep !

Oh, could we feel that spirit-eyes
For ever on us gaze,
And watch each idle thought that threads
The heart's bewildering maze,
Would we not guard each careless word,
All sinful feelings quell,
Lest we should grieve the cherished ones
We loved on earth so well ?

Sweet spirit mother, bless thy child !
And with a holy love
Inspire my feeble energies,
And lift my heart above ;
And when the long-imprisoned soul
These earthly bonds has riven,
Be thine the wing to wear it up
And waft it on to heaven.

SUSAN PINDAR.

Songs of Praise Awoke the Morn.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ;—the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

R. MONTGOMERY.

Spiritual Light.

THE moon is up! How calm and slow
 She wheels above the hill!
 The weary winds forget to blow,
 And all the world lies still.

The way-worn travellers, with delight,
 The rising brightness see,
 Revealing all the paths and plains,
 And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
 Its little ripple leaves;
 It falls upon the forest shade,
 And sparkles on the leaves.

So once, on Judah's evening hills,
 The heavenly lustre spread,
 The Gospel sounded from the blaze,
 And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world
 Its guiding splendour throws:
 Bright in the opening hours of life,
 But brighter at the close.

The waning moon, in time, shall fail
 To walk the midnight skies;
 But God hath warmed *this* bright light
 With fire that never dies.

WILLIAM PEABODY.

She led Me First to God.

"SHE led me first to God ;
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew.
For, when she used to leave
The fireside, every eve,
I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.

"That dew, that bless'd my youth,—
Her holy love, her truth,
Her spirit of devotion, and the tears
That she could not suppress,—
Hath never ceased to bless
My soul, nor will it, through eternal years.

"How often has the thought
Of my mourn'd mother brought
Peace to my troubled spirit, and new power
The tempter to repel !
Mother, thou knowest well
That thou hast blessed me since thy mortal hour!"

JOHN PIERPOINT.

Sound the Timbrel, Harp, and Lute.

SOUND the timbrel, harp, and lute,
Let not voice or string be mute ;
Strike the doubly-sounding chord,
Music echoing to the word ;
Bid th' seraphic sound ascend,
Till the vaulted roof it rend ;
Strike till, sounding through the skies,
To the gate of heaven it rise !

Hymns to the Almighty raise,
To whom all power and good belong :
Hallelujah be our praise ;
Hallelujah be our song !

Hosannah in the highest sing,
Laud the name of Sion's King ;
Let the loud, triumphant strain
Glory to our God proclaim ;
Let the organ peal inspire
Hallelujahs through the choir,
Praise Him who gave creation birth !
Praise Him all living things on earth !

Hymns to the Almighty raise,
To whom all power and good belong ;
Hallelujah be our praise !
Hallelujah be our song !

ANON.

'Tis Infamy to Die, and not be Missed.

WOULDST thou from sorrow find a sweet
relief ?

Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold ?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief,
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold ?
'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty ; not when, all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfume throughout the
ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the
night

When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight ;

Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee
quite,

And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed ;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might ;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blessed.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.

Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to
bind

To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind.
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air ;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare :
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That, 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and
showers

Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?
Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,
To measure worlds, and follow where each
moves ?

Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,
By wanderings wild that Nature's pilgrim loves?
Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace,
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of
Greece ?

Beware, lest thou from sloth, that would appear
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim
Thy want of worth ; a charge thou couldst not
hear

From other lips without a blush of shame,
Or pride indignant ; then be thine to blame,
And make thyself of worth ; and thus enlist
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame ;
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above ;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow :
The seed, that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal
bowers.

CARLOS WILCOX.

The Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks;
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all.
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace,

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

“Touch Me Not.”

“YE who wait in wistful gaze
Where young infants lie,
Learning faith and silent praise
From each pure calm sigh,
Say, 'mid all those beaming glances,
Starts, and gleams, and silent trances,
When the fond heart highest dances,
Feeling Heaven so nigh?”

“Hard it is, 'mid gifts so sweet
Choosing out the prime:
But no brighter smiles we meet
Than at waking time,
When they burst the chains of slumber,
Chains that guard but not encumber,
And glad fancies without number
Ring their playful chime.”

“Nay, but with a moaning sound
Babes awakening start;
See the uneasy eye glance round,
Feel the beating heart.”

“But the watcher's look prevailing
In a moment stills that wailing,
Eye and heart have ceased their ailing,
Joy hath learn'd her part.”—

So when rose on Easter dawn
Our all-glorious Sun,
You might see love's eye withdrawn
From the adored One.

Tears that morn were in her waking,
Now again her heart is breaking ;—
Who may soothe her soul's sad aching ?
For her Lord is gone.

Him for tears she may not see,
Even her soul's delight,
Yet full near to her is He.—
Say, did Hosts of Light
Ever breathe in mortals' hearing
Tones so soft, so heavenly cheering ?
“ Mary,” was the word endearing—
Heaven and earth grew bright.—

Lo, the babe spreads out his arms
Toward the watcher's face,
Fain to hide from sad alarms
In Love's safe embrace.—
See the Word of Grace attending,
Magdalen full lowly bending.
“ Touch me not till mine ascending,”
Is the word of Grace.

Love with infant's haste would fain
Touch Him and adore,
But a deeper holier gain
Mercy keeps in store.
“ Touch Me not : awhile believe Me :
Touch Me not till Heaven receive Me,
Then draw near and never leave Me,
Then I go no more.”

ANON.

Transcendent Power! sole Arbiter
of Fate!

TRANSCENDENT power! sole arbiter of
fate!

How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
To view from thy exalted throne above
(Eternal source of light, of life, and love!)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
To bless the heav'ns, or beautify the earth.
Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise.
Assist, ye orbs, that form the boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets, who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend concertive round the solar frame;
Thou eye of nature! whose extensive ray,
With endless charms, adorns the face of day;
Consenting, raise the harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises through the vast profound!
His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
His praise let Ocean thro' her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews!
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!
His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!
His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur thro' the flow'ry vale!

His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,
As to your notes the vocal forests ring!
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!
Or ye fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture
 green!
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear,
The universal hymn of worship hear!
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine!
While by his works th' Almighty is confess'd,
Supremely glorious, and supremely bless'd!
Great Lord of life! from whom this humble frame
Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name,
O blest Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
Thy goodness own, thy providence adore,
And yield thee only—what was thine before.

BOYCE.

The Bow of Promise.

TRIUMPHANT arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.
Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam ;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Bible.

THIS Book, this holy Book—on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last—this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of Time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow;

And evermore beseeching men, with tears
 And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.
 And many to her voice gave ear, and read,
 Believed, obeyed; and now, as the Amen,
 True, Faithful Witness swore, with snowy robes
 And branchy palms surround the fount of life,
 And drink the streams of immortality,
 For ever happy, and for ever young.

ROBERT POLLOK.

The Good Shepherd.

SHEPHERD, with meek brow wreathed with
 blossoms sweet,

Who guard'st thy timid flock with tenderest
 care,

Who guid'st in sunny paths their wandering feet,
 And the young lambs dost in thy bosom bear;

Who lead'st thy happy flock to pastures fair,
 And by still waters at the noon of day—

Charming with lute divine the silent air,
 What time they linger on the verdant way:

Good shepherd! might one gentle, distant
 strain

Of that immortal melody sink deep

Into my heart, and pierce its careless sleep,

And melt by powerful love its sevenfold chain:
 Oh, then my soul thy voice should know, and flee
 To mingle with thy flock, and ever follow Thee.

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

The Soul's Return.

IF in departed souls the power remain
These earthly scenes to visit once again,
Not in the night thy visit wilt thou make,
When only sorrowing and longing wake ;—
No ! in some summer morning's light serene,
When not a cloud upon the sky is seen,
When high the golden harvest rears its head,
All interspersed with flowers of blue and red,
Thou, as of yore, around the fields wilt walk,
Greeting the reapers with mild, friendly talk.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND,

Trans. by W. W. STORY.

The Christian yields an Angel to his God.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was
grace ;

Grace with that tenderness and sense combin'd
To form that harmony of soul and face,

Where beauty shines, the mirror of the mind.
Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,

In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charm to truth,

Sunk in her father's fond embrace and died.

He weeps : O venerate the holy tear :

Faith lends her aid to ease Affliction's load ;
The parent mourns the child upon the bier,

The Christian yields an angel to his God.

JOHN MASON.

The Death of a Good Bishop.

THE good old man is gone !
He lies in his saintly rest,
And his labours all are done,
And the work that he loved the best.

The good old man is gone—
But the dead in the Lord are blest !

I stood in the holy aisle,
When he spake the solemn word,
That bound him, through care and toil,
The servant of the Lord :
And I saw how the depths of his manly soul
By that sacred vow were stirred.

And nobly his pledge he kept—
For the truth he stood up alone,
And his spirit never slept,
And his march was ever *on* !

Oh ! deeply and long shall his loss be wept,
The brave old man that's gone.

There were heralds of the cross,
By his bed of death that stood,
And heard how he counted all but loss,
For the gain of his Saviour's blood ;
And patiently waited his Master's voice,
Let it call him when it would.

The good old man is gone !
An apostle's chair is void ;
There is dust on his mitre thrown,
And they've broken his pastoral rod !

And the fold of his love he has left alone,
To account for its care to God.

The wise old man is gone ;
His honour'd head lies low,
And his thoughts of power are done,
And his voices manly flow,
And his pen that, for truth, like a sword was
drawn,
It still and soulless now.

The brave old man is gone !
With his armour on he fell ;
Nor a groan nor a sign was drawn,
When his spirit fled, to tell ;
For mortal sufferings, keen and long,
Had no power his heart to quell.

The good old man is gone !
He is gone to his saintly rest,
Where no sorrow can be known,
And no trouble can molest ;
For his crown of life is won,
And the dead in Christ are blessed !

GEORGE W. DOANE.

Her lowly Gift was Witnessed.

AMID the pompous crowd
Of rich adorers, came a humble form ;
A widow, meek as poverty doth make
Her children ! with a look of sad content,
Her mite within the treasure-heap she cast :

Then timidly as bashful twilight, stole
From out the temple. But her lowly gift
Was witnessed by an eye, whose mercy views,
In motive, all that consecrates a deed
To goodness :—so He blessed the Widow's Mite
Beyond the gifts abounding wealth bestowed.—
Thus is it, Lord ! with Thee : the heart is thine,
And all the world of hidden action there
Works in thy sight, like waves beneath the sun,
Conspicuous ! and a thousand nameless acts
That lurk in lovely secrecy, and die
Unnoticed, like the trodden flowers which fall
Beneath a proud man's foot,—to Thee are known,
And written with a sunbeam in the Book
Of Life, where Mercy fills the brightest page !

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

The Life of the Blessed.

REGION of life and light !
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er !
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore !

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the Good Shepherd ; blossoms white and
red
Round his meek temples cling ;
And, to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath his eye is fed.

He guides, and near him they
Follow delighted ; for he makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,
And fountains of delight ;
And where his feet have stood,
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as he lies,
With all his flock around,
He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath, of that high melody
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O love ! in thee :

Ah ! then my soul should know,
Beloved ! where thou liest at noon of day ;
And from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock, and never stray.

LUIS PONCE DE LEON, *Trans. by BRYANT.*

Thou Knowest I Love Thee, Dearest
Lord.

DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?—
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each hateful idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.

Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?—
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

Hast Thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame.

Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But Oh! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

DODDRIDGE.

The Anchor of Hope.

HOPE sets the stamp of vanity on all
That men have deemed substantial since the
fall,

Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe
From emptiness itself a real use ;
And while she takes, as at a father's hand,
What health and sober appetite demand,
From fading good derives, with chemic art,
That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.
Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sails through th' immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
Hope ! nothing else can nourish and secure
His new-born virtues and preserve him pure.
Hope ! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights, in thee.
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
That boasts the treasure, all at his command ;
The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,
Were light, when viewed against one smile of
thine.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Thou, who art Enthroned Above.

THOU, who art enthron'd above ;
Thou, by whom we live and move ;
O how sweet, how excellent,
Is't with tongue and heart's consent,
Thankful hearts, and joyful tongues,
To renown thy name in songs !
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise ;
Thy high favours to rehearse,
Thy firm faith, in grateful verse.
Take the lute and violin ;
Let the solemn harp begin ;
Instruments strung with ten strings ;
While the silver cymbal rings.
From thy works my joy proceeds :
How I triumph in thy deeds !
Who thy wonders can express !
All thy thoughts are fathomless ;
Hid from men in knowledge blind ;
Hid from fools to vice inclined.
Who that tyrant sin obey,
Though they spring like flowers in May,
Parch'd with heat, and nipp'd with frost,
Soon shall fade, for ever lost.
Lord, thou art most great, most high ;
Such from all eternity.
Perish shall thy enemies,
Rebels that against thee rise.
All, who in their sins delight,
Shall be scatter'd by thy might.

But thou shalt exalt my horn,
Like a youthful unicorn;
Fresh and fragrant odours shed
On thy crowned prophet's head.
I shall see my foes' defeat,
Shortly hear of their retreat:
But the just like palms shall flourish,
Which the plains of Judah nourish:
Like tall cedars mounted on
Cloud-ascending Lebanon,
Plants set in thy court, below
Spread their roots, and upwards grow;
Fruit in their old age shall bring;
Ever fat and flourishing.
This God's justice celebrates;
He, my rock, injustice hates.

GEORGE SANDYS.

The Followers of Christ.

WHAT were Thy teachings? thou who hadst
not where

In all this weary earth to lay thy head;
Thou who wert made the sins of men to bear,
And break with publicans thy daily bread!
Turning from Nazareth, the despised, aside,
And dwelling in the cities by the sea,
What were thy words to those who sat and dried
Their nets upon the rocks of Galilee?

Didst thou not teach thy followers here below,
Patience, long-suffering, charity, and love ;
To be forgiving, and to anger slow,
And perfect, like our blesséd Lord above ?
And who were they, the called and chosen then,
Throughall the world, teaching thy truth, to go ?
Were they the rulers, and the chiefest men,
The teachers in the synagogue ? Not so !
Makers of tents, and fishers by the sea,
These only left their all to follow thee.

And even of the twelve whom thou didst name
Apostles of thy holy word to be,
One was a devil ; and the one who came
With loudest boasts of faith and constancy,
He was the first thy warning who forgot,
And said, with curses, that he knew thee not !
Yet there were some who in thy sorrows were
To thee even as a brother and a friend,
And women, seeking out the sepulchre,
Were true and faithful even to the end :
And some there were who kept the living faith
Through persecution even unto death.

But, Saviour, since that dark and awful day
When the dread temple's veil was rent in twain,
And while the noontide brightness fled away,
The gaping earth gave up her dead again ;
Tracing the many generations down,
Who have professed to love thy holy ways,
Through the long centuries of the world's renown,
And through the terrors of her darker days—

Where are thy followers, and what deeds of love
Their deep devotion to thy precepts prove?
And is there nothing to redeem mankind?—

No heart that keeps the love of God within?
Is the whole world degraded, weak, and blind,
And darkened by the leprous scales of sin?
No, we will hope that some, in meekness sweet,
Still sit, with trusting Mary, at thy feet.

For there are men of God, who faithful stand
On the far ramparts of our Zion's wall,
Planting the cross of Jesus in some land
That never listened to salvation's call.
And there are some led by philanthropy,
Men of the feeling heart and daring mind,
Who fain would set the hopeless free,
And raise the weak and fallen of mankind.
And there are many in life's humblest way,
Who tread like angels on a path of light,
Who warn the sinful when they go astray,
And point the erring to the way of right;
And the meek beauty of such lives will teach
More than the eloquence of man can preach.

And, blesséd Saviour! by thy life of trial,
And by thy death, to free the world from sin,
And by the hope that man, though weak and vile,
Hath something of divinity within—
Still will we trust, though sin and crime be met,
To see thy holy precepts triumph yet!

PHÆBE CAREY.

The Men who had no Name on Earth.

MOST numerous, indeed, among the saved,
And many, too, not least illustrious, shone
The men who had no name on earth. Eclipsed
By lowly circumstance, they lived unknown;
Like stream that in the desert warbles clear,
Still nursing, as it goes, the herb and flower,
Though never seen; or like the star, retired
In solitudes of ether, far beyond
All sight, not of essential splendour less,
Though shining unobserved. None saw their pure
Devotion, none their tears, their faith, and love,
Which burned within them, both to God and
man—

None saw but God: He, in His bottle, all
Their tears preserved, and every holy wish
Wrote in His book; and, not as they had done,
But as they wished, with all their heart, to do,
Arrayed them now in glory, and displayed—
No longer hid by coarse uncourtly garb—
In lustre equal to their inward worth.

ROBERT POLLOK.

The Christian Patriarch.

OF life's past woes, the fading trace
Hath given that aged patriarch's face
Expression, holy, deep, resigned,
The calm sublimity of mind.

Years o'er his snowy head have past,
And left him of his race the last ;
Alone on earth, but yet his mien
Is bright with majesty serene ;
And those high hopes, whose guiding star
Shines from eternal worlds afar,
Have with that light illumed his eye,
Whose fount is immortality,
And o'er his features poured a ray
Of glory not to pass away.
He seems a being who hath known
Communion with his God alone.
On earth by nought but pity's tie,
Detained a moment from on high ;
One to sublimer worlds allied,
One from all passion purified.
E'en now half-mingled with the sky,
And all prepared, oh ! not to die,
But, like the prophet, to aspire
To heaven's triumphant car of fire.

FELICIA HEMANS.

The Motto of the Perfect Man.

“**E**QUAL to either fortune !” This should be
The motto of the perfect man and true—
Striving to stem the billow fearlessly,
And keeping steadily the right in view,
Whether it be his lot in life to sail
Before an adverse or a prosperous gale.

Man fearlessly his voice for truth should raise,
When truth would force its way in deed or
word;
Whether for him the popular voice of praise,
Or the cold sneer of unbelief is heard:
Like the First Martyr, when his voice arose
Distinct above the hisses of his foes.

“Equal to either fortune,” Heaven designs,
Whether his destiny be repose or toil—
Whether the sun upon his palace shines,
Or calls him forth to plant the furrowed soil:
So shall he find life’s blessings freely strewn
Around the peasant’s cottage as the throne.

Man should dare all things which he knows are
right,
And fear to do no act save what is wrong;
But, guided safely by his inward light,
And with a permanent belief, and strong,
In Him who is our Father and our friend,
He should walk steadfastly unto the end.

Ready to live or die, even in that day
Which man from childhood has been taught to
fear,
When, putting off its cumbrous weight of clay,
The spirit enters on a nobler sphere:
And he will be, whose life was rightly passed,
“Equal to either fortune” at the last.

PHŒBE CAREY.

The Lord of all, Himself through all
Diffused.

THE Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the sacred fire
By which the mighty process is maintained ;
Who sleeps not, is not weary ; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days ;
Whose work is without labour ; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts ;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profaned, not served,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male : Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus ; peopling earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods,
That were not ; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One Spirit—his,
Who wore the platted thornswith bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms in which He sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with Him! whom what he
finds,

Of flavour or of scent, in fruit or flower,
Of what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer. As with Him no scene
Is dreary, so with Him all seasons please.
Though winter had been none, had man been true,
And earth be punished for its tenants' sake,
Yet not in vengeance, as this smiling sky,
So soon succeeding such an angry night,
And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream,
Recovering fast its liquid music, prove.

WILLIAM COWPER.

The Friend in Need.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end!
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconcil'd in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

When He liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still He calls them Brethren, Friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us ?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus !
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften ;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a friend we have above :
But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

NEWTON.

The World.

THE world with stones, instead of bread,
Our hungry souls has often fed ;
It promised health,—in one short hour
Perished the fair but fragile flower ;
It promised riches,—in a day
They made them wings and fled away ;
It promised friends,—all sought their own,
And left my widowed heart alone.

Lord! with the barren service spent,
To Thee my suppliant knee I bent;
And found in Thee a Father's grace,
His hand, His heart, His faithfulness,
The voice of peace, the smile of love,
The bread which feeds the saints above;
And tasted in this world of woe,
A joy its children never know.

ANON.

The Son of David Comes.

THE air is filled with shouts and trumpets
sounding;
A host are at thy gates, Jerusalem.
Now is their van the Mount of Olives rounding;
Above them Judah's lion-banners gleam,
Twined with the palm and olive's peaceful stem.
Now swell the nearer sounds of voice and string,
As down the hill-side pours the living stream:
And to the cloudless heaven Hosannas ring—
“The Son of David comes! the Conqueror—the
King!”

The cuirassed Roman heard, and grasped his
shield,
And rushed in fiery haste to gate and tower:
The pontiff from his battlement beheld
The host, and knew the falling of his power:

He saw the cloud on Sion's glory lour.
Still down the marble road the myriads come,
Spreading the way with garment, branch, and
flower,

And deeper sounds are mingling: "Woe to
Rome!

The day of freedom dawns; rise, Israel, from thy
tomb."

Temple of beauty—long that day is done;
Thy ark is dust; thy golden cherubim
In the fierce triumphs of the foe are gone;
The shades of ages on thy altars swim.
Yet still a light is there, though wavering dim!
And has its holy lamp been watched in vain?
Or lives it not until the finished time,
When He who fixed, shall break his people's
chain,

And Sion be the loved, the crowned of God again?

He comes, yet with the burning bolt unarmed;
Pale, pure, prophetic, God of Majesty!
Though thousands, tens of thousands round
him swarmed,

None durst abide the depth divine of eye;
None the waving of his robe draw nigh,
But at his feet was laid the Roman's sword:
There Lazarus knelt to see his King pass by;
There Jairus, with his age's child, adored.

"He comes, the King of kings; Hosanna to the
Lord!"

GEORGE CROLY.

The Heart's Holy Temple.

THOUGH glorious, O God! must thy temple
have been,

On the day of its first dedication,
When the cherubims' wings widely waving were
seen

On high, o'er the ark's holy station ;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skilled
To minister standing before Thee,
Retired from the cloud which the temple then
filled,

And thy glory made Israel adore Thee ;

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then,
Yet the worship thy Gospel discloses,
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repealed
But by Him, unto whom it was given
To enter the Oracle, where is revealed,
Not the cloud but the brightness of heaven.

Who having once entered, hath shown us the way,
O Lord! how to worship before Thee ;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore Thee !

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she of Samaria found him
By the patriarch's well sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noon-tide around Him.

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage He
taught,

To her who inquired by that fountain,
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought,
Or adored on Samaria's mountain.

"Woman! believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if ye rightly would hail Him,
Will neither be worshipped *exclusively* here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

"For God is a spirit! and they who aright
Would perform the pure worship He loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
That spirit the Father approveth."

BERNARD BARTON.

Thoughts on a Summer's Evening.

'TIS past! the sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-liv'd rage: more grate-
ful hours

Move silent on: the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight; but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere; where, hung aloft,
Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow
New strung in heav'n, lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,
Ev'n in the eye of day; with sweetest beam

Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace ; while meeken'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Through the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, where, wrapt in silent shade,
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
Moves forward ; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven,
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of æther
One boundless blaze ; ten thousand trembling
fires,
And dancing lustres, where the unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
O'er all this field of glories : spacious field,
And worthy of the Master ! he whose hand
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet, hung on high
To public gaze ; and said, Adore, O man,
The finger of thy God ! From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so fill'd ? these friendly lamps,
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres !
And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil
Their destin'd courses : Nature's self is hush'd,

And, but a scatter'd leaf which rustles through
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; though the rais'd ear,
Intensely list'ning, drinks in ev'ry breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
But are they silent all? or is there not
A tongue in ev'ry star, that talks with man,
And wooes him to be wise? nor wooes in vain.
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day)
Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey through the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of gods!
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd
Her infant hours.—O be it lawful now
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines!—Seiz'd in
thought,
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail
From the green borders of the peopled earth,

And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant ;
From solitary Mars ; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in æther like the lightest leaf ;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn 'midst his wat'ry moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exil'd monarch ; fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
Of elder beam ; which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day ;
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
And only less than him who marks their track,
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop.
Or is there aught beyond ? What hand unseen
Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature, far remote,
To the dread confines of eternal night,
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
The deserts of creation wide and wild,
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
Sleep in the womb of Chaos ! fancy droops,
And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.
But, oh thou mighty Mind ! whose pow'rful word
Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,
Where shall I seek thy presence ? how unblam'd
Invoke thy dread perfection ?——
Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee ?
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
Support thy throne ? O look with pity down

On erring, guilty man! not in thy names
Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd
The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice,
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
Abashed, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now my soul, unus'd to stretch her pow'rs
In flights so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known, accustom'd spot,
Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and
streams;

A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
And full replete with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
And ripen for the skies; the hour will come
When all these splendours bursting on my sight
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

The Call.

COME, my way, my truth, my life!
Such a way as gives us breath;
Such a truth as ends all strife;
Such a life as killeth death.

Come, my light, my feast, my strength!
Such a light as shows a feast;
Such a feast as mends in length;
Such a strength as makes his guest.

Come, my joy, my love, my heart !
Such a joy as none can move ;
Such a love as none can part ;
Such a heart as joys in love.

GEORGE HERBERT.

The Union of Love.

IF there be one whose thoughts delight to
wander

In pleasure's fields, where love's bright streams
meander ;

If there be one who longs to find,
Where all the purer blisses are enshrined,
A happy resting-place of virtuous worth,—
A blessed paradise on earth :

Let him survey the joy-conferring union
Of brothers who are bound in fond communion,
And not by force of blood alone,
But by their mutual sympathies are known,
And every heart and every mind relies
Upon fraternal kindred ties.

O, blest abode, where love is ever vernal,
Where tranquil peace and concord are eternal,
Where none usurp the highest claim,
But each with pride asserts the other's fame !
O, what are all earth's joys, compared to thee,
Fraternal Unanimity ?

E'en as the ointment, whose sweet odours blended,
From Aaron's head upon his beard descended ;

Which hung awhile in fragrance there,
Bedewing every individual hair,
And falling thence, with rich perfume ran o'er
The holy garb the prophet wore :

So doth the unity that lives with brothers
Share its best blessings and its joys with others,
And makes them seem as if one frame
Contained their minds, and they were formed
the same,
And spread its sweetest breath o'er every part,
Until it penetrates the heart.

E'en as the dew, that, at the break of morning,
All nature with its beauty is adorning,
And flows from Hermon calm and still,
And bathes the tender grass on Zion's hill,
And to the young and withering herb resigns
The drops for which it pines :

So are fraternal peace and concord ever
The cherishers without whose guidance never
Would sainted quiet seek the breast,—
The life, the soul of unmolested rest,—
The antidote to sorrow and distress,
And prop of human happiness.

Ah ! happy they whom genial concord blesses !
Pleasure for them reserves her fond caresses,
And joys to mark the fabric rare,
On virtue founded, stand unshaken there ;
Whence vanish all the passions that destroy
Tranquillity and inward joy.

Who practise good are in themselves rewarded,
For their own deeds lie in their hearts recorded ;
And thus fraternal love, when bound
By virtue, is with its own blisses crowned,
And tastes, in sweetness that itself bestows,
What use, what power, from concord flows.

God in his boundless mercy joys to meet it ;
His promises of future blessings greet it,
And fixed prosperity, which brings
Long life and ease beneath its shadowing wings,
And joy and fortune, that remain sublime
Beyond all distance, change, and time.

PSALM 133.—DIRK RAFAEL KAMPHUYZEN,
Trans. by BOWRING.

The Skylark Sang his *Matin Chime*.

I WALKED the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing ;
The skylark sang his *matin chime*,
And all was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, "the ardent boy,
His pulse with rapture beating,
Deems life's inheritance is joy—
The future proudly greeting."

I wandered forth at noon :—Alas !
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass,
And stretched the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.

Once more, at eve, abroad I strayed,
Through lonely hay-fields musing,
While every breeze that round me played,
Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
Scattered the balm of healing.

For thus "the actions of the just,"
When memory hath enshrined them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odour leave behind them.

BERNARD BARTON.

The Orphan's Stay.

ALONE, alone!—no other face
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line:
And yet they say my mother's eyes,
They say my father's brow, is mine;
And either had rejoiced to see
The other's likeness in my face,
But now it is a stranger's eye,
That finds some long forgotten trace.

I heard them name my father's death,
His home and tomb alike the wave ;
And I was early taught to weep,
Beside my youthful mother's grave.
I wish I could recall one look,—
But only one familiar tone ;
If I had ought of memory,
I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave,
In search of love I cannot find,
Till I could fancy soothing words
Are whispered by the evening wind :
I gaze upon the watching stars,
So clear, so beautiful above,
Till I could dream they look on me
With something of an answering love.

My mother, does thy gentle eye,
Look from those distant stars on me ?
Or does the wind at evening bear
A message to thy child from thee ?
Dost thou pine for me, as I pine
Again a parent's love to share ?
I often kneel beside thy grave,
And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell !—'tis eventide,
I will not weep, but I will pray :
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou
Alone canst be the orphan's stay !

Earth's meanest flower, heaven's mightiest star,
Are equal to their Maker's love :
And I can say, "Thy will be done,"
With eyes that fix their hopes above.

L. E. LANDON.

Thou Speakest in the Secret Heart.

BLEST, who can soften care or find
Employment for the vacant mind,
In nature's scenes ! Thrice blest is he,
Who forward casts his eyes to see,
In all that through the waters move,
In earth beneath and heaven above,
The sovereign Power, who nature made,
The Author in his works displayed :
And, as before the temple shrine
In vision came the voice divine
To youthful Samuel's nightly ear ;
Hears, rapt in thought, or seems to hear,
Though void of language and of speech,
God's voice from all creation preach !

Then does the faithful duteous heart
Take up the listening Samuel's part,
Full fain to hear his Maker speak ;
And with submissive spirit meek
Pursues the future prophet's strain,
Invokes the warning voice again,
Owns the blest sign, howe'er conferred,
And welcomes thus the heavenly word.

“Speak, for thy servant heareth, Lord;”—How
varied are the ways,
Whereby thy wisdom, O my God, the truth to
man conveys.
'Tis thine to make thy will be known by many a
speaking sign:
Thy will, howe'er revealed, to heed with answer-
ing heart be mine.

Thou speakest in creation's works! Where'er I
gaze abroad,
In nature's miracles I hear the voice of nature's
God:
I hear thy voice of bounteousness breathed in
the silent shower,
And in the awful thunder storm I hear thy voice
of power.

Thou speakest in this chequered scene of human
joys and woes,
Where restlessness is twin to guilt, to holiness
repose:
And oft though clouds of mystery perplex my
feeble sight,
I hear Thee say that Thou art good, and all will
yet be bright.

Thou speakest in thy book! With words man's
eloquence above,
I hear Thee of affection tell, surpassing woman's
love:

Of sinners from destruction saved, of blood in
ransom given,
Of faith by charity matured, and hope that rests
in heaven.

Thou speakest in the secret heart! 'Mid vice
and folly's din
The whisper of the still small voice I hear my
breast within.
And when my feet would turn aside, I hear my
guardian say,
Right onward for the narrow gate, right onward
hold the way.

“Speak, Lord; thy servant heareth Thee!”—
Nor sound I crave, nor sight,
Which rapt thy chosen seers of old in visions of
the night,
But to my watchful eye be still thy works, thy
word, displayed,
With thy vicegerent in my breast, informed by
Thee, to aid:

And when by conscience' inward voice Thou
wouldest, Lord, be heard,
Or by thy works of providence, or by thy living
word;
From earth's obstructions purify my not un-
willing ear,
And grant that what Thou speakest thus, thy
servant's soul may hear!

BISHOP MANT.

The Evening Star.

THE evening star, with mild yet radiant light,
Shines clearly 'neath the young moon's pallid
crest.

The last faint gleam of crimson sunset fades
In mellowed hues of brightness from the west.
Soft shadows fall upon the mountain's brow,
And steal with gradual pace o'er wood and
stream.

A balmy stillness floats upon the earth,
And life is peaceful as a tranquil dream.

O God, whose mantle shades this lovely world,
And leaves a ray of glorious beauty round ;
In that far home where angels spread their wings,
What infinite perfection must abound !

What visions of ecstatic, wondrous bliss,
In thy sublime, thy awful presence dwell,
When in this sphere, all dimmed by sin and pain,
Thy gifts of light and love words may not tell !

Would that my soul each wayward pulse could
still,

That I might know thee, Father, as thou art—
That I within thy path of peace might walk,
And take my place amid the "pure in heart ;"
Then might I hope, as death's dark clouds draw
near,

Amid the deepening gloom thy smile to see,
But oft my wandering footsteps guide me far
From out the way that leads alone to thee.

What if we view upon the brink of wo,
A dazzling gleam steal through the gates of
heaven,
And feel at once, while close its pearly doors,
How long its entrance to our steps was given,
Till, in the utter madness of our souls,
Our last faint lingering hope in silence died,
While at the moment of our dreadful doom,
Perchance, we basked in worldliness and pride.

And while in folly's gilded courts I stand,
Is this my fate? Ah, no! by these sad tears,
Plead for me, Jesus, meek and holy one,
For thou hast shared earth's agonies and fears;
Thou seest the struggles of my changing soul—
Oh, let its darker thoughts of grief depart,
And hear my prayer, when, kneeling low, I crave
Thy words of truth may reach my troubled heart.

Devoid of merit, what have I to boast,
When man's best virtues are unworthy thee?
Yet in thy mercy will I place my trust,
And in the Cross my hope and promise see,
And though unresting conscience sternly tells
Of talents unemployed and wasted powers,
Lend me thine aid, and to thy service, Lord,
I'll dedicate the remnant of my hours.

MARY L. LAWSON.

The Good Morrow.

YOU that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the East,
Now clear your voice, now cheer your heart,
Come, help me now to sing :
Each willing wight, come, bear a part,
To praise the heavenly King.

And you whom care in prison keeps,
Or sickness doth suppress,
Or secret sorrow breaks your sleeps,
Or dolours do distress,
Yet bear a part in doleful wise,
Yea, think it good accord,
And acceptable sacrifice,
Each sprite to praise the Lord.

The dreadful night with darksomeness
Had overspread the light,
And sluggish sleep with drowsiness
Had overprest our might ;
A glass wherein you may behold
Each storm that stops our breath,—
Our bed the grave, our clothes like mould,
And sleep like dreadful death.

Yet as this deadly night did last
But for a little space,
And heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face,

So must we hope to see God's face,
At last, in heaven on high,
When we have changed this mortal place
For immortality.

And of such haps and heavenly joys,
As then we hope to hold,
All earthly sights and worldly toys
Are tokens to behold.
The day is like the day of doom,
The sun, the Son of man,
The skies, the heavens, the earth, the tomb,
Wherein we rest till then.

The rainbow bending in the sky,
Bedeck'd with sundry hues,
Is like the seat of God on high,
And seems to tell these news :—
That as thereby he promised
To drown the world no more,
So, by the blood which Christ has shed,
He will our health restore.

The misty clouds that fall sometime,
And overcast the skies,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dim our eyes ;
But as such dews are dried up quite
When Phœbus shows his face,
So are such fancies put to flight,
Where God doth guide by grace.

The little birds which sing so sweet,
Are like the angels' voice,
Which render God his praises meet,
And teach us to rejoice ;
And as they more esteem that mirth
Than dread the night's annoy,
So must we deem our days on earth
But hell, to heavenly joy.

Unto which joys for to attain
God grant us all his grace,
And send us, after worldly pain,
In heaven to have a place ;
Where we may still enjoy that light
Which never shall decay :
Lord, for thy mercy, lend us might
To see that joyful day.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

Tread still the Thorny Path.

NOT unto thee, oh pale and radiant Death !
Not unto thee, though every hope be past,
Though Life's first, sweetest stars may shine
no more,
Nor earth again one cherished dream restore,
Or from the bright urn of the future cast
Aught, aught of joy on me.
Yet unto thee, oh monarch ! robed and crowned,
And beautiful in all thy sad array,
I bring no incense, though the heart be chill,
And to the eyes, that tears alone may fill,

Shines not as once the wonted light of day.
Still upon another shrine my vows

Shall all be duly paid; and though thy voice
Is full of music to the pining heart,
And woos one to that pillow of calm rest,
Where all Life's dull and restless thoughts depart,
Still, not to thee, oh Death!

I pay my vows; though now to me thy brow
Seems crowned with roses of the summer prime,
And to the aching sense thy voice would be,
Oh Death! oh Death! of softest melody,
And gentle ministries alone were thine,
Still I implore thee not.

But thou, oh Life! oh Life! the searching test
Of the weak heart! to thee, to thee I bow;
And if the fire upon the altar shrine
Descend, and scathe each glowing hope of mine,
Still may my heart, as now,
Turn not from that dread test.

But let me pay my vows to thee, oh Life!
And let me hope that from that glowing fire
There yet may be redeemed a gold more pure
And bright, and eagle thoughts to mount and soar
Their flight the higher,
Released from earthly hope or earthly fear.

This, this, oh Life! be mine.
Let others strive thy glowing wreaths to bind—
Let other seek thy false and dazzling gleams;
For me their light went out on early streams,
And faded were thy roses in my grasp,
No more, no more to bloom.

Yet as the stars, the holy stars of night,
 Shine out when all is dark,
 So would I, cheered by hopes more purely bright,
 Tread still the thorny path whose close is light,
 If but, at last, the tossed and weary bark
 Gains the sure haven of her final rest.

LUCY HOOPER.

To-morrow.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
 Thou didst seek after me; that thou didst wait,
 Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
 O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
 Thy blest approach, and oh, to Heaven how lost,
 If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
 Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet!
 How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
 "Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
 How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
 And, oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,
 "To-morrow we will open," I replied,
 And when the morrow came I answered still,
 "To-morrow."

LOPE DE VEGA, *Trans. by LONGFELLOW.*

Thy God thus Speaketh within thee.

"O DAUGHTER! thy God thus speaketh
 within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
 wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,
returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill
them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns
again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish
thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient
endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the
heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected and rendered
more worthy of heaven.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The Search for Peace.

OH, seek her not in marble halls of pride,
Where gushing fountains fling their silver
tide,
Their wealth of freshness toward the summer
sky;
The echoes of a palace are too loud—
They but give back the footsteps of the crowd
That throng about some idol throned on high,
Whose ermined robe and pomp of rich array
But serve to hide the false one's feet of clay.
Nor seek her form in poverty's low vale,
Where, touched by want, the bright cheek waxes
pale,

And the heart faints, with sordid cares opprest,
Where pining discontent has left its trace
Deep and abiding in each haggard face.

Not there, not there Peace builds her halcyon
nest :

Wild revel scares her from wealth's towering
dome,

And misery frights her from the poor man's
home.

Nor dwells she in the cloister, where the sage
Ponders the mystery of some time-stained page,

Delving, with feeble hand, the classic mine ;

Oh, who can tell the restless hope of fame,

The bitter yearnings for a deathless name,

That round the student's heart like serpents
twine !

Ambition's fever burns within his breast,

Can Peace, sweet Peace, abide with such a guest ?

Search not within the city's crowded mart,

Where the low-whispered music of the heart

Is all unheard amid the clang of gold ;

Oh, never yet did Peace her chaplet twine

To lay upon base mammon's sordid shrine,

Where earth's most precious things are bought
and sold ;

Thrown on *that* pile, the pearl of price would be

Despised, because unfit for merchantry.

Go ! hie thee to God's altar—kneeling there,

List to the mingled voice of fervent prayer

That swells around thee in the sacred fane ;
Or catch the solemn organ's pealing note,
When grateful praises on the still air float,
And the freed soul forgets earth's heavy chain ;
There learn that Peace, sweet Peace, is ever found
In her eternal home, on holy ground.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

The Nosegay of Life.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by :
"Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band."
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.
My hand was next to them, and then my heart ;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition ;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.
Farewell, dear flowers ; sweetly your time ye
spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament :
And after death for cures.
I follow straight, without complaints or grief ;
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

GEORGE HERBERT.

The Good Life, Long Life.

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be !
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere ;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

They are not Dead, they do but Sleep.

LEFT in her little room alone,
The Ruler's child lay stiff and dead,
While, vainly warm, the Syrian sun
Played round her cold and silent bed ;
While, vainly soft, from Judah's hills
Sighed through the lattice the soft air,
That could not move the close white lip,
Nor heave again the bosom fair.
The voice of anguish and despair
Is loud within the chamber near,
Of them lamenting bitterly
Her early doom with groan and tear.

Her mother maketh grievous moan :—

“ Ah ! had the sire more swiftly sped,
And brought the mighty Prophet here
Ere the last lingering breath was fled !

“ What now avails that far away
Comes o’er the plain his hastening tread !
Go tell him that he trouble not
The Master more ; my child is dead.”

Dead ! is all o’er when that is said ?
Are hope, and trust, and comfort, gone ?
The servant tells the weeping sire,
And yet the Prophet journeys on.

He stands amid the mourning throng ;
“ Why do ye make this bitter cry ?
The damsel is not dead, she sleeps,”
They laugh in scorn,—they saw her die.

Yea, but they see not the strong power
For life and death that standeth by,
Nor read the awful Godhead veiled
Beneath that meekly patient eye.

Go forth, then, unbelieving throng ;
The three apostles, and the twain
Who love so tenderly, alone
Shall see her spirit come again.

Now waken, waken, little maiden,
His foot is on thy chamber-floor,
The Lord God of the living cometh
Thine earthly being to restore.

He takes her cold resistless hand :—

“ Damsel, I say to thee, arise ! ”

Lo, life returns, with mantling flow,
To cheek, and brow, and kindling eyes.

She riseth up, she walketh forth,
Her lip is red, her heart is warm ;
He gives her to her mother's kiss,
He gives her to her father's arm.

Surely, we too have hope in sorrow,
Who for our Christian brethren weep ;
Christ is our Life and Resurrection ;
They are not dead, they do but sleep.

ANON.

Thou art Gone to the Grave.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not
deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb ;

The Saviour has passed through its portals before
thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold
thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
side,

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
thee,

And sinners may hope since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansion
forsaking,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long,
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on
thy waking,

And the song which thou heard'st was the
seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong
to deplore thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy
guide :

He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore
thee,

Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour
hath died.

BISHOP HEBER.

The Fool hath said, "There is no
God."

THE fool hath said, "There is no God :"

No God!—Who lights the morning sun,
And sends him on his heavenly road,
A far and brilliant course to run?

Who, when the radiant day is done,
Hangs forth the moon's nocturnal lamp,
And bids the planets, one by one,

Steal o'er the night-vales, dark and damp?

No God!—Who gives the evening dew,
The fanning breeze, the fostering shower?
Who warms the spring-morn's budding bough,
And paints the summer's noontide flower?
Who spreads in the autumnal bower,
The fruit-tree's mellow stores around;
And sends the winter's icy power,
T' invigorate the exhausted ground?

No God!—Who makes the bird to wing
Its flight like arrow through the sky,
And gives the deer its power to spring
From rock to rock triumphantly?
Who formed Behemoth, huge and high,
That at a draught the river drains,
And great Leviathan to lie,
Like floating isle, on ocean plains?

No God!—Who warms the heart to heave
With thousand feelings soft and sweet,
And prompts the aspiring soul to leave
The earth we tread beneath our feet,
And soar away on pinions fleet,
Beyond the scene of mortal strife,
With fair ethereal forms to meet,
That tell us of an after life?

No God!—Who fixed the solid ground
On pillars strong, that alter not?
Who spread the curtained skies around?
Who doth the ocean bounds allot?

Who all things to perfection brought
On earth below, in heaven abroad?—
Go ask the fool of impious thought
That dares to say,—“There is no God!”

WILLIAM KNOX.

The Pauper Child's Burial.

STRETCHED on a rude plank the dead pauper
lay :

No weeping friends gathered to bear him away ;
His white, slender fingers were clasped on his
breast ;

The pauper child meekly lay taking his rest.

The hair on his forehead was carelessly parted ;
No one cared for him, the desolate hearted :
In life none had loved him—his pathway all sear
Had not one sweet blossom its sadness to cheer.

No fond, gentle mother had ever caressed him,
In tones of affection and tenderness blessed him ;
For ere his eye greeted the light of the day,
His mother had passed in her anguish away.

Poor little one ! often thy meek eyes have sought
The smile of affection, of kindness unbought,
And wistfully gazing, in wondering surprise,
That no one beheld thee with pitying eyes.

And when in strange gladness thy young voice
was heard,

As in winter's stern sadness the song of a bird,
Harsh voices rebuked thee, and, cowering in fear,
Thy glad song was hushed in a sob and a tear.

And when the last pang rent thy heartstrings in
twain,

And burst from thy bosom the last sign of pain,
No gentle one soothed thee, in love's melting tone,
With fond arm around thee in tenderness thrown.

Stern voices and cold mingled strange in thine ear
With the songs of the angels the dying may hear;
And thrillingly tender, amid Death's alarms,
Was thy mother's voice welcoming thee to her
arms.

Thy fragile form, wrapped in its coarse shroud
reposes

In slumbers as sweet as if pillowed on roses,
And while on thy coffin the rude clods are pressed,
The good Shepherd folds the shorn lamb to his
breast.

MARGARET L. BAILEY.

The Good Woman.

COME, ladies, you that would appear
Like angels fair, come, dress you here;
Come, dress you at this marble stone,
And make that humble grace your own,

Which once adorn'd as fair a mind
As e'er yet lodg'd in womankind :
So she was dress'd, whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife ;
Free from all envious brawls and jars,
Of human life the civil wars.
These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind.
Which still was gentle, still was kind.
Her very looks, her garb, her mien,
Disclos'd the humble soul within.
Trace her thro' ev'ry scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife ;
Still the same humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years ;
The same in low, in high estate,
Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that.
Go, ladies, now, and if you'd be
As fair, as great, as good as she,
Go learn of her humility.

ANON.

The Glories of Spring Time.

HAIL, uncreated Being, source of life,
Whose love is boundless, and whose mercy
wise !
Whose power hath wrought, to spread thy glo-
ries wide,
For every sense a paradise of joy !
Thyself art All, and in thy spirit pure
Live all created things : each form declares

Thy touch and pressure ; every meanest tribe
The sacred image of thy nature bears !
Summer, and autumn's sun, and wintry blasts
Proclaim thy might and glory : but the spring,
Wherefore and whence, O Lord, its genial breath ?
'Tis the loud voice that bids the faithless bow ;
With thousand thousand tongues of joy and praise,
With the full choir of new-created life,
Singing thy name ; proclaiming to the dull
Thy love, thy bounty, thine almighty hand !
And thee it most resembles ; like thyself,
It moulds and fashions ; bids the spirit wake ;
Gives life and aliment, and clothes the form
With strength and vigor ! 'Tis the holy type
Of thy creative breath !—How mean of soul,
How lost are they to every finer bliss,
Who, prisoned 'mid the dusty smoke of towns
(When Nature calls aloud, and Life invites,
Arrayed in youth and freshest beauty), sit
Forlorn and darkling in the maze of thought !

Life springs at thy command ; thou bidd'st
awake

New scenes to witness all thy majesty,
New shapes and creatures : none dost thou forbid
To view the wondrous produce of thy word ;
And shall that creature, whom thy bounty raised
By reason high above the grovelling race,
With coldness trace thy glory, taste thy gifts
Contemptuous and unmoved ?—I tremble, Lord,
I roam, as on a wide and fathomless sea,
Amid the wonders of thy growing year !

I see, but know not : my full heart admires
The prospect of delight thou spread'st around ;
And, as thy beck can from the withered plant
Call forth new verdure, bid fresh blossoms spring,
Methinks that power may in the mouldering corse
Arouse warm life and vigor. I behold
Each living thing declare thy liberal hand,
Thy force, all-bountiful, almighty God !
And shall not I, on whom thy judging will
Showers choicer bliss, some duteous tribute pay,
Some strain of rapture, to the King of Kings ?
My mind and heart and ravished sense admire
The might and gorgeous majesty of heaven,
The glory of thy works ; and deem the world
Created vainly for such torpid souls
As scorn its beauty and renounce its joys.

C. B. TULLIN, *Trans. by HERBERT.*

Thy Bark right Onward Steer.

A BRIGHT or dark eternity in view,
With all its fix'd, unutterable things,
What madness in the living to pursue,
As their chief portion, with the speed of wings,
The joys that death-beds always turn to stings!
Infatuated man, on earth's smooth waste
To dance along the path that always brings
Quick to an end, from which with tenfold haste
Back would he gladly fly till all should be retraced!

Our life is like the hurrying on the eve
Before we start, on some long journey bound,
When fit preparing to the last we leave,
Then run to every room the dwelling round,
And sigh that nothing needed can be found ;
Yet go we must, and soon as day shall break ;
We snatch an hour's repose, when loud the
 sound

For our departure calls ; we rise and take
A quick and sad farewell, and go ere well awake.

Rear'd in the sunshine, blasted by the storms
Of changing time, scarce asking why or whence,
Men come and go like vegetable forms,
Though Heaven appoints for them a work im-
 mense,

Demanding constant thought and zeal intense,
Awaked by hopes and fears that leave no room
For rest to mortals in the dread suspense,
While yet they know not if beyond the tomb
A long, long life of bliss or wo shall be their doom.

What matter whether pain or pleasures fill
The swelling heart one little moment here ?
From both alike how vain is every thrill,
While an untried eternity is near !
Think not of rest, fond man, in life's career ;
The joys and grief that meet thee, dash aside
Like bubbles, and thy bark right onward steer
Through calm and tempest, till it cross the tide,
Shoot into port in triumph, or serenely glide.

CARLOS WILCOX.

Thoughts of my Soul, how Swift ye go !

A HYMN more, O my lyre !
Praise to the God above,
Of joy, and life, and love,
Sweeping its strings of fire !

O, who the speed of bird and wind
And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,
That, soaring upward, I may find
My resting-place and home in Thee ?
Thou, whom my soul, 'midst doubt and gloom,
Adoreth with a fervent flame,—
Mysterious Spirit ! unto whom
Pertain nor sign nor name !

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go
Up from the cold and joyless earth,
Back to the God who bade them flow,
Whose moving Spirit sent them forth :
But as for me, O God ! for me,
The lowly creature of thy will,
Lingering and sad, I sigh to thee,
An earth-bound pilgrim still !

Was not my spirit born to shine
Where yonder stars and suns are glowing ?
To breathe with them the light divine,
From God's own holy altar flowing ?
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul
In dreams hath thirsted for so long,—
A portion of heaven's glorious whole
Of loveliness and song ?

O watchers of the stars of night,
Who breathe their fire, as we the air,—
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,
O, say, is HE, the Eternal, there?
Bend there around his awful throne
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?
Or are thy inmost depths his own,
O wild and mighty sea?

Thoughts of my soul! how swift ye go—
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow—
To the far aim of your desire!
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,
Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God!

And shall there thoughts of joy and love
Come back again no more to me,—
Returning, like the Patriarch's dove,
Wing-weary, from the eternal sea,
To bear within my longing arms
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,
Plucked from the green, immortal palms
Which shadow paradise?

All-moving Spirit! freely forth,
At thy command, the strong wind goes
Its errand to the passive earth;
Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,

Until it folds its weary wing
Once more within the hand divine :
So, weary of each earthly thing,
My spirit turns to thine !

Child of the sea, the mountain-stream
From its dark caverns hurries on
Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,
By evening's star and noontide's sun,—
Until at last it sinks to rest,
O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,
And moans upon its mother's breast :
So turns my soul to thee !

O Thou who bidd'st the torrent flow,
Who lendest wings unto the wind,—
Mover of all things ! where art thou ?
O, whither shall I go to find
The secret of thy resting-place ?
Is there no holy wing for me,
That, soaring, I may search the space
Of highest heaven for thee ?

O, would I were as free to rise,
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne,
The arrowy light of sunset skies,
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,
Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,
Or aught which soars unchecked and free,
Through earth and heaven,—that I might lose
Myself in finding Thee !

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, *Trans. ANON.*

The Angels are Waiting, my Mother,
for Me.

“OH, mother, I’ve been with an angel to-day!
I was out, all alone, in the forest at play,
Chasing the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;
So I played, and I played, till, so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,
While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top,
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop.
Thus a long while I sat, looking up to the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling, just over my head,
That sounded as if ‘Come, oh brother!’ it said;
And there, right over the top of the tree,
O mother, an angel was beckoning to me!

“And, ‘Brother,’ once more, ‘come, oh brother!’
he cried,
And flew on light pinions close down by my side;
And mother, oh, never was being so bright
As the one which then beamed on my wondering
sight!

His face was as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in fair ringlets fell,
While his eyes resting on me, so melting with love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove.
And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid,
As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,
And murmured so softly and gently to me,
‘Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!’

“ And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
Such kisses—oh, mother, they thrilled through
my breast,

As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high,
When the chariot of God rolls along the black
sky ;

While his breath, floating round me, was soft as
the breeze,

That played in my tresses, and rustled the trees;
At last on my head a deep blessing he poured,
Then plumed his bright pinions and upward he
soared—

And up, up he went, through the blue sky, so far,
He seemed to float there like a glittering star,
Yet still my eyes followed his radiant flight,
Till, lost in the azure, he passed from my sight.
Then, oh how I feared, as I caught the last gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream—

When soft voices murmured once more from the
tree,

‘ Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!’ ”

Oh, pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart,
For she knew her fair boy from this world must
depart ;

That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the
tomb,

Ere the autumn winds withered the summer’s
rich bloom.

Oh, how his young footsteps she watched, day by
day,

As his delicate form wasted slowly away,

Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed o'er his
face,

And he crept up to die in her loving embrace!

"Oh, clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your
breast;

On that gentle pillow again let me rest;

Let me once more gaze up to that dear, loving eye,

And then, oh, methinks, I can willingly die.

Now kiss me, dear mother—oh, quickly—for see,

The bright, blessed angels are waiting for me!"

Oh, wild was the anguish that swept through her
breast,

As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she
pressed,

And felt the vain search of his soft pleading eye,

As it strove to meet hers ere the fair boy could die.

"I see you not, mother, for darkness and night

Are hiding your dear, loving face from my sight;

But I hear your low sobbings: dear mother, good
by!

The angels are ready to bear me on high.

I will wait for you there; but, oh, tarry not long,

Lest grief at your absence should sadden my
song!"

He ceased, and his hands meekly clasped on his
breast,

While his sweet face sank down on its pillow of
rest;

Then closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,

Went up with the angels that waited for him.

CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

The Resting Day of Creation.

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood ;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay :—
The week were dark, but for thy light ;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man ; whose face *thou* art,
Knocking at heav'n with thy brow :
The workydays are the back-part ;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death : but thou dost pull
And turn us round, to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still ;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stand ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his ;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Sampson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, tho' nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day,
We sullied by our foul offence :
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth :
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heav'n !

GEORGE HERBERT.

The Sabbath Morn in Sunlight comes.

“WELL,” Saturday to Sunday said,
“The people now have gone to bed ;
All, after toiling through the week,
Right willingly their rest would seek ;—
Myself can hardly stand alone,
So very weary I have grown.”

His speech was echoed by the bell,
As on his midnight couch he fell ;
And Sunday now the watch must keep.
So, rising from his pleasant sleep,
He glides, half-dozing, through the sky,
To tell the world that morn is nigh.

He rubs his eyes,—and, none too late,
Knocks aloud at the sun's bright gate ;
She slumbered in her silent hall,
Unprepared for his early call.
Sunday exclaims, “Thy hour is nigh !”
“Well, well,” says she, “I'll come by and by.”

Gently, on tiptoe, Sunday creeps,—
Cheerfully from the stars he peeps,—
Mortals are all asleep below,—
None in the village hears him go,
E'en Chanticleer keeps very still,—
For Sunday whispered 't was his will.

Now the world is awake and bright,
After refreshing sleep all night ;
The Sabbath morn in sunlight comes,
Smiling gladly on all our homes.
He has a mild and happy air,—
Bright flowers are wreathed among his hair.

He comes, with soft and noiseless tread,
To rouse the sleeper from his bed ;
And tenderly he pauses near,
With looks all full of love and cheer,
Well pleased to watch the deep repose
That lingered till the morning rose.

How gaily shines the early dew,
Loading the grass with its silver hue !
And freshly comes the fragrant breeze,
Dancing among the cherry-trees ;
The bees are humming all so gay,—
They know not it is Sabbath-day.

The cherry-blossoms now appear,—
Fair heralds of a fruitful year ;
There stands upright the tulip proud,—
Bethlehem-stars around her crowd,—
And hyacinths of every hue,—
All sparkling in the morning dew.

How still and lovely all things seem !
Peaceful and pure as an angel's dream !
No rattling carts are in the streets ;—
Kindly each one his neighbour greets ;—
“ It promises right fair to-day ; ”—
“ Yes, praised be God ! ”—’t is all they say.

The birds are singing, “ Come, behold
Our Sabbath morn all bathed in gold,
Pouring his calm, celestial light
Among the flowers so sweet and bright ! ”
The pretty goldfinch leads the row,
As if her Sunday-robe to show.

Mary, pluck those auriculas, pray,
And do n’t shake the yellow dust away ;
Here, little Ann, are some for you,—
I’m sure you want a nosegay too.
The first bell rings,—away ! away !
We will go to church to-day.

JOHANN PETER HEBEL, *Trans. by F. GRAETER.*

Thoughts in Spring-Time.

FAR in some still, sequestered nook,
Removed from worldly strife,
How calmly, like a placid brook,
Would glide the stream of life !

How sweet in temples God has made
To raise the voice of prayer,
While songsters from the leafy glade
With music fill the air !

Does not the spirit seem to spurn
The fettered thoughts of earth,
And with a holier impulse turn
To things of higher birth ;

When in the forests' vast arcade,
Where man has seldom trod,
Amid the works that he has made,
We stand alone with God ?

When gazing on fair Nature's face,
Untouched by hand of art,
In every leaf his love we trace,
What feelings thrill the heart !

The diamond dew-drop on the spray,
Each early-fading flower,
The glittering insects of a day—
All show God's wondrous power :

And teach us by their helplessness
Of his unwearied care,
Who gives the lily's vestal dress,
And bids us not despair.

When in the fading light of day
The forests trees grow dim,
And evening comes in sober gray,
How turn our souls to him !

There is no sound upon the air,
All living things are still—
A solemn hush, as if of prayer,
Is brooding o'er the hill :

While far above, like spirit-eyes,
The stars their vigils keep,
And smile on the fair stream that lies
Upon earth's breast, asleep.

There is a spell that binds the heart
At this most hallowed hour,
And bids all earth-born thoughts depart,
Beneath its holy power.

And when to all created things
A voice of praise is given,
The spirit seems on angel wings
To soar aloft to heaven.

SUSAN PINDAR.

The Philosopher's Devotion.

SING aloud ; his praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.
He the boundless heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned ;
He that on Olympus high
Tends his flock with watchful eye ;
And this eye has multiplied
Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus, as round about they stray,
Toucheth each with out-stretch'd ray :
Nimbly they hold on their way,
Shaping out their night and day.
Never slack they ; none respire,
Dancing round their central fires.

In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gently drove
Thorough heaven's vast hollowness,
Which unto all corners press—
Music, that the heart of Jove
Moves to joy, and sportful love ;
Fills the listening sailor's ears,
Riding on the wandering spheres.
Neither speech nor language is,
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong,
Witness all the creature-throng ;
Is confess'd by every tongue—
All things—back from whence they sprung,
As the thankful rivers pay
What they borrowed of the sea.

Now, myself, I do resign ;
Take me whole, I all am thine.
Save me, God ! from self-desire,
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire ;
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire :
Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string.
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons !
Freed from vain religions.
Lo ! from far I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my lute.
India, Egypt, Araby,
Asia, Greece, and Tartary,

Carmel-tracts and Lebanon,
With the Mountains of the moon,
From whence muddy Nile doth run ;
Or, whatever else you won,
Breathing in one vital air ;—
One we are though distant far.

Rise at once—let's sacrifice :
Odours sweet perfume the skies.
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflamed with high aspires ;
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls !
Leave we nothing to ourselves
Save a voice—what need we else ?
Or an hand to wear and tire
On the thankful lute or lyre.

Sing aloud ; his praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.

HENRY MORE.

The First Sabbath.

SIX days the heavenly host, in circle vast,
Like that untouching cincture which enzones
The globe of Saturn, compassed wide this orb,
And with the forming mass floated along
In rapid course, through yet untravelled space.
Beholding God's stupendous power,—a world
Bursting from Chaos at the omnific will,
And perfect ere the sixth day's evening star

On Paradise arose. Blessed that eve!
The Sabbath's harbinger, when, all complete,
In freshest beauty from Jehovah's hand,
Creation bloomed; when Eden's twilight face
Smiled like a sleeping babe: the voice divine
A holy calm breathed o'er the goodly work;
Mildly the sun upon the loftiest tree
Shed mellowly a sloping beam. Peace reigned,
And love, and gratitude; the human pair
Their orisons poured forth; love, concord reigned.
The falcon perched upon the blooming bough
With Philomela, listened to her lay;
Among the antlered herd the tiger couched
Harmless; the lion's mane no terror spread
Among the careless, ruminating flock.
Silence was o'er the deep; the noiseless surge,
The last subsiding wave—of that dread tumult
Which raged when ocean at the mute command
Rushed furiously into his new-cleft bed,—
Was gently rippling on the pebbled shore;
While on the swell the sea-bird, with her head
Wing-veiled, slept tranquilly. The host of
heaven,
Entranced in new delight, speechless adored;
Nor stopped their fleet career, nor changed their
form
Encircular till on that hemisphere,—
In which the blissful garden sweet exhaled
Its incense, odorous clouds,—the Sabbath dawn
Arose; then wide the flying circle sped,
And soared in semblance of a mighty rainbow.
Silent ascend the choirs of seraphim,

No harp resounds, mute each voice is : the burst
Of joy and praise reluctant they repress,—
For love and concord all things so attuned
To harmony, that earth must have received
The grand vibration, and to the centre shook :
But soon as to the starry altitudes
They reached, then what a storm of sound
tremendous
Swelled through the realms of space. The
morning stars
Together sang, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy ! Loud was the peal ; so loud
As would have quite o'erwhelmed human sense :
But to the earth it came a gentle strain,
Like softest fall breathed from Æolian lute,
When 'mid the chords the evening gale expires.
“Day of the Lord ! creation's hallowed close !
Day of the Lord ! (prophetical they sung)
Benignant mitigation of that doom
Which must ere long consign the fallen race,
Dwellers in yonder star, to toil and woe.”

JAMES GRAHAME.

The Rock of Humanity.

ON piety, humanity is built ;
And on humanity, much happiness ;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God is Heaven ;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.

A Deity believ'd, is joy begun ;
 A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd ;
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
 Each branch of *piety* delight inspires ;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
 O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horreur hides ;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still ;
Prayer ardent opens Heaven, lets down a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of man, in audience with the Deity,
 Who worships the *Great God*, that instant joins
 The first in Heaven, and sets his foot on Hell.

EDWARD YOUNG.

The Spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers.

THE Pilgrim Fathers—where are they ?

The waves that brought them o'er
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
 As they break along the shore :
 Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
 When the May-Flower moored below,
 When the sea around was black with storms,
 And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the pilgrims' sleep,
 Still brood upon the tide ;
 And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
 To stay its waves of pride.

But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile—sainted name !—

The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;
But the pilgrim, where is he ?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest :

When the summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast :
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled :

It walks in noon's broad light :
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard his ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay where the May-Flower
lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

JOHN PIERPOINT.

The Stranger and his Friend.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, "Nay."

I had not power to ask his name,
Whither He went, or whence He came ;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love,—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered ;—not a word He spake ;—
Just perishing for want of bread,

I gave Him all ; He blessed it, brake,
And ate ;—but gave me part again ;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mocked his thirst :

He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night ; the floods were out,—it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof ;

I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest ;
Laid Him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found Him by the highway side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; He was healed ;
I had myself a wound concealed ;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honoured Him midst shame and scorn :
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for Him would die ;
The flesh was weak, my blood run chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes :
He spake ; and my poor name He named,
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Voice of God.

WHERE is Thy favour'd haunt, eternal Voice,
The region of Thy choice,
Where, undisturb'd by sin and earth, the soul
Owns Thy entire control?—
'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and high,
When storms are hurrying by :
'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of the earth,
Where torrents have their birth.

No sounds of worldly toil ascending there,
Mar the full burst of prayer ;
Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,
And round us and beneath
Are heard her sacred tones : the fitful sweep
Of winds across the steep,
Through wither'd bents—romantic note and clear,
Meet for a hermit's ear,—

The wheeling kite's wild solitary cry,
And, scarcely heard so high,
The dashing waters when the air is still
From many a torrent rill
That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,
Track'd by the blue mist well ;
Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart
For Thought to do her part.

'Tis then we hear the voice of God within,
Pleading with care and sin :
“ Child of My love ! how have I wearied thee ?
“ Why wilt thou err from Me ?

“Have I not brought thee from the house of slaves,
“Parted the drowning waves,
“And set My saints before thee in the way,
“Lest thou shouldst faint or stray?
“What? was the promise made to thee alone?
“Art thou th’ excepted one?
“An heir of glory without grief or pain?
“O vision false and vain!
“There lies thy cross; beneath it meekly bow;
“It fits thy stature now:
“Who scornful pass it with averted eye,
“’Twill crush them by and by.
“Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure,
“Of thine eternal treasure;
“The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee nought,
“The world for thee was bought,
“And as this landscape broad—earth, sea, and
sky,—
“All centres in thine eye,
“So all God does, if rightly understood,
“Shall work thy final good.”

JOHN KEBLE.

The Reality of Faith.

THY triumphs, Faith, we need not take
Alone from the blest martyr’s stake;
In scenes obscure no less we see
That Faith is a reality;

An evidence of things not seen,
A substance firm whereon to lean.
Go, search the cottager's low room,
The day scarce piercing through the gloom ;
The Christian on his dying bed,
Unknown, unlettered, hardly fed ;
No flattering witnesses attend,
To tell how glorious was his end ;
Save in the book of life, his name
Unheard ; he never dreamt of fame :
No human consolation near,
No voice to soothe, no friend to cheer ;
Of every earthly stay bereft,
And nothing,—but his Saviour left ;
Fast sinking to his kindred dust,
The word of life is still his trust ;
The joy God's promises impart
Lies like a cordial at his heart ;
Unshaken faith its strength supplies,
He loves, believes, adores, and dies !

HANNAH MORE.

The Sinner's Petition for Time.

MY glass is half unspent ; forbear t' arrest
My thriftless day too soon : my poor request
Is, that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minutes will be done,
Without thy help ; see, see how swift they run ;
Cut not my thread, before my thread be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay ;
What loss sustain'st Thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day ?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
To count my winged hours ; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead, before I seem to live.

And what's a life ? a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life ? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day ; hour eats up hour ;
Alas, the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, (which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view,) how soon they droop, how soon they
fade !

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon ;
My non-aged day already points to noon ;
How simple is my suit, how small my boon !

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or safely to beguile
My thoughts with joy ; here's nothing but a smile.

No, no ! 'tis not to please my wanton ears
With frantic mirth, I beg but hours, not years,
And what thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that soul, which would be rather led !
That seed has yet not broke my serpent's head ;
Oh ! shall I die before my sins are dead ?

Behold these rags ; am I a fitting guest
To taste the dainties of thy royal feast,
With hands and face unwashed, ungirt, unblest ?

First let the Jordan streams (that find supplies
From the deep fountain of thy heart) arise,
And cleanse my spots, and clear my leprous eyes.

I have a world of sins to be lamented ;
I have a sea of tears that must be vented ;
Oh ! spare till then, and then I die contented.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

The Servants of God.

HIGH on His everlasting throne,
The King of Saints His work surveys ;
Marks the dear souls He calls His own,
And smiles on that peculiar race.
He rests well pleased their toil to see ;
Beneath His easy yoke they move,
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labour of His love.

His eye at once the world looks through,
A vast uncultivated field ;
Mountains and vales in ghastly show,
A barren, uncouth prospect yield :
Clear'd of the thorns by civil care,
A few less hideous wastes are seen ;
Yet still they all continue bare,
And not one spot of earth is green.

See where the servants of their God,
A busy multitude, appear !
For Jesus day and night employ'd
His husbandry they toil to clear.
The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands ;
They spend their blood, and sweat, and pains,
To cultivate Emmanuel's lands.

Alarm'd at their successful toil,
Satan and his wild spirits rage,
They labour to tear up and spoil
And blast the rising heritage.
In every wilderness they sow
The seed of death, the carnal mind ;
They would not let one virtue grow,
Nor leave one seed of good behind.

Yet still the servants of their Lord
Look up and calmly persevere ;
Supported by the Master's word,
The adverse powers they scorn to fear ;

Gladly their happy work pursue :
The labour of their hands is seen,
Their hands the face of earth renew ;
Some spots at least are lively green.

To dig the ground they thus bestow
Their lives ; from every soften'd clod
They gather out the stones, and sow
The immortal seed, the word of God.
They water it with tears and prayers,
Then long for the returning word ;
Happy, if all their pains and cares
Can bring forth fruit to please their Lord.

Jesus their work delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown ;
He kindly gives the wished increase,
And sends the promised blessing down.
The sap of life, the Spirit's powers,
He rains incessant from above ;
He all His gracious fulness showers,
To perfect their great work of love.

O multiply Thy sowers' seed,
And fruit we every hour shall bear ;
Throughout the world Thy gospel spread,
Thy everlasting grace declare :
We all in perfect love renew'd,
Shall know the greatness of Thy power,
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come.

The church of the village
Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen.

On the spire of the belfry,
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames
of the spring-sun

Glanced like the tongues of fire beheld by
Apostles aforetime.

Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with
her cap crowned with roses,

Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the
wind and the brooklet

Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace!

With lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry
on balancing branches

Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn
to the Highest.

Swept and clean was the church-yard. Adorned
like a leaf-woven arbor

Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon
each cross of iron

Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new twined
by the hands of affection.

Even the dial, that stood on a fountain among
the departed

(There full a hundred years had it stood), was
embellished with blossoms.

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith
and the hamlet,

Who on his birth-day is crowned by children
and children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his
pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured
the swift changing moment,
While all around, at his feet, an eternity slum-
bered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was
the season
In which the young, their parents' hope, and
the loved-ones of Heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows
of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner were swept and
cleaned, and the dust was
Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the
oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast
of the Leafy Pavilions
Saw we in living presentment. From noble
arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's
pulpit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod
before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves,
and the dove, washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, a necklace had on of
wind-flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece
painted by Hörberg, 2 G

Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling
tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, out of the
shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished,
blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set
in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging
crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy
preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones
from the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft, like invisible
spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from
him his mantle,
Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth;
and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem
immortal
Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the
North-land,
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its
powerful pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to
heaven,
And every face did shine like the Holy One's
face upon Tabor.

Lo! there entered then into the church the
reverend teacher.

Father he hight, and he was, in the parish ; a
Christianly plainness

Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of
seventy winters.

Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the
heralding angel

Walked he among the crowds ; but still a con-
templative grandeur

Lay on his forehead, as clear as on moss-covered
gravestone a sunbeam.

As, in his inspiration (an evening twilight that
faintly

Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the
day of creation),

The Artist, the friend of Heaven, imagines Saint
John when in Patmos,

Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so
seemed then the old man ;

Such was the glance of his eye, and such were
his tresses of silver.

All the congregation arose in the pews that were
numbered ;

But with a cordial look, to the right and the
left hand, the old man,

Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the
innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the
Christian service,

Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.

Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,

Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.

Afterwards, when all was finished, the teacher reëntered the chancel,

Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys had their places,

Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming ;

But on the left hand of these, there stood the tremulous lilies,

Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident maidens,—

Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.

Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning

Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's

Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal

Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.

Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,

Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.

Friendly the teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,

And to the children explained he the holy, the
highest, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear; for sublimity
always is simple,
Both in sermon and song, a child can sieze on
its meaning.
Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded
when spring-tide approaches,
Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the
radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the
perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its
crown in the breezes,—
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of sal-
vation,
Line by line, from the soul of childhood. The
fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at
each well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar;—and
straightway transfigured
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affec-
tionate teacher.
Like the Lord's prophet sublime, and awful as
Death and as Judgment,
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-
searcher, earthward descending.
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts, that to
him were transparent,

Shot he ; his voice was deep, was low like the
thunder afar off.

So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he
spake and he questioned.

“This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith
the Apostles delivered ;

This is, moreover, the faith whereunto I baptized
you, while still ye

Lay on your mothers’ breasts, and nearer the
portals of heaven.

Slumbering received you then the Holy Church
in its bosom ;

Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light
in its radiant splendor

• Rains from the heavens downward ;—to-day on
the threshold of childhood

Kindly she frees you again, to examine and
make your election,

For she knows naught of compulsion, only con-
viction desireth.

This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point
of existence,

Seed for the coming days ; without revocation
departeth

Now from your lips the confession ; bethink ye
before ye make answer !

Think not, O think not with guile to deceive
the questioning teacher !

Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests
upon falsehood.

Enter not with a lie on life's journey; the
multitude hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear
upon earth is and holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness; the
Judge Everlasting
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels
in waiting beside him
Grave your confession, in letters of fire, upon
tablets eternal.
Thus, then,—believe ye in God, in the Father
who this world created?
Him who redeemed it, the Son? and the Spirit
where both are united?
Will ye promise me here (a holy promise!) to
cherish
God more than all things earthly, and every
man as a brother?
Will ye promise me here to confirm your faith
by your living,—
The heavenly faith of affection?—to hope, to
forgive, and to suffer,
Be what it may your condition, and walk before
God in uprightness?
Will ye promise me this before God and man?"
—With a clear voice
Answered the young men, Yes! and Yes! with
lips softly-breathing
Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved
from the brow of the teacher
Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake
on in accents more gentle,

Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

“Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!

Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters!

Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,

Ruling them as his own household,—forgiving in turn and chastising:

That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.

Blessed are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue

Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended.

Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine

Which the Godlike delivered, and on the cross suffered and died for.

O, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum

Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,

O, how soon will ye come,—too soon!—and long to turn backward

Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illuminated, where Judgment

Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad
like a mother,
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving
heart was forgiven.
Life was a play ; and your hands grasped after
the roses of heaven !
Seventy years have I lived already ; the Father
Eternal
Gave to me gladness and care ; but the loveliest
hours of existence,
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I
have instantly known them,
Know them all, all again ;—they were my
childhood's acquaintance.
Therefore take, from henceforth, as guides in the
paths of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and
Innocence, bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the
world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's
roaring billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in
the ship she is sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men ;
in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her ; she
herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance ; but follows
faithful and humble,
Follows, so long as she may, her friend ; O, do
not reject her,

For she cometh from God, and she holdeth the
keys of the heavens :—

Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly flyeth
incessant

'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon
of heaven.

Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile,
the spirit

Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like
flames ever upward.

Still he recalls with emotion his Father's mani-
fold mansions,

Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blos-
somed more freshly the flowers,

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with
the winged angels.

Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ; and
homesick for heaven

Longs the wanderer again ; and the spirit's
longings are worship ;

Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and
its tongue is entreaty.

Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth
upon us,

Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth,
in the grave-yard—

Then is it good to pray unto God, for his sor-
rowing children

Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and
helps and consoles them.

Yet is it better to pray when all things are pros-
perous with us,

Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful
Fortune

Kneels down before the Eternal's throne; and,
with hands interfolded,

Praises thankful and moved the only Giver of
blessings.

Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that
comes not from Heaven?

What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it
has not received?

Therefore fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs
adoring

Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of
him who

Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when
the world he created.

Earth declareth his might, and the firmament
uttereth his glory.

Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward
from heaven,

Downward like withered leaves; at the last
stroke of midnight, millenniums

Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees
them, but counts them as nothing.

Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath
of the Judge is terrific,

Casting the insolent down at a glance. When
he speaks in his anger,

Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap
like the roe-buck.

Yet, why are ye afraid, ye children? This
awful avenger,

Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not
in the earthquake,
Not in the fire nor the storm, but it was in the
whispering breezes.
Love is the root of creation,—God's essence;
worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children; he made them
for this purpose only.
Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed
forth his Spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing,
it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a
flame out of heaven.
Quench, O, quench not that flame! It is the
breath of your being.
Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father,
nor mother
Loved you as God has loved you; for 't was
that you may be happy
Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down
his head in the death-hour,
Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then
was completed.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the
temple, dividing
Earth and heaven apart; and the dead, from
their sepulchres rising,
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears
of each other
The answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's
enigma,—Atonement!

Depths of love are Atonement's depths, for Love
is Atonement.

Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the mer-
ciful Father ;

Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from
fear, but affection ;—

Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that
loveth is willing ;

Perfect was, before God, and perfect is Love,
and Love only.

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest
thou likewise thy brethren ;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is
Love also.

Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp
on his forehead ?

Readest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is
he not sailing,

Lost like thyself, on an ocean unknown, and is
he not guided

By the same stars that guide thee ? Why
shouldst thou hate, then, thy brother ?

Hateth he thee, forgive ! for 't is sweet to
stammer one letter

Of the Eternal's language ;—on earth it is called
Forgiveness !

Knowest thou Him who forgave, with the crown
of thorns round his temples ?

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murder-
ers ? Say, dost thou know him ?

Ah ! thou confessest his name, so follow like-
wise his example ;

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil
over his failings ;

Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the
heavenly Shepherd,

Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back
to its mother.

This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits
that we know it.

Love is the creature's welfare, with God ; but
Love among mortals

Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and endures,
and stands waiting,

Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on
his eyelids.

Hope,—so is called upon earth his recompense,—
Hope, the befriending,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to
heaven, and faithful

Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the
grave, and beneath it

Paints a more beautiful world, a dim but a sweet
play of shadows !

Races, better than we, have leaned on her waver-
ing promise,

Having naught else beside Hope. Then praise
we our Father in heaven,

Him who has given us more ! for to us has Hope
been illumined,

Groping no longer in night ; she is Faith, she is
living assurance.

Faith is enlightened Hope ; she is light, is the
eye of affection,

Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their
visions in marble.

Faith is the sun of life ; and her countenance
shines like the Prophet's,

For she has looked upon God ; the heaven on its
stable foundation

Draws she with chains down to earth, and the
New Jerusalem sinketh

Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors
descending.

There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the
figures majestic,

Fears not the winged crowd ; in the midst of
them all is her homestead.

Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow
spontaneous,

Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the
Good is an offspring,

Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian works are
no more than

Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the ani-
mate spring-tide.

Works do follow us all unto God ; there stand
and bear witness,

Not what they seemed,—but what they were,
only. Blessed is he who

Hears their confession secure ; they are mute
upon earth, until Death's hand

Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children,
does Death e'er alarm you ?

Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he,
and is only

More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips
that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the
arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new-born, 'fore the
face of its Father.
Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly
his pinions,
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon
them! I fear not before him.
Death is only release, and in mercy is mute.
On his bosom
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and,
face to face standing,
Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by
vapors:
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits
majestic,
Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne
all transfigured,
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are
singing an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language
spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one
day shall gather;
Never forgets he the weary;—then welcome, ye
loved ones, hereafter!
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget
not the promise;
Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth
shall ye heed not;

Earth is but dust, and heaven is light ; I have
pledged you to heaven.
God of the Universe, hear me ! thou Fountain of
Love everlasting,
Hark to the voice of thy servant ! I send up my
prayer to thy heaven !
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit
of all these
Whom thou hast given me here ! I have loved
them all like a father.
May they bear witness for me, that I taught
them the way of salvation,
Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word ; again
may they know me,
Fall on their teacher's breast, and before thy face
may I place them
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and
exclaiming with gladness,
'Father, lo ! I am here, and the children, whom
thou hast given me !' "

Weeping, he spake in these words : and now,
at the beck of the old man,
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round
the altar's enclosure.
Kneeling, he read then the prayers of the con-
secration, and softly
With him the children read ; at the close, with
tremulous accents,
Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon
them.—

Now should have ended his task for the day ; the
following Sunday

Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's
holy Supper.

Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the
teacher silent, and laid his

Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward :
while thoughts high and holy

Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes
glanced with wonderful brightness.

" On the next Sunday,—who knows?—perhaps
I shall rest in the grave-yard !

Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken
untimely,

Bow down his head to the earth ! Why delay I ?
The hour is accomplished ;

Warm is the heart. I will so ! for to-day grows
the harvest of heaven.

What I began accomplish I now ; for what fail-
ing therein is,

I, the old man, will answer to God and the rev-
erend father.

Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-
come in heaven,

Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of
Atonement ?

What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have
told it you often.

Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atone-
ment a token,

'Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by
his sins and transgressions

Far has wandered from God, from his essence.

'T was in the beginning

Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it
hangs its crown o'er the

Fall to this day ; in the Thought is the Fall ; in
the Heart the Atonement.

Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite like-
wise.

See ! behind me, as far as the old man remem-
bers, and forward,

Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her
wearied pinions,

Sin and Atonement incessant go through the
lifetime of mortals.

Brought forth is Sin full-grown ; but Atonement
sleeps in our bosoms,

Still as the cradled babe ; and dreams of heaven
and of angels,

Cannot awake to sensation ; is like the tones in
the harp's strings,

Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the de-
liverer's finger.

Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the
Prince of Atonement,

Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands
now with eyes all resplendent,

Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with
Sin and o'ercomes her.

Downward to earth he came and transfigured,
thence reascended ;

Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still
lives in the Spirit,

Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is,
is Atonement.

Therefore with reverence receive this day her
visible token.

Tokens are dead, if the things do not live. The
light everlasting

Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye
that has vision.

Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart
that is hallowed,

Lieth forgiveness enshrined ; the intention alone
of amendment

Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things,
and removes all

Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his
arms wide extended,

Penitence weeping and praying, the Will that is
tried, and whose gold flows

Purified forth from the flames ; in a word, man-
kind by Atonement

Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh
Atonement's wine-cup.

But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with
hate in his bosom,

Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's
blessed body

And the Redeemer's blood ! To himself he
eateth and drinketh

Death and doom ! And from this preserve us,
thou heavenly Father !

Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of
Atonement ? ”

Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,

Yes! with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,

Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem:

“O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,

Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!”

The old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,

Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.

O, then seemed it to me, as if God, with the broad eye of mid-day,

Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard

Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver!

But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a

Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy-cold members.

Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it

Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; there saw they

Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.

Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold clouds

Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their
pinions of purple.

Closed was the teacher's task, and with heaven
in their hearts and their faces
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him,
weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand ; but all of
them pressed he,
Moved, to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his
hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent
tresses.

ARBP. TEGNER, *Trans. by H. W. LONGFELLOW.*

The Saviour Lives—and all is Well.

O YE, who, with the silent tear
And saddened step, assemble here,
To bear these cold, these loved remains,
Where dark and cheerless silence reigns ;
Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel,
The Saviour lives,—and “all is well !”

Those eyes, indeed, are rayless now ;
And pale that cheek, and chill that brow ;
Yet, could that lifeless form declare
The joys its soul is called to share,
How would those lips rejoice to tell,
“The Saviour lives—‘and all is well !’”

HINE.

The Good Old Man is Gone.

I SAW an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year ;—

Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed
aloud.

Then rose another hoary man and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
“ Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead ?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the
ripened mast.

“ Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-coloured heaven and ruddy moun-
tain head.

“ Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labours done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed ;
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet,
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun
is set ?

“His youth was innocent: his riper age

Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm, and
sage,

Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well
spent.

“That life was happy; every day he gave

Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for
him.

“And I am glad that he has lived thus long,

And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor can I deem that nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to
die.”

W. C. BRYANT.

Thy Call I Follow.

O THOU great Arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!

Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay

The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
 To drink the spirit of the golden day,
 And triumph in existence ; and could know
 No motive, but my bliss ; and hast ordain'd
 A rise in blessing ! with the *patriarch's* joy,
 Thy call I follow to the land *unknown* ;
 I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust ;
 Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs :
 All weight in this—O let me live to thee ?

EDWARD YOUNG.

The Holy City.

JERUSALEM, my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?
 O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er brake up,
 And sabbaths have no end ?
 There happier bowers than Eden's, bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

ANON.

Thee will I Love, my Strength and Tower!

THEE will I love, my strength and tower,
Thee will I love, my joy and crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and Thee alone!
Thee will I love, till that pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

In darkness willingly I stray'd;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved:
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined ;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind ;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires ;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown !
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God !
Thee will I love, though all may frown,
And thorns and briars perplex my road ;
Yea, when my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Christian's Death.

LIFT not thou the wailing voice,
Weep not, 't is a Christian dieth,—
Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
Ransom'd now, the spirit flieth ;
High, in heaven's own light, she dwelleth,
Full the song of triumph swelleth ;
Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing !

Pour not thou the bitter tear ;
Heaven its book of comfort opeth ;
Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
But, as one who alway hopeth,
Humbly here in faith relying,
Peacefully in JESUS dying,
Heavenly joy her eye is flushing,—
Why should thine with tears be gushing ?

They who die in CHRIST are bless'd,—
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving !
Sweetly with their GOD they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving :
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through CHRIST, the crown secureth !

GEORGE W. DOANE.

The Genius of Worship.

LOVE! for the true heart's sacred love is its
Creator's will !
His glorious law of sympathy it labors to fulfil ;
So work out in its smaller sphere, with faithful
diligence,
The mighty, universal schemes of his omnipotence.
Love! if ye can not learn to love your brother
whom ye see,

How shall ye grow in faith toward the unseen
Deity ?

A true heart's love is worship. Indirectly it is
praise,

And prayer: for piety is not to cultivate one
phase

Of this anomalous being, with its wide capacity—
Its vast illimitable range of power and fantasy :
The length, the breadth, the height, the depth,
of this which we call man,

God hath made this to worship him, as nothing
narrow can :

Universality of gifts upon one creature shed,
And to the Benefactor's praise shall all save one
be dead ?

Mind, soul, heart, strength, all else of good, of
rich and beautiful,

Lavished upon the human frame, yet every sense
be dull

Save one ! one only live to him of all this glori-
ous tower ?—

Forbid it, Honor, Truth ! No ! work is piety of
power ;

Genius is piety of mind ; Love piety of heart ;

Religion piety of soul. It will not serve to
part

These elements of worship, and then blasphe-
mously give

The mutilated corpse to Him through whom the
whole must live.

ELISE JUSTINE BAYARD.

The Saviour offering Himself to his
Heavenly Father.

“SAY, heavenly powers, where shall we find
such love ?

Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man’s mortal crime, and just, the unjust to save ?
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear ?”

He asked, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in heaven : on man’s behalf
Patron or intercessor none appeared,

Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.

And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renewed :

“ Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace ;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,

To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought ?

Happy for man, so coming ! he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,

Indebted and undone ! hath none to bring :
Behold me then ! me for him, life for life

I offer ; on me let thine anger fall ;
Account me man ; I for his sake will leave

Thy bosom, and this glory next to Thee,
Freely put off, and for him lastly die

Well pleased ; on me let death wreak all his rage ;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquished ; Thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever ; by Thee I live,
Though now to death I yield, and am his due,
All that of me can die ; yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell ;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil ;
Death his death's-wound shall then receive, and
stoop

Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed.
I through the ample air in triumph high,
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell ! and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile ;
While by Thee raised I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave :
Then with the multitude of my redeemed,
Shall enter heaven, long absent, and return,
Father ! to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain ; but peace assured,
And reconciliation : wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.”
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience : as a sacrifice,
Glad to be offered, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seized

All heaven, what this might mean, and whither
tend,

Wondering ; but soon the Almighty thus replied :

“ O Thou, in heaven and earth, the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath ! O Thou,
My sole complacence ! well Thou know'st how
dear

To me are all my works, nor man the least,
Though last created : that for Him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing Thee awhile, the whole race lost.
Thou therefore, whom Thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join,
And be Thyself man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth : be Thou in Adam's room,
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in Thee,
As from a second root, shall be restored
As many as are restored ; without Thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons ; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in Thee transplanted, and from Thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judged, and die.
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransomed with his own dear life.
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroyed, and still destroys,

In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt Thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because Thou hast, though throned in highest
bliss

Equal to God, and equally enjoying
Godlike fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found,
By merit more than birthright, Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high ; because in Thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds ;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With Thee thy manhood also to this throne :
Here shalt Thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King ; all power
I give Thee ; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits : under Thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, pryncedoms, powers, dominions, I re-
duce ;

All knees to Thee shall bow, of them that bide
In heaven, or earth, or under earth in hell.
When Thou, attended gloriously from heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from Thee send
The summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds
The living and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten ; such a peal shall rouse their sleep :
Then all thy saints assembled, Thou shalt judge

Bad men and angels ; they arraigned, shall sink
Beneath thy sentence ; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut ; meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall
dwell ;

And, after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth :
Then Thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shalt need :
God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods
Adore Him, who to compass all this dies :
Adore the Son, and honour Him as Me."

No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled
The eternal regions ; lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the
ground

With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold ;
Immortal amaranth ! a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there
grows

And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life ;
And where the river of bliss through midst of
heaven

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream :
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with
beams :

Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.

Then crowned again, their golden harps they
took ;

Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side,
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;
No voice exempt ; no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung, omnipotent,
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal King ; Thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of light, Thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sittest
Throned inaccessible, but when Thou shadest
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about Thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright, thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their
eyes.

Thee next they sang, of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude !
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold : on Thee

Impressed, th' effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfused on Thee his ample spirit rests.
He heaven of heavens, and all the powers therein,
By Thee created ; and by Thee threw down
Th' aspiring dominations : Thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drovest of warring angels disarrayed.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.
Not so on man ; him through their malice fallen,
Father of mercy and grace ! Thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline :
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive Thee purposed not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity incline :
He to appease thy wrath and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,
Regardless of the bliss wherein He sat
Second to Thee, offered Himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love !
Love nowhere to be found less than Divine !
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men ! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

JOHN MILTON.

Thy Mercy, Lord, is like the Morning
Sun.

HAD not the milder hand of Mercy broke
The furious violence of that fatal stroke
Offended Justice struck, we had been quite
Lost in the shadows of eternal night.
Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning sun,
Whose beams undo what sable night hath done ;
Or like a stream, the current of whose course,
Restrained a while, runs with a swifter force.
Oh ! let me glow beneath those sacred beams,
And after bathe me in those silver streams ;
To Thee alone my sorrows shall appeal :
Hath earth a wound too hard for heaven to heal ?

FRANCIS QUARLES.

There is Joy o'er One Sinner that
Repenteth.

O HATEFUL spell of Sin ! when friends are
nigh,

To make stern Memory tell her tale unsought,
And raise accusing shades of hours gone by,
To come between us and all kindly thought !

Chill'd at her touch, the self-reproaching soul
Flies from the heart and home she dearest loves
To where lone mountains tower, or billows roll,
Or to your endless depth, ye solemn groves.

In vain : the averted cheek in loneliest dell
Is conscious of a gaze it cannot bear,
The leaves that rustle near us seem to tell
Our heart's sad secret to the silent air.

Nor is the dream untrue ; for all around
The heavens are watching with their thousand eyes,
We cannot pass our guardian angel's bound,
Resign'd or sullen, he will hear our sighs.

He in the mazes of the budding wood
Is near, and mourns to see our thankless glance
Dwell coldly, where the fresh green earth is
strew'd
With the first flowers that lead the vernal
dance.

In wasteful bounty shower'd, they smile unseen,
Unseen by man—but what if purer sprights
By moonlight o'er their dewy bosoms lean
To adore the Father of all gentle lights ?

If such there be, O grief and shame to think
That sight of thee should overcloud their joy,
A new-born soul, just waiting on the brink
Of endless life, yet wrapt in earth's annoy !

O turn, and be thou turn'd ! the selfish tear,
In bitter thoughts of low-born care begun,
Let it flow on, but flow refined and clear,
The turbid waters brightening as they run.

Let it flow on, till all thine earthly heart
In penitential drops have ebb'd away,
Then fearless turn where Heaven hath set thy
part,
Nor shudder at the Eye that saw thee stray.
O lost and found ! all gentle souls below.
Their dearest welcome shall prepare, and prove
Such joy o'er thee, as raptur'd seraphs know,
Who learn their lesson at the Throne of Love.

JOHN KEBLE.

Teach Me to Underprize this Life.

WAGES of Sin is death : the day is come,
Wherein the equal hand of death must sum
The several items of man's fading glory
Into the easy total of one story.
The brows that sweat for kingdoms and renown,
To glorify their temples with a crown,
At length grow cold, and leave their honoured
name
To flourish in the uncertain blast of fame.
This is the height that glorious mortals can
Attain ; this is the highest pitch of man.
The mighty conqueror of the earth's great ball,
Whose unconfined limits were too small
For his extreme ambition to deserve,—
Six feet of length and three of breadth must serve.
This is the highest pitch that man can fly ;
While, after all his triumph, he must die.

Lives he in wealth ? Doth well-deserved store
Limit his wish, that he can wish no more ?
And does the fairest bounty of increase
Crown him with plenty, and his days with peace ?
It is a right-hand blessing : but supply
Of wealth cannot secure him ; he must die.

Lives he in pleasure ? Does perpetual mirth
Lend him a little heaven upon this earth ?
Meets he no sudden care, no sudden loss
To cool his joys ? Breathes he without a cross ?
Wants he no pleasure that his wanton eye
Can crave or hope from fortune ? He must die.

Lives he in honour ? hath his fair desert
Obtained the freedom of his prince's heart ?
Or may his more familiar hands disburse
His liberal favours from the royal purse ?
Alas ! his honour cannot soar too high
For pale-faced Death to follow ; he must die.

Lives he a conqueror ? and doth heaven bless
His heart with spirit, that spirit with success ;
Success with glory ; glory with a name
To live with the eternity of fame ?
The progress of his lasting fame may vie
With time ; but yet the conqueror must die.

Great and good God ! thou Lord of life and
death,
In whom the creature hath its being, breath ;
Teach me to underprize this life, and I
Shall find my loss the easier when I die.

So raise my feeble thoughts and dull desire,
That, when these vain and weary days expire,
I may discard my flesh with joy, and quit
My better part of this false earth, and it
Of some more sin ; and for this transitory
And tedious life enjoy a life of glory.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

The Spirit of the Holy Eve.

HOW calmly sinks the parting sun !

Yet twilight lingers still ;
And beautiful as dream of Heaven

It slumbers on the hill ;
Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things,
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And, rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest-trees

In shadowy groups recline,
Like saints at evening bow'd in prayer
Around their holy shrine ;

And through their leaves the night-winds blow
So calm and still, their music low,
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
Soft echo'd on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,

Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so softly glow,
They seem to fancy's eye,

Bright creatures of a better sphere,
Come down at noon to worship here,
And, from their sacrifice of love,
Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night-arch floating by,
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with religion—deep
On earth and sea its glories sleep,
And mingle with the starlight rays,
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
Comes through the silent air
To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
A gush of music there !
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair, we almost dream
That we can rise and wander through
Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is fill'd with glorious dreams,
Each pulse is beating wild ;
And thought is soaring to the shrine
Of glory undefiled !
And holy aspirations start,
Like blessed angels, from the heart,
And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven—
Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The Good Part that shall not be
Taken Away.

SHE dwells by great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool ;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes ;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save ;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave ;

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free ;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
And laboured in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The Gospel of Peace.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I
humbly crave
Let me once know.

I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked if peace were there,
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No!
Go seek elsewhere."

I did;—and going, did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat:

I will search out the matter.
But while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But when I digged I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man ;
Whom when for peace
I did demand, he thus began :
"There was a prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes,
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
Which many wond'ring at got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth ;
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtues lie therein ;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain which in my garden grows,
And grows for you :
Make bread of it ; and that repose,
And peace which every where
With so much earnestness do you pursue,
Is only there." GEORGE HERBERT.

The Path of Sorrow.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown ;
No traveller ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.
The world may dance along the flowery plain,
Cheered as they go by many a sprightly strain ;
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unsure feet they yet securely tread ;
Admonished, scorn the caution and the friend,
Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end :
But He, who knew what human hearts would
 prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of his love,
That, hard by nature and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the souls His grace designed
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, "Go, spend them in the vale of tears !"
O balmy gales of soul reviving air !
O salutary streams, that murmur there !
These, flowing from the fount of grace above,
Those, breathed from lips of everlasting love.
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys ;
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys ;
An envious world will interpose its frown,
To mar delights superior to its own ;
And many a pang, experienced still within,
Reminds them of their hated inmate, Sin :

But ills of every shape and every name,
Transformed to blessings, miss their cruel aim ;
And every moment's calm that soothes the breast,
Is given in earnest of eternal rest.

WILLIAM COWPER.

The Soul has gone to Him who gibes
it Rest.

'TIS evening's hush : the first faint shades are
creeping

Thro' the still room, and o'er the curtained bed,
Where lies a weary one, all calmly sleeping,
Touched with the twilight of the land of dread.

Death's cold gray shadow o'er her features falling,
Marks her upon the threshold of the tomb ;
Yet from within no sight nor sound appalling,
Comes o'er her spirit with a thought of gloom.

See—on her pallid lip bright smiles are wreathing,
While from the tranquil gladness of her breast,
Sweet holy words in gentlest tones are breathing :
“ Come unto me and I will give you rest.”

Night gathers round—chill, moonless, yet with
tender,

Mild, radiant stars, like countless angel-eyes,
Bending serenely from their homes of splendor,
Above the couch where that meek dreamer lies.

The hours wear on: the shaded lamp burns
dimmer,

And ebbs that sleeper's breath as wanes the
night,

And still with looks of love those soft stars
glimmer,

Along their pathways of unchanging light.

She slumbers still—and the pale, wasted fingers,

Are gently raised, as if she dreamed of prayer;

And on that lip so wan the same smile lingers,

And still those trustful words are trembling
there.

The night is done: the cold and solemn dawning

With stately tread goes up the eastern sky;

But vain its power, and vain the pomp of morning,

To lift the darkness from that dying eye.

Yet Heaven's full joy is on that spirit beaming—

The soul has found its higher, happier birth,

And brighter shapes flit thro' its blessed dreaming

Than ever gather round the sleep of earth.

The sun is high, but from those pale lips parted,

No more those words float on the languid
breath,

Yet still the expression of the happy-hearted

Hastriumphedo'erthemournfulshadesof death.

Thro' the hushed room the midday ray has wended

Its glowing pinion to a pulseless breast:

The gentle sleeper's mortal dreams are ended—

The soul has gone to Him who gives it rest.

LUELLA J. B. CASE.

The Christian.

IN dawn of life she wisely sought her God,
 And the straight path of thorny virtue trod;
 In bloom of beauty humbly turn'd aside,
 The incense flatt'ry offer'd to her pride.
 In others' griefs a tender part she bore,
 And all the needy shar'd her little store;
 Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend,
 Belov'd by all, to all the good a friend:
 The bad she censur'd by her life alone,
 Blind to their faults, severe upon her own.
 At distance view'd the world with pious dread,
 And to God's temple for protection fled;
 There sought that peace which Heav'n alone can
 give,
 And learn'd to die ere others learn to live.

ANON.

The Pure in Heart shall Meet Again.

IF yon bright stars which gem the night
 Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
 Where kindred spirits reunite,
 Whom death has torn asunder here;
 How sweet it were at once to die,
 And leave this blighted orb afar—
 Mixed soul with soul, to cleave the sky,
 And soar away from star to star.

But, O! how dark, how drear, how lone
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We fail'd to find the loved of this!
If there no more the ties should twine,
Which death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah! then these stars in mockery shine,
More hateful, as they shine for ever.

It cannot be! each hope and fear
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now!
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain;
'Tis heaven that whispers, "Dry thy tears:
The pure in heart shall meet again!"

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

The Poor Man's Day.

BUT chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day;
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screened from the winter's
cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree:
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;

With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently
With covered face, and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day;
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,
While wandering slowly up the river's side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

JAMES GRAHAME.

Turning to God.

IF, gracious God, in life's green, ardent year,
A thousand times thy patient love I tried;
With reckless heart, with conscience hard and
sere,
Thy gifts perverted, and thy power defied;
O, grant me, now that wintry snows appear
Around my brow, and youth's bright promise
hide,—
Grant me with reverential awe to hear
Thy holy voice, and in thy word confide!

Blot from my book of life its early stain !
Since days misspent will never more return,
My future path do thou in mercy trace ;
So cause my soul with pious zeal to burn,
That all the trust, which in thy name I place,
Frail as I am, may not prove wholly vain !

PIETRO BEMBO, *Trans. ANON.*

Thy Will be Done !

THY will be done ! O heavenly King,
I bow my head to thy decree ;
Albeit my soul not yet may wing
Its upward flight, great God, to thee !

Though I must still on earth abide,
To toil, and groan, and suffer here,
To seek for peace on sorrow's tide,
And meet the world's unfeeling jeer.

When heaven seemed dawning on my view
And I rejoiced my race was run,
Thy righteous hand the bliss withdrew ;
And still I say, "Thy will be done !"

And though the world can never more
A world of sunshine be to me,
Though all my fairy dreams are o'er,
And Care pursues where'er I flee ;

Though friends I loved—the dearest—best,
Were scattered by the storm away,
And scarce a hand I warmly pressed
As fondly presses mine to-day :

Yet must I live—must live for those
Who mourn the shadow on my brow,
Who feel my hand can soothe their woes,
Whose faithful hearts I gladden now.

Yes, I will live—live to fulfil
The noble mission scarce begun,
And pressed with grief to murmur still,
All Wise! All Just! “Thy will be done!”

ANNA CORA MOWATT.

The Hours are Viewless Angels.

THE hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each minute's record up
To HIM who sits on high ;
And we, who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
See not that they are hovering
For ever round our hearts.

Like summer-bees, that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
Those viewless angel-hours ;

The poison or the nectar
The heart's deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift
And leave us in the field.

And some flit by on pinions
Of joyous gold and blue,
And some flag on with drooping wings
Of sorrow's darker hue;
But still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission-flight by day or night,
No magic power can stay.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before His throne,
The tale is told in heaven.
These bee-like hours we see not,
Nor hear their noiseless wings;
We only feel, too oft, when flown,
That they have left their stings.

So teach me, Heavenly Father,
To meet each flying hour,
That as they go they may not show
My heart a poison flower!
So, when death brings its shadows,
The hours that linger last
Shall bear my hopes on angel-wings,
Unfetter'd by the past.

C. P. CRANCH.

The Repentant Sinner.

IF ever thou hast felt another's pain,
If ever, when he sighed, hast sighed again,
If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear
That pity had engendered, drop one here.
This man was happy—had the world's good word,
And with it every joy it can afford;
Friendship and love seemed tenderly at strife,
Which most should sweeten his untroubled life;
Politely learned, and of a gentle race,
Good breeding and good sense gave all a grace,
And whether at the toilet of the fair
He laughed and trifled, made him welcome there;
Or if in masculine debate he shared,
Ensured him mute attention, and regard.
Alas, how changed! expressive of his mind,
His eyes are sunk, arms folded, head reclined;
Those awful syllables, hell, death, and sin,
Though whispered, plainly tell what works
within;
That conscience there performs her proper part,
And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart.
Forsaking and forsaken of all friends,
He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends;
Hard task! for one who lately knew no care,
And harder still, as learned beneath despair;
His hours no longer pass unmarked away,
A dark importance saddens every day;
He hears the notice of the clock perplexed,
And cries, "Perhaps eternity strikes next."

Sweet music is no longer music here,
And laughter sounds like madness in his ear ;
His grief the world of all her power disarms,
Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms ;
God's holy word, once trivial in his view,
Now by the voice of his experience true,
Seems as it is, the fountain whence alone
Must spring that hope he pants to make his own.
Now let the bright reverse be known abroad ;
Say man's a worm, and power belongs to God.
As when a felon, whom his country's laws
Have justly doomed for some atrocious cause,
Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears
The shameful close of all his misspent years,
If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
A tempest usher in the dreadful morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightnings play,
The thunder seems to summon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies ;
If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When hope, long lingering, at last yields up the
ghost,
The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his fetters, and his fear ;
A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
Of him whom hope has with a touch made
whole.

'Tis heaven, all heaven, descending on the wings
Of the glad regions of the King of kings ;
'Tis more :—'tis God diffused through every part,
'Tis God Himself triumphant in his heart ;
Oh ! welcome now, the sun's once hated light,
His noon-day beams were never half so bright !
Not kindred minds alone are called to employ
Their hours, their days, in listening to his joy ;
Unconscious nature ! all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his
praise. WILLIAM COWPER.

The Hollow World.

SHE is empty : hark ! she sounds : there's
nothing there
But noise to fill thy ear ;
Thy vain inquiry can at length but find
A blast of murmuring wind :
It is a cask that seems as full as fair,
But merely tunned with air.
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds ;
The soul that vainly founds
Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty
sounds.
She is empty : hark ! she sounds : there's nothing
in't ;
The spark-engendering flint
Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first
Dissolve and quench the thirst,

Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
With smooth-faced alms of rest.

Thou may'st as well expect meridian light
From shades of black-mouthed Night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She is empty : hark ! she sounds : 'tis void and
vast ;

What if some flattering blast
Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,
And whisper in thine ear ?

It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
And vanisheth like mist.

Poor honour earth can give ! What generous mind
Would be so base to bind

Her heaven-bred soul, a slave to serve a blast of
wind ?

She is empty : hark ! she sounds : 'tis but a ball
For fools to play withal ;

The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
That's lined with silken trouble.

It is a world whose work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation :

A hag, repaired with vice-complexioned paint,
A quest-house of complaint,

It is a saint, a fiend ; worse fiend when most a
saint.

She is empty : hark ! she sounds : 'tis vain and void.
What's here to be enjoyed,

But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
Drawn now and crossed to-morrow ?

Or, what are men but puffs of dying breath,
Revived with living death ?
Fond youth, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
Than what dull flesh propounds :
Trust not this hollow world : she is empty : hark !
she sounds. FRANCIS QUARLES.

Centre of Light and Energy.

CENTRE of light and energy ! thy way
Is through the unknown void ; thou hast
thy throne,

Morning, and evening, and at noon of day,
Far in the blue, untended and alone :

Ere the first waken'd airs of earth had blown,
On thou didst march, triumphant in thy light ;
Then thou didst send thy glance, which still
hath flown,

Wide through the never-ending worlds of night,
And yet thy full orb burns with flash as keen
and bright.

We call thee Lord of Day, and thou dost give
To earth the fire that animates her crust,
And wakens all the forms that move and live,
From the fine, viewless mould which lurks in
dust,

To him who looks to heaven, and on his bust
Bears stamp'd the seal of God, who gathers there
Lines of deep thought, high feeling, daring trust
In his own center'd powers, who aims to share
In all his soul can frame of wide, and great, and fair.

Thy path is high in heaven ; we cannot gaze
On the intense of light that girds thy car ;
There is a crown of glory in thy rays,
Which bears thy pure divinity afar,
To mingle with the equal light of star,—
For thou, so vast to us, art in the whole
One of the sparks of night that fire the air,
And, as around thy centre planets roll,
So thou, too, hast thy path around the central soul.

I am no fond idolater to thee,
One of the countless multitude, who burn,
As lamps, around the one Eternity,
In whose contending forces systems turn
Their circles round that seat of life, the urn
Where all must sleep, if matter ever dies :
Sight fails me here, but fancy can discern
With the wide glance of her all-seeing eyes,
Where, in the heart of worlds, the ruling Spirit
lies.

And thou, too, hast thy world, and unto thee
We are as nothing ; thou goest forth alone,
And movest through the wide, aerial sea,
Glad as a conqueror resting on his throne
From a new victory, where he late had shown
Wider his power to nations ; so thy light
Comes with new pomp, as if thy strength had
grown
With each revolving day, or thou, at night,
Had lit again thy fires, and thus renew'd thy
might.

Age o'er thee has no power : thou bring'st the
same

Light to renew the morning, as when first,
If not eternal, thou, with front of flame,
On the dark face of earth in glory burst,
And warm'd the seas, and in their bosom nursed
The earliest things of life, the worm and shell ;
Till, through the sinking ocean, mountains
pierced,

And then came forth the land whereon we dwell,
Rear'd, like a magic fane, above the watery swell.

And there thy searching heat awoke the seeds
Of all that gives a charm to earth, and lends
An energy to nature ; all that feeds
On the rich mould, and then, in bearing, bends
Its fruits again to earth, wherein it blends
The last and first of life ; of all who bear
Their forms in motion, where the spirit tends,
Instinctive in their common good to share,
Which lies in things that breathe, or late were
living there.

They live in thee : without thee, all were dead
And dark ; no beam had lighted on the waste,
But one eternal night around had spread
Funereal gloom, and coldly thus defaced
This Eden, which thy fairy hand hath graced
With such uncounted beauty ; all that blows
In the fresh air of spring, and, growing, braced
Its form to manhood, when it stands and glows
In the full-temper'd beam, that gladdens as it goes.

Thou lookest on the earth, and then it smiles ;
Thy light is hid, and all things droop and
mourn ;
Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,
When through their heaven thy changing car
is borne ;
Thou wheel'st away thy flight, the woods are
shorn
Of all their waving locks, and storms awake ;
All, that was once so beautiful, is torn
By the wild winds which plough the lonely lake,
And, in their maddening rush, the crested moun-
tains shake.

The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow ;
Life lingers, and would die, but thy return
Gives to their gladden'd hearts an overflow
Of all the power that brooded in the urn
Of their chill'd frames, and then they proudly
spurn
All bands that would confine, and give to air
Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,
When, on a dewy morn, thou dartest there
Rich waves of gold to wreathe with fairer light
the fair.

The vales are thine : and when the touch of spring
Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy
light
They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing
Dashes the water in his winding flight,
And leaves behind a wave that crinkles bright,

And widens outward to the pebbled shore,—

The vales are thine; and when they wake
from night,

The dews that bend the grass-tips, twinkling o'er
Their soft and oosy beds, look upward, and adore.

The hills are thine: they catch thy newest beam,
And gladden in thy parting, where the wood
Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream,
That flows from out thy fulness, as a flood
Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the
food

Of nations in its waters; so thy rays

Flow and give brighter tints than ever bud,
When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze
Of many twinkling gems, as every gloss'd bough
plays.

Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift
Snows that have never wasted, in a sky
Which hath no stain; below, the storm may drift
Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by;
Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie,
Dazzling, but cold; thy farewell glance looks
there;

And when below thy hues of beauty die,
Girt round them, as a rosy belt, they bear,
Into the high, dark vault, a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine, and all their magic hues
Are pencill'd by thee; when thou bendest low,
Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues
Their waving fold with such a perfect glow

Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw
Shame on the proudest art ; the tender stain

Hung round the verge of heaven, that as a bow
Girds the wide world, and in their blended chain
All tints to the deep gold that flashes in thy train :

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thy arch,

The sign of triumph, in a sevenfold twine,
Where the spent storm is hasting on its march,
And there the glories of thy light combine,
And form with perfect curve a lifted line,
Striding the earth and air : man looks, and tells
How peace and mercy in its beauty shine,
And how the heavenly messenger impels
Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether
swells.

The ocean is thy vassal ; thou dost sway

His waves to thy dominion, and they go
Where thou, in heaven, dost guide them on their
way,

Rising and falling in eternal flow ;
Thou lookest on the waters, and they glow ;
They take them wings and spring aloft in air,
And change to clouds, and then, dissolving,
throw

Their treasures back to earth, and, rushing, tear
The mountain and the vale, as proudly on they
bear.

I, too, have been upon thy rolling breast,

Widest of waters ; I have seen thee lie
Calm, as an infant pillow'd in its rest

On a fond mother's bosom, when the sky,

Not smother, gave the deep its azure dye,
Till a new heaven was arch'd and glass'd below ;
And then the clouds, that, gay in sunset, fly,
Cast on it such a stain, it kindled so,
As in the cheek of youth the living roses grow.

I, too, have seen thee on thy surging path,
When the night-tempest met thee : thou didst
dash

Thy white arms high in heaven, as if in wrath,
Threatening the angry sky ; thy waves did lash
The labouring vessel, and with deadening crash
Rush madly forth to scourge its groaning sides ;
Onward thy billows came, to meet and clash
In a wild warfare, till the lifted tides
Mingled their yesty tops, where the dark storm-
cloud rides.

In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles,
When the quick winds uprear it in a swell,
That rolls, in glittering green, around the isles,
Where ever-springing fruits and blossoms
dwell ;

O ! with a joy no gifted tongue can tell,
I hurry o'er the waters, when the sail
Swells tensely, and the light keel glances well
Over the curling billow, and the gale
Comes off the spicy groves to tell its winning tale.

The soul is thine : of old thou wert the power
Who gave the poet life ; and I in thee
Feel my heart gladden at the holy hour
When thou art sinking in the silent sea ;

Or when I climb the height, and wander free
In thy meridian glory, for the air

Sparkles and burns in thy intensity,
I feel thy light within me, and I share
In the full glow of soul thy spirit kindles there.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

The Joy of Social Worship.

THERE is a joy, which angels well may prize :
To see, and hear, and aid God's worship, when
Unnumbered tongues, a host of Christian
men,

Youths, matrons, maidens, join. Their sounds
arise,

"Like many waters;" now glad symphonies
Of thanks and glory to our God; and then,
Seal of the social prayer, the loud Amen,
Faith's common pledge, contrition's mingled cries.
Thus, when the Church of Christ was hale and
young,

She called on God, one spirit and one voice;—
Thus from corruption cleansed, with health new
strung,

Her sons she nurtured. Oh! be theirs, by
choice,

What duty bids, to worship, heart and tongue;
At once to pray, at once in God rejoice!

BISHOP MANT.

The Breath of Heaven must Swell
the Sail.

WEAK and irresolute is man ;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well-bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain ;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view ;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail,
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail
Or all the toil is lost.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Thou Giver of all Earthly Good.

THOU Giver of all earthly good—
Thou wonder-working Power,
Whose spirit smiles in every star,
And breathes in every flower:
How gratefully we speak thy name—
How gladly own thy sway!
How thrillingly thy presence feel,
When mid thy works we stray!

We may forget thee for a time,
In scenes with tumult rife,
Where worldly cares or pleasures claim
Too large a share of life;
But not in Nature's sweet domain,
Where everything we see,
From loftiest mount to lowliest flower,
Is eloquent of thee.

Where waves lift up their tuneful voice,
And solemn anthems chime;
Where winds through echoing forests peal
Their melodies sublime;
Where e'en insensate objects breathe
Devotion's grateful lays—
Man can not choose but join the choir
That hymns his Maker's praise.

Beneath the city's gilded domes,
In temples decked with care,
Where Art and Splendor vie to make
Thine earthly mansions fair,

Our forms may lowly bend, our lips
May breathe a formal lay,
The whilst our wayward hearts refuse
These holy rites to pay.

But in that grander temple, reared
By thine Almighty hand,
Where glorious beauty bids the mind's
Diviner powers expand,
Our thoughts, like grateful vassals, give
An homage glad and free ;
Our souls in adoration bow,
And mutely reverence Thee.

EMELINE S. SMITH.

The Winged Worshippers.

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven ?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend ?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend ?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep :
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep*.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;
 Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
 Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
 I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
 On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

The Future Life.

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere which
 keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not ;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thine own meek heart demand me there ?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were
given ?

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banish'd from thy tongue in heaven ?

In meadows framed by heaven's life-breathing
wind,

In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfetter'd mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ;

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,—
Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there ; for thou hast bow'd thy
will

In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the
scroll ;

And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the
same ?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?

W. C. BRYANT.

The True Vine.

FATHER of heaven ! if by thy mercy's grace
A living branch I am of that true vine
Which spreads o'er all,—and would we did resign
Ourselves entire by faith to its embrace !—
In me much drooping, Lord, thine eye will trace,
Caused by the shade of these rank leaves of mine,
Unless in season due thou dost refine
The humour gross, and quicken its dull pace.
So cleanse me, that, abiding e'er with thee,
I feed me hourly with the heavenly dew,
And with my falling tears refresh the root.
Thou saidst, and thou art truth, thou'dst with
me be :

Then willing come, that I may bear much fruit,
And worthy of the stock on which it grew.

VITTORIA COLONNA, *Trans.* ANON.

The Snowdrop.

SOFT as the balm the gentlest gale distils,
Sweet as the fragrance of the new mown hills ;
Her op'ning mind a thousand charms reveal'd,
Proofs of those thousands which were yet
conceal'd :

The loveliest flow'r in nature's garden plac'd,
Permitted just to bloom, then pluckt in haste ;
Angels beheld her ripe for joys to come,
And call'd by God's command their sister home.

ANON.

Thou, Great Ruler, Lord of All !

BUT chiefly Thou, Great Ruler ! Lord of all !
Before whose throne archangels prostrate
fall,

If at thy nod, from discord, and from night,
Sprang Beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light ;
Exalt e'en me ; all inward tumults quell ;
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel.

Thy pow'r, my weakness may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee !

Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride !
Who calls forth Summer like a sparkling bride !
Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown ;
And bids old Winter lay her honours down !

O, may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made !
May sea and land, and earth and heaven be join'd,

To bring th' eternal Author to my mind ;
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my
soul !

When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the Majesty Divine ;
Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care !
Shine we in arms, or sing beneath our vine ?
Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine ;
Thy pleasure points the shaft and bends the bow,
The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly flow !
O thou ! whose balance does the mountain weigh,
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to
flame,

That flame to tempest and that tempest tame ;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the bounties of thy goodness calls.
Grant I may ever, at the morning's ray,
Open with pray'r the consecrated day ;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mountain sun ascend the skies !
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love :
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.
And oh ! permit the gloom of solemn night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
Restrain the various tumults of my blood.
Thou, who canst shake the centre, oh, control,

Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul ;
Teach me with equal firmness to sustain
Alluring pleasure and assaulting pain :
My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
And lift the burthen from the soul oppress'd.
O, may I pant for Thee, in each desire,
And with strong faith foment the holy fire !
Stretch out, my soul, in hope, and grasp the prize,
Which in eternity's deep bosom lies !
At the great day of recompence, behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold !
Then, wafted upward to the blissful seat,
From age to age my grateful song repeat !
My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,
And rival angels in the praise of Thee !

EDWARD YOUNG.

The Dew-Drops.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round it itself incloses ;
And in its little globe's extent
Frames as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies !
But, gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light :

Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure ;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green ;
And recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away !
To the world excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day ;
Dark beneath, but bright above ;
Here disdaining, *there* in love.
How loose and easy hence to go ;
 How girt and ready to ascend :
Moving but on a point below,
 In all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and
 chill—
Congealed on earth ; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

The Widow of Nain.

WEEP not, O mother, sounds of lamentation ;
Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly !
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation !

Strong is the word of God to succour thee !

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him ;
Hide his pale features with the sable pall ;
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping o'er him ;
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners, who forbids our
weeping ?

Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed ?
“Set down the bier—he is not dead, but sleeping !
Young man, arise !” He spake, and was
obeyed !

Change then, O sad one, grief to exultation ;
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation !
Strong was the Word of God to succour thee !

BISHOP HEBER.

The Tune to which the Planets Rolled.

THE Father spake ! In grand reverberations
Through space rolled on the mighty music-
tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations,
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

The Father spake—a dream, that had been lying
Hushed from eternity in silence there,
Heard the pure melody, and low replying,
Grew to that music in the wondering air—

Grew to that music—slowly, grandly waking,
Till bathed in beauty—it became a world!
Led by his voice, its spheric pathway taking,
While glorious clouds their wings around it
furled.

Nor yet has ceased that sound—his love revealing,
Though, in response, a universe moves by!
Throughout eternity, its echo pealing—
World after world awakes in glad reply!

And wheresoever, in his rich creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or
soul—

'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll!

FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

**There is a World Above, where
Parting is Unknown.**

BEYOND the flight of time,—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away ;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day :
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Voyage of Life.

AMONG our hills and valleys, I have known
Wise and grave men, who, while their diligent hands
Tended or gather'd in the fruits of earth,
Were reverent learners in the solemn school
Of Nature. Not in vain to them were sent
Seed-time and harvest, or the vernal shower
That darken'd the brown tilth, or snow that beat
On the white winter's hills. Each brought, in
turn,
Some truth ; some lesson on the life of man,
Or recognition of the Eternal Mind,
Who veils his glory with the elements.

One such I knew long since, a white-hair'd man,
Pithy of speech, and merry when he would ;
A genial optimist, who daily drew
From what he saw his quaint moralities.
Kindly he held communion, though so old,
With me, a dreaming boy, and taught me much,
That books tell not, and I shall ne'er forget.

The sun of May was bright in middle heaven,
And steep'd the sprouting forests, the green
hills,

And emerald wheat-fields, in his yellow light.
Upon the apple-tree, where rosy buds
Stood cluster'd, ready to burst forth in bloom,
The robin warbled forth his full, clear note
For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods,
Whose young and half-transparent leaves scarce
cast

A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks ; the shad-bush, white
with flowers,

Brighten'd the glens ; the new-leaved butternut,
And quivering poplar, to the roving breeze
Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields,
I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
On the young grass. My heart was touch'd
with joy,

At so much beauty, flushing every hour
Into a fuller beauty ; but my friend,
The thoughtful ancient, standing at my side,
Gazed on it mildly sad. I ask'd him why.
“ Well may'st thou join in gladness,” he replied,

“ With the glad earth, her springing plants and
flowers,

And this soft wind, the herald of the green,
Luxuriant summer. Thou art young, like them,
And well mayst thou rejoice. But while the
flight

Of seasons fills and knits thy spreading frame,
It withers mine, and thins my hair, and dims
These eyes, whose fading light shall soon be
quench’d

In utter darkness. Hearest thou that bird ? ”

I listen’d, and from midst the depth of woods
Heard the low signal of the grouse, that wears
A sable ruff around his mottled neck :

Partridge they call him by our northern streams,
And pheasant by the Delaware. He beat
’Gainst his barr’d sides his speckled wings, and
made

A sound like distant thunder ; slow the strokes
At first, then fast and faster, till at length
They pass’d into a murmur, and were still.

“ There hast thou,” said my friend, “ a fitting
type

Of human life. ’Tis an old truth, I know,
But images like these will freshen truth.

Slow pass our days in childhood, every day
Seems like a century ; rapidly they glide
In manhood, and in life’s decline they fly ;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter’s storm,

Seen rather than distinguish'd. Ah! I seem
As if I sat within a helpless bark,
By swiftly-running waters hurried on
To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,
Bare sands, and pleasant homesteads; flowery
nooks,

And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear
Each after each; but the devoted skiff
Darts by so swiftly, that their images
Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
In dim confusion; faster yet I sweep
By other banks, and the great gulf is near.

“Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts,
And kind affections, reverence for thy God,
And for thy brethren; so, when thou shalt come
Into these barren years that fleet away
Before their fruits are ripe, thou mayst not bring
A mind unfurnish'd, and a wither'd heart.”

Long since that white-hair'd ancient slept—but
still,

When the red flower-buds crowd the orchard
bough,

And the ruff'd grouse is drumming far within
The woods, his venerable form again
Is at my side, his voice is in my ear.

W. C. BRYANT.

The Heavens Declare thy Glory.

YE many twinkling stars, who yet do tread
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions ! planets and central orbs
Of other systems, big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe, yet to our eye
Small as the glow-worm's lamp ! to you I raise
My lowly orisons, while, all bewildered,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts,
Too vast, too boundless for our narrow mind,
Warped with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring,
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,
The mighty Founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator ; Him, who now sublime,
Wrapped in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres,
Sits on his silent throne and meditates.

Th' angelic hosts, in their inferior heaven,
Hymn to the golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great,"
In varied harmonies : the glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene. Th' Æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note and cry, "The Lord is great!"
Responding to the seraphim. O'er all,
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of Him.

Oh ! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile
On the vain world and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.
Oh ! what is man, when at ambition's height,
What e'en are kings, when balanced in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds ! Almighty God !
Thou, the dread Author of these wondrous works,
Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence ? Thou canst ;
For thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
The pageant insects of a glittering hour !

Oh ! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gauds, and honours of the world, appear !
How vain ambition ! Why has my wakeful
 lamp
Outwatched the slow-paced night ? Why on the
 page,
The schoolman's laboured page, have I employed
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature ?
Say, can the voice of narrow fame repay
The loss of health ? Or can the hope of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow,
Relume the fires of this deep sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek ?

Say, foolish one, can that unbodied fame,
For which thou barterest health and happiness,
Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave—
Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs
Of everlasting punishment condign ?
Alas ! how vain are mortal man's desires !
How fruitless his pursuits ! Eternal God,
Guide thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
And, oh ! assist me so to live on earth,
That I may die in peace, and claim a place
In thy high dwelling. All but this is folly,
The vain illusions of deceitful life.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

The Ore of Truth from Mines of Thought.

THE heart has tendrils, like the vine,
Which round another's bosom twine,
Outspringing from the parent tree
Of deeply-planted sympathy,
Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss,
Beneficence its harvest is.—

There are some bosoms dark and drear,
Which an unwatered desert are ;
Yet there a curious eye may trace
Some silent spot, some verdant place,
Where little flowers, the weeds between,
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

Despise them not—for wisdom's toil
Has ne'er disturbed that stubborn soil;
Yet care and culture might have brought
The ore of truth from mines of thought;
And fancy's fairest flowers had bloomed
Where truth and fancy lie entombed.—

Insult him not—his blackest crime
May, in his Maker's eye sublime,
In spite of all thy pride, be less
Than e'en thy daily waywardness:
Than many a sin, and many a stain,
Forgotten, and impressed again.—

There is, in every human heart,
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow;
To plant, to watch, to water there,—
This be our duty—be our care!

And sweet it is the growth to trace
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
In bosoms where our labours first
Bid the young seed of spring-time burst;
And lead it on, from hour to hour,
To ripen into perfect flower.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had!—
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,—
A paradise of mysteries!
Plains, with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem?

These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
Which beauty gilds and music fills,
Were once but deserts—culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule, serene,
Where barren wilds usurped the scene.

And such is man! a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds:
Flowers lovely as the morning's light!—
Weeds deadly as the aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or floweret fair.

Flow, then, pure knowledge! ever flow!
Change nature's face to man below;
A paradise once more disclose—
Make deserts bloom with Sharon's rose;
And, through a Saviour's blood once shed,
Raise his forlorn and drooping head.

BOWRING.

The Light of Stars.

THE night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?

The star of love and dreams ?

Oh, no ! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain ;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars ;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The Well of Jacob.

HERE, after JACOB parted from his brother,
His daughters linger'd round this well, new-
made ;

Here, seventeen centuries after came another,
And talk'd with JESUS, wondering and afraid.
Here, other centuries past, the emperor's mother
Shelter'd its waters with a temple's shade.
Here, mid the fallen fragments, as of old,
The girl her pitcher dips within its waters cold.

And JACOB's race grew strong for many an hour,
Then torn beneath the Roman eagle lay ;
The Roman's vast and earth-controlling power
Has crumbled like these shafts and stones away ;
But still the waters, fed by dew and shower,
Come up, as ever, to the light of day,
And still the maid bends downward with her urn,
Well pleased to see its glass her lovely face re-
turn.

And those few words of truth, first utter'd here,
Have sunk into the human soul and heart ;
A spiritual faith dawns bright and clear,
Dark creeds and ancient mysteries depart ;
The hour for GOD's true worshippers draws near ;
Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of earthly art :
Kingdoms may fall, and human works decay,
Nature moves on unchanged—*Truths* never pass
away.

JAMES F. CLARKE.

The Future Life.

ARE there (still more amazing) who resist
The rising thought? who smother in its birth
The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And with reversed ambition strive to sink?
Who labour downwards through the opposing
powers
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night? night darker than the graves?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
To contradict them see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears an after scene?
To reason proves, or weds it to desire?
All things proclaim it needful, some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it sure.
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From heaven, and earth, and man. Indulge a
few,
By nature as her common habit worn.
Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys,
Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's inhabitant august!
Of two eternities amazing Lord!
One past ere man's, or angel's, had begun;
Aid, while I rescue from the foes' assault,
Thy glorious immortality in man!

EDWARD YOUNG.

The Possession of the True Felicities.

WITH aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of *sense*, and *passion's* storm ;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.

Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
A mingled mob ! a wandering herd ! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale ; in all unlike !
His full reverse in all ! what higher praise ?
What stronger demonstration of the right ?

The present all *their* care ; the future, *his*.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame ; his bounty *he* conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature ; *his* exalt.
Mankind's esteem *they* court ; and *he*, his own.
Theirs, the wild chase of *false* felicities ;
His, the compos'd possession of the *true*.
Alike throughout is *his* consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread ;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*
A madman's robe ; each puff of *fortune* blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than *theirs* : where *they*
Behold a *sun*, *he* spies a *Deity* :
What makes *them* only smile, makes *him* adore.
Where *they* see *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* sees ;
An *empire*, in *his* balance, weighs a *grain*.

They things terrestrial worship, as divine :
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity ;
No dignity *they* find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much *he* prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as *man*.
Too dear *he* holds his interest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade ;
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong ;
Wrong *he* sustains with temper, looks on Heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe ;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his
peace.

A cover'd heart *their* character defends ;
A cover'd heart *denies* him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees ;
While *their* broad foliage testifies their fall,
Their no-joys end, where *his* full feast begins :
His joys *create*, *theirs* murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, *his* alone ;
And *his* alone, triumphantly to think
His *true* existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete ;
Death, then, was welcome ; yet life still is sweet.

EDWARD YOUNG.

There is a Day of Sunny Rest.

OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

W. C. BRYANT.

The Blessing of Early Rising.

SOFT slumbers now mine eyes forsake,
My powers are all renewed;
May my freed spirit too awake,
With heavenly strength endued.

Thou silent murderer, Sloth, no more
My mind imprisoned keep;
Nor let me waste another hour
With thee, thou felon Sleep.

Think, O my soul, could dying men
One lavished hour retrieve,
Though spent in tears, and passed in pain,
What treasures would they give!

But seas of pearls, and mines of gold,
Were offered then in vain;
Their pearl of countless price is sold,
And where's the promised gain?

Lord, when thy day of dread account,
For squandered hours shall come,
Oh! let not this increase th' amount,
And swell the former sum.

Teach me in health each good to prize,
I dying shall esteem;
And every pleasure to despise,
I then shall worthless deem.

For all thy wondrous mercies past
My grateful voice I'll raise,
While thus I quit my bed of rest,
Creation's Lord to praise.

HANNAH MORE.

The Summer Shower.

'TWAS so—I saw thy birth : that drowsy lake
From her faint bosom breath'd thee, the
disease

Of her sick waters and infectious ease ;

But now, at even,

Too gross for heaven,

Thou fall'st in tears, and weep'st for thy mistake.

Ah ! it is so with me ! oft have I pressed
Heaven with a lazy breath, but fruitless this
Pierc'd not ; love only can with quick access

Unlock the way,

When all else stray—

The smoke and exhalations of the breast.

Yet, if as thou doest melt, and with thy train
Of drops make soft the earth, my eyes could weep
O'er my hard heart, that's bound up and asleep ;

Perhaps at last

(Some such showers past,)

My God would give a sunshine after rain.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

The Spirit of Truth.

I DREAMED that I saw, on the fair brow of
heaven,

The star-jewelled veil of a midsummer even ;

I looked, and, as quick as a meteor's birth,

A beautiful Spirit descended to earth.

Her brow wore a halo of light, and her eye
Was bright as the stars, and as blue as the sky ;
Her low, silvery voice trembled soft as a spell,
To the innermost chords of the heart, as it fell.

One hand held a banner inscribed with "ACCORD,"
The other, the glorious word of the Lord :
Then, softly, the beautiful vision did glide
To the palace a rich man had reared in his pride.

Through curtains of crimson the sun's mellow
beam

Fell, soft as the tremulous light of a dream,
On all that was gorgeous in nature and art—
On all that could gladden the eye or the heart.

The rich man was clad in fine purple and gold,
The wealth in his coffers might never be told ;
The brows of the servants that waited around
Grew bright when he smiled, and grew pale
when he frowned.

Then did that proud nobleman tremble and start,
As the bright Spirit whispered these words to
his heart :

" If thou wouldst have wealth when life's journey
is o'er,

Sell all that thou hast, and divide with the poor."

She stood in the cell, where the death-breathing
air

Was rife with the groans of the prisoner's despair,
As sadly he looked, through the long lapse of time,
To days when his soul was unstained by a crime.

She pointed away to his Father above—
She soothed him in accents of pity and love,
And said, as she severed the links of his chain,
“Thy sins are forgiven, transgress not again.”

She came in her strength, and the gallows that
stood
For ages, all reeking and blackened with blood,
Like a lightning-scared fiend, pointing up to the
sky,
Fell prostrate to earth, at the glance of her eye.

She spoke! old earth heard, and her pulses were
still :
“God’s holy commandment forbiddeth to kill.”
That spirit of beauty, that spirit of might,
Went forth, till the earth was illumined with
her light.

The strong one relenting, was fain to restore
The spoil he had wrenched from the hand of the
poor :
Injustice, oppression, and wrong, fled away,
Before the pure light of millennial day.

The turbulent billows of faction grew calm ;
The lion laid down in the fold with the lamb ;
The ploughshare was forged from the sabre and
sword,
And the mighty bowed down to the sway of the
Lord.

The heathen with joy cast his idols away,
And knelt 'neath his own vine and fig tree to
pray.

By every kindred, and nation, and tongue,
Glad anthems of praise to Jehovah were sung.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

Then why, my Soul, dost thou
Complain ?

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky ;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys ;
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise ;

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy took the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain ?

Why, drooping, seek the dark recess ?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah ! my breast is human still ;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank the inflictor of the blow ;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

CHATTERTON.

The Hebrew Mother.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-born,
thence

Went up to Zion ; for the boy was vowed
Unto the temple service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God.

So passed they on
O'er Judah's hills ; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling raindrops, or the olive-boughs
With their cold dimness crossed the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that she might rest ;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and
watch

The crimson deepening o'er his cheeks' repose,
As at a red flower's heart : and where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There too she lingered, from the diamond wave
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow.

At last the Fane was reached,
The earth's One Sanctuary ; and rapture hushed
Her bosom, as before her, through the day
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped
In light like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted through rainbow-gleaming tears his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round
her arm

Clung even as ivy clings ; the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swelled high ; and o'er her child
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song.—“ Alas ! ” she cried,

“ Alas, my boy ! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy beaming eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver chords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart ?

“ How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert
playing
So late among the mountains at my side ;
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair !

“ And, oh ! the home whence thy bright smile
hath parted !
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away,
While, through its chambers wandering weary-
hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill ?

“ Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet
me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn !
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs
greet me,
As midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

“ And thou, will slumber’s dewy cloud fall round
thee,

Without thy mother’s hand to smooth thy bed ?

Wilt thou not vainly spread

Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound
thee,

To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,

A cry which none shall hear ?

“ What have I said, my child ? will He not hear
thee,

Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?

Will He not guard thy rest,

And in the hush of holy midnight near thee,

Breathe o’er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?

Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy !

“ I give thee to thy God ! the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !

And precious as thou art,

And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,

My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !

And thou shalt be His child.

“ Therefore, farewell !—I go ; my soul may fail
me,

As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,

Yearning for thy sweet looks ;

But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail
me !

Thou, in the shadow of the rock shalt dwell

The Rock of Strength—farewell !”

FELICIA HEMANS.

The Stream of Time.

CHILD of the dust ! if e'er thine eye
Has watch'd the torrent's flow,
Where, distant from its source on high,
It sweeps the vale below,
Then hast thou seen a silent force
Pervade its current strong ;
No sound, no ripple, marks its course,
And yet it speeds along.

'Tis noiseless thus, yet swift as thought
The stream of time rolls by ;
And thus, though man regards them not,
His precious moments fly.
A few brief days, in splendour bright,
Yon glorious orb has shone ;
Add next a few returns of night,
And, lo ! a year is gone.

Lord ! grant me grace these seasons fleet
To Thee alone to spend,
That I with joy Thy face may meet,
When life's short course shall end :
And teach me on that Saviour's love
To build my only trust,
Who, though He fills a throne above,
Was once allied to dust.

Oh then, while days and years shall glide
In silent speed away,
My soul shall view the ebbing tide
But know no sad dismay ;

For still my Saviour-God shall be
At hand, though unperceived,
And I salvation nearer see
Than when I first believed.

HINE.

The Holy Scriptures.

OH Book ! infinite sweetness ! let my heart
Suck every letter, and a honey gain
Precious for any grief in any part,
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving till it make
A full eternity : thou art a mass
Of strange delights, where we may wish and
take.

Ladies, look here ; this is the thankful glass

That mends the looker's eyes : this is the well
That washes what it shows. Who can endear
Thy praise too much ? thou art heaven's lieger
here,

Working against the states of death and hell.

Thou art joy's handsel : heaven lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

Oh that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory !
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Under a third, that ten leaves off doth lie.

Then, as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destiny.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: for in ev'ry thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss :
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

GEORGE HERBERT.

The Physician Dies to make his Patient Live.

WHEN I remember Christ our burden
bears,

I look for glory, but find misery ;

I look for joy, but find a sea of tears ;

I look that we should live, and find Him die ;

I look for angels' songs, and hear Him cry :

Thus what I look, I cannot find so well ;

Or, rather, what I find I cannot tell ;

These banks so narrow are, these streams so
highly swell.

Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin ;

Suffers for us—and our joys spring in this ;

Suffers to death—here is his manhood seen ;

Suffers to rise—and here his Godhead is :

For man, that could not by himself have ris',

Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise :
And lived, that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live by that sweet sacrifice.

A tree was first the instrument of strife,
Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute ;
A tree is now the instrument of life,
Though ill that trunk and this fair body suit :
Ah ! fatal tree, and yet O blessed fruit !
That death to Him, this life to us doth give ;
Strange is the cure, when things past cure revive,
And the Physician dies to make his patient live.

Sweet Eden was the harbour of delight,
Yet in his honey flowers our poison blew ;
Sad Gethsemane, the bower of baleful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poison grew :
So we from sweetest flowers could suck our bane,
And Christ from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of
pain.

A man was first the author of our fall,
A Man is now the author of our rise :
A garden was the place we perished all,
A garden is the place He pays our price :
And the old serpent, with a new device,
Hath found a way himself for to beguile ;
So he, that all men tangled in his wile,
Is now by one Man caught, beguiled with his
own guile.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade
Immantled all the world, and the stiff ground
Sparkled in ice ; only the Lord that made
All for Himself, Himself dissolved found,
Sweat without heat, and bled without a
wound ;

Of heaven and earth, and God and man forlore,
Thrice begging help of those whose sins he bore,
And thrice denied of one, not to deny had swore.

GILES FLETCHER.

The Transfiguration.

HAIL ! King of glory, clad in robes of light,
Outshining all we here call bright !
Hail, light's divinest galaxy !
Hail, express image of the Deity !
Could now thy amorous spouse thy beauties view,
How would her wounds all bleed anew !
Lovely thou art, all o'er and bright,
Thou Israel's glory, and thou Gentile's light.
But whence this brightness, whence this sudden
day ?
Who did thee thus with light array ?
Did thy divinity dispense
To its consort a more liberal influence ?
Or did some curious angel's chymic art
The spirits of purest light impart,
Drawn from the native spring of day,
And wrought into an organized ray.

Howe'er 'twas done, 'tis glorious and divine;
Thou dost with radiant wonders shine:
The sun, with his bright company,
Are all gross meteors, if compared to thee:
Thou art the fountain whence their light does flow,
But to thy will thine own dost owe;
For (as at first) Thou didst but say,
"Let there be light," and straight sprang forth
this wondrous day.

Let now the eastern princes come, and bring
Their tributary offering.
There needs no star to guide their flight;
They'll find Thee now, great King, by thine own
light.

And thou, my soul, adore, love, and admire,
And follow this bright guide of fire.
Do thou thy hymns and praises bring,
Whilst angels, with veil'd faces, anthems sing.

JOHN NORRIS.

The Angel on Earth.

A LITTLE child on a sunny day,
Sat on a flowery bank at play;
The gentle breath of the summer air
Waved the curls of her golden hair,
And ever her voice rang merrily out
In a careless laugh or a joyous shout.

Beautiful was she as early morn,
When the dew is fresh on the blossoming thorn;

And methought as I looked on her fair young face,
Beaming with beauty and truth and grace,
How cold and heartless the world must be,
That could sully such spotless purity !

Years rolled by : in her maiden pride
She stood, a gentle and trusting bride—
How beautiful still ! though a softening shade
O'er the dazzling hue of that beauty played,
While the tender glance of her soft blue eye
Told of a love that could not die :

And I prayed as I gazed on her placid brow,
Pure as a wreath of new-fallen snow,
That sorrow, the sorrow that comes to all,
Lightly and gently on her might fall.

Again I saw her : Time had been there,
Tipping with silver her golden hair ;
He had breathed on her cheek, and its rosy hue
Was gone, but her heart was pure and true,
As when first I met her a budding flower,
Or a gentle maid in her bridal hour.

As mother and wife she had borne her part,
With the faith and hope of a loving heart ;
And now when nature, with years opprest,
Looks and longs for her quiet rest,
With holy trust in her Father's love,
Awaiting a summons from above,
She lingers with us, as if to show
To the faint and weary ones below,
How oft to the faithful soul 'tis given
To taste on earth of the joys of heaven.

MARGARET L. BAILEY.

This shall my Employment be.

MAN is a busy thing, and he
Will deal in all sorts of affairs,
Weighty and trivial; each may be,
The subject of his greatest cares:
But this shall my employment be,
Still to be busied, Lord, with thee.

Some are all spirit, and will fly
At nothing lower than a throne;
The proudest spires of dignity
They, in their hopes, have made their own;
But this shall my employment be,
To seek my honour all from thee.

Some that are sprung from coarser clay
Adore a paint-disguised face,
And daily their devotion pay
To spotted beasts, or else as base:
But this shall my employment be,
Duly to serve and wait on thee.

Some so enhance the price of gold,
They judge their souls to be but dross;
And are so saving, that they hold
The air, the breath, a mighty loss:
But this shall my employment be,
I will love nothing like to thee.

Some are so loyal to the book
Till they can criticise, and tell
How many steps old Time has took
Since our great father Adam fell:

But this shall my employment be,
Better to know myself and thee.

ANON.

The Lighting of the Lamps.

NOW the stars are lit in heaven,
We must light our lamps on earth :
Every star a signal given

From the God of our new birth :
Every lamp an answer faint,
Like the prayer of mortal Saint.

Mark the hour and turn this way,
Sons of Israel, far and near !
Wearied with the World's dim day,
Turn to Him whose eyes are here,
Open, watching day and night,
Beaming unapproached light !

With sweet oil-drops in His hour
Feed the branch of many lights,
Token of protecting power,
Pledg'd to faithful Israelites,
Emblem of the anointed Home,
When the glory deigns to come.

Watchers of the sacred flame,
Sons of Aaron ! serve in fear,—
Deadly is th' avenger's aim,
Should th' unhallowed enter here ;
Keen His fires, should recreants dare
Breathe the pure and fragrant air.

There is One will bless your toil—
He who comes in Heaven's attire,
Morn by morn, with holy oil ;
Eve by eve, with holy fire !
Pray !—your prayer will be allowed,
Mingling with His incense cloud !

ANON.

The Royal Offspring of a Second Birth.

SO now the soul's sublimed, her sour desires
Are recalcined in heaven's well tempered
fires ;
The heart restored, and purged from drossy
nature,
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature ;
It lives another life, it breathes new breath,
It neither fears nor feels the sting of death.
Like as the idle vagrant, (having none,)
That bold adopts each house he views his own,
Makes every purse his chequer, and at pleasure,
Walks forth and taxes all the world like Cæsar ;
At length, by virtue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand ;
Whereon his pass, not fully understood,
Is taxed in a manuscript of blood ;
Thus passed from town to town, until he come,
A sore repentant to his native home :
E'en so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to sin, and uncontrolled, removes

From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites,
From old worn pleasures, to new choice delights,
At length, corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended, and his gracious God,
And lashed from sins to sighs, and by degrees
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees;
From bended knees, to a true pensive breast;
From thence to torments, not by tongues exprest,
Returns; and (from his sinful self exiled,)
Finds a glad Father; He, a welcome child:
Oh! then it lives! Oh! then it lives involved
In secret raptures; pants to be dissolved:
The royal offspring of a second birth,
Sets ope to heaven, and shuts the door to earth.
If love-sick Jove commanded clouds should hap
To rain such showers as quickened Danae's lap;
Or dogs, (far kinder than their purple master,)
Should lick his sores, he laughs nor weeps the
faster.

If earth, heaven's rival, dart her idle ray,
To heaven 'tis wax, and to the world 'tis clay.
If earth present delights, it scorns to draw;
But like the jet unrubbed, disdains that straw;
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it,
No grief disturbs it, and no error guides it,
No good contemns it, and no virtue blames it,
No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it,
No sloth besots it, and no lust enthrals it,
No scorn afflicts it, and no passion galls it;
It is a carcanet of immortal life,
An ark of peace, the lists of sacred strife,

A purer piece of endless transitory,
A shrine of grace, a little throne of glory,
A heaven-born offspring of a new-born birth,
An earthly heaven, an ounce of heavenly earth.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

The Entreaty.

O LORD ! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt ! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before Thee pray ;
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

Oh ! let Thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease ;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace !

Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led ;
The Sun of Holiness shall shine,
In glory on our head.

And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way ;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Universal Beauty.

LIKE Nature's law, no eloquence persuades,
The mute harangue our every sense invades ;
The apparent precepts of the eternal will,
His every work, and every object fill ;
Round with our eyes his revelation wheels,
Our every touch his demonstration feels.
And, O Supreme ! whene'er we cease to know
Thee, the sole source whence sense and science
flow ;

Then must all faculty, all knowledge fail.
And more than monster o'er the man prevail.

Not thus he gave our optics' vital glance,
Amid omniscient art, to search for chance,
Blind to the charms of Nature's beauteous frame ;
Nor made our organ vocal to blaspheme :
Nor thus he willed the creatures of his nod,
And made the mortal to unmake his God ;
Breathed on the globe, and brooded o'er the wave,
And bid the wide obsequious world conceive ;
Spoke into being myriads, myriads rise,
And, with young transport, gaze the novel skies :

Glance from the surge, beneath the surface scud,
Or cleave enormous the reluctant flood :
Or roll vermicular, their wanton maze,
And the bright path with wild meanders glaze ;
Frisk in the vale, or o'er the mountains bound,
Or in huge gambols shake the trembling ground :
Swarm in the beam, or spread the plummy sail—
The plume creates, and then directs the gale ;
While active gaiety, and aspect bright,
In each expressive, sums up all delight.

HENRY BROOKE.

Virtue.

SWEET day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave ;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,—
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to a coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Vesper Thoughts.

THE summer day is closed—the sun is set ;
Well they have done their office, those bright
hours,

The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red West. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it ; the young
twig

Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun ;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And withered ; seeds have fallen upon the soil,
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still for ever ; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again ;
The mother-bird have broken for her brood
Their prison shell, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted
friends

That ne'er before were parted ; it hath knit
New friendships ; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long

Had wooed ; and it hath heard from lips which
late

Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to Childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
Still the fleet hours run on ; and as I lean,
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
By those who watch the dead, and those who
twine

Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

Oh thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time—for ye are one !
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me ?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars ; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright ;
Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love,
Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue ? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of
men—

Which who can bear ?—or the fierce rack of pain,
Lie they within my path ? Or shall the years

Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age ?
Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me ? Oh ! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings ? Gently—so have good men
taught—

Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new ; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

W. C. BRYANT.

Voyage of the Soul.

. THE high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft,
Through fields of air : pursues the flying storm ;
Rides on the volleyed lightning through the
heavens ;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars,
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream

Of light ; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets ; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode ;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world untired,
She meditates the eternal depth below ;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges ; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed
up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment ; but from these,
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

AKENSIDE.

What in Thy Love Possess I Not?

WHAT in Thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day,
My spring of life when parch'd with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay;
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God!

Ah love! thy influence withdrawn,
What profits me that I am born?
All my delight, my joy is gone,
Nor know I peace 'till Thou return:
Thee may I seek 'till I attain;
And never may we part again.

From all eternity with love
Unchangeable Thou hast me view'd;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursu'd:
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

JOHN WESLEY.

We are Spirits clad in Veils.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought:
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils :

Man by man was never seen :

All our deep communing fails

To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known :

Mind with mind did never meet :

We are columns left alone,

Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,

Far apart, though seeming near,

In our light we scatter'd lie ;

All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company

But a babbling summer-stream ?

What our wise philosophy

But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the sun of love

Melts the scatter'd stars of thought,

Only when we live above

What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed

By the Fount which gave them birth,

And by inspiration led

Which they never drew from earth ;

We, like parted drops of rain,

Swelling till they meet and run,

Shall be all absorb'd again,

Melting, flowing into one.

C. P. CRANCH.

We are as Barks afloat upon the Sea.

OUR thoughts are boundless, though our frames
are frail,

Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay ;
Though darken'd in this poor life by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal sunbeams ; on the way
To heaven's high capitol our cars shall roll ;
The temple of the Power whom all obey,
That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

I feel it—though the flesh is weak, I feel
The spirit has its energies untamed
By all its fatal wanderings ; time may heal
The wounds which it has suffer'd ; folly claim'd
Too large a portion of its youth ; ashamed
Of those low pleasures, it would leap and fly,
And soar on wings of lightning, like the famed
Elijah, when the chariot, rushing by,
Bore him with steeds of fire triumphant to the sky.

We are as barks afloat upon the sea,
Helmless and oarless, when the light has fled,
The spirit, whose strong influence can free
The drowsy soul, that slumbers in the dead
Cold night of mortal darkness ; from the bed
Of sloth he rouses at her sacred call,
And, kindling in the blaze around him shed,
Rends with strong effort sin's debasing thrall,
And gives to GOD his strength, his heart, his
mind, his all.

Our home is not on earth ; although we sleep,
And sink in seeming death a while, yet, then,
The awakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap
To life, and energy, and light, again ;
We cannot slumber always in the den
Of sense and selfishness ; the day will break,
Ere we forever leave the haunts of men ;
Even at the parting hour the soul will wake,
Nor, like a senseless brute, its unknown journey
take.

How awful is that hour, when conscience stings
The hoary wretch, who, on his death-bed hears,
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings,
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years
And, screaming like a vulture in his ears,
Tells, one by one, his thoughts and deeds of
shame,

How wild the fury of his soul careers !
His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,
And like the torture's rack the wrestling of his
frame.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

What is Prayer ?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles at the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind ;
While with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For mourners intercedes.

O Thou ! by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

When Spring Unlocks the Flowers.

WHEN Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint
the laughing soil;

When Summer's balmy showers refresh the
mower's toil;

When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow
and the flood,

In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his
Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that
love the shade;

The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the
drowsy glade;

The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on
his way,

The moon, and stars, their Maker's name in
silent pomp display.

Shall man the lord of nature, expectant of the
sky,—

Shall man alone unthankful, his little praise
deny?

No,—let the year forsake his course, the seasons
cease to be,

Thee, Master, must we always love; and, Saviour,
honour Thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither,—the hope of
Summer fade,—

The Autumn droop in Winter,—the birds for-
sake the shade,—

The wind be lulled,—the sun and moon forget
their old decree,—
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord! will
cling to Thee.

BISHOP HEBER.

Winter Sabbath Walk.

HOW dazzling white the snowy scene ; deep,
deep,
The stillness of the winter Sabbath-day,—
Not even a foot-fall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain :
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered key-stone of the churchyard porch ;
Mute hangs the hooded bell ; the tombs lie buried :
No step approaches to the house of prayer :
The flickering fall is o'er ; the clouds disperse,
And show the sun hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire ;
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood.

But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold !
There silence dwells profound ; or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the calm,
The mantled echoes no response return.
But let me now explore the deep sunk dell :
No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long : the wintry day
Soon closes, and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the shelter'd glen.
While gurgling deep below the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way. Oh ! then
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift
away :

So the Great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers ; then to the pastures
green

He brings them where the quiet waters glide,
The streams of life, the Siloah of the soul.

JAMES GRAHAME.

Who is the King of Glory?

HEAR, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
 He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
 And give the King of glory to come in.
 Who is the King of glory? he who left
 His throne of glory, for the pang of death!
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
 And give the King of glory to come in.
 Who is the King of glory? he who slew
 The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
 The King of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
 Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
 And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain?
 Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd
 throne!

Last gasp! of vanquish'd Death. Shout Earth
 and Heaven!

This *sum of good* to man. *Whose* nature, then,
 Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
 Then, then, I rose; then first *humanity*
 Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
 (Stupendous guest!) and seiz'd eternal youth,
 Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er since, 't is blasphemous
 To call man mortal. Man's mortality
 Was, then, transferr'd to death; and Heaven's
 duration

Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,

This child of dust—Man, all immortal! hail;
Hail, Heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory; man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On Christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount? Alas! small cause for joy!
What if to pain immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd,
'T is guilt alone can justify his death!
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in Heaven's indulgent sight.
If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in Heaven, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his
side,
And opened there a font for all mankind,
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and
live: ~

This, only this, subdues the fear of death.

And what is *this*?—Survey the wondrous cure:
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!
“Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
Through means that speak its value infinite!
A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
With blood divine of him I made my foe!
Persisted to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,
Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne!
Nor I alone! a rebel universe!

My species up in arms ! not one exempt !
 Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies,
 Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt !
 As if our race were held of highest rank ;
 And godhead dearer, as more kind to man !”

Bound, every heart ! and every bosom burn !
 O what a scale of miracles is here !
 Its lowest round, high planted on the skies ;
 Its towering summit lost beyond the thought
 Of man or angel ! O that I could climb
 The wonderful ascent, with equal praise !
Praise ! flow for ever (if astonishment
 Will give thee leave :) my praise ! for ever flow ;
 Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high Heaven
 More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific'd,
 And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

So dear, so due to Heaven, shall *praise* descend,
 With her soft plume (from *plausible* angel's wing
 First pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,
 Thus diving in the pockets of the great ?
 Is *praise* the perquisite of every paw,
 Though black as Hell, that grapples well for
 gold ?

Oh love of gold ! thou meanest of amours !
 Shall *praise* her odours waste on virtue's dead,
 Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,
 Earn dirty bread by washing Ethiops fair,
 Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,
 A scavenger in *scenes*, where *vacant* posts,
 Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
 Their future ornaments ? From courts and
 thrones,

Return, apostate *Praise!* thou vagabond!
Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
Thy first, thy greatest, once unrivall'd theme.

There flow redundant; like Meander flow
Back to thy fountain; to that Parent Power,
Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to
soar,

The soul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow
In mutual awe profound of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt; and turn their back on thee,
Great Sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless
sing:

To prostrate angels, an amazing scene!
O the presumption of man's awe for man!
Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and
Judge!

Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of
night,

With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What, Heaven's meridian glory, but thy smile?
And shall not praise be thine, not human praise?
While Heaven's high host on *hallelujahs* live?

O may I breathe no longer than I breathe
My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut through the shades of Hell, *great love!* by
thee,

O most adorable! most unador'd,
Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should
end?

Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!
 How is *night's* sable mantle labour'd o'er,
 How richly wrought with attributes divine!
 What *wisdom* shines! what *love*! this midnight
 pomp,

This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
 Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
 For others this profusion: thou, apart,
 Above! beyond! O tell me, mighty Mind!
 Where art thou? shall I dive into the *deep*?
 Call to the *Sun*, or ask the roaring *winds*,
 For their Creator? Shall I question loud
 The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
 Or holds he furious *storms* in straiten'd reins,
 And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?
 What mean these questions? Trembling, I
 retract;

My prostrate soul adores the *present* God:
 Praise I a distant deity? He tunes
 My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes,
 sustains:

Wrapt in his being, I resound his praise:
 But though past *all* diffus'd, without a shore,
 His essence; *local* is his throne, (as meet,)
 To gather the disperst, (as standards call
 The listed from afar): to fix a point,
 A central point, collective of his sons,
 Since *finite* every nature but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose nod is *Nature's* birth;
 And *Nature's* shield, the shadow of his hand;
 Her dissolution, his suspended smile!
 The great *First-Last*! pavilion'd high he sits,

In darkness from excessive splendour borne,
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors ; he looks down
On all that soars ; and spans immensity.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Wait in Hope : the Morning Dawneth.

EVERY day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care :
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.

Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove ;
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

Patiently enduring, ever
Let thy spirit be
Bound by links, that can not sever,
To humanity.

Labor—wait ! thy Master perished
Ere his task was done ;
Count not lost thy fleeting moments,
Life hath but begun.

Labor ! and the seed thou sowest
Water with thy tears ;
God is faithful—he will give thee
Answer to thy prayers.

Wait in hope ! though yet no verdure
Glad thy longing eyes,
Thou shalt see the ripened harvest
Garnered in the skies.

Labor—wait ! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storms above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear—

Wait in hope : the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

MARGARET L. BAILEY.

Wisdom, Power, and Love of God.

WISDOM took up her harp, and stood in place
Of frequent concourse, stood in every gate,
By every way, and walked in every street ;
And lifting up her voice, proclaimed : “ Be wise,
Ye fools ! be of an understanding heart ;
Forsake the wicked, come not near his house,
Pass by, make haste, depart and turn away.
Me follow—me, whose ways are pleasantness,
Whose paths are peace, whose end is perfect joy.”
The seasons came and went, and went and came,
To teach men gratitude ; and as they passed,
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
Had stolen unheeded by. The gentle flowers

Retired, and stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.
The dews came down unseen at evening-tide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.

With arm in arm the forest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.

And on the rugged mountain-brow exposed,
Bearing the blast alone, the ancient oak
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
To courage in distress exhorted loud.

The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the
breeze,

Attuned the heart to melody and love.

Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love! and from her glorious bow,
Bending to kiss the Earth in token of peace,
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,
She whispered to Revenge, Forgive, forgive.

The Sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.

The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face,
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens,
Walked nightly there, conversing, as she walked,
Of purity, and holiness, and God.

In dreams and visions, sleep instructed much.

Day uttered speech to day, and night to night
Taught knowledge. Silence had a tongue; the
grave,

The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each

A tongue that ever said, Man! think of God!
Think of thyself! think of eternity!
Fear God, the thunder said—Fear God, the
waves;

Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied;
Fear God, deep loudly answered back to deep.
And in the temples of the Holy One,
Messiah's messengers, the faithful few,
Faithful 'mong many false, the Bible opened,
And cried, Repent! repent, ye sons of men!

ROBERT POLLOK.

Without thy Presence Heaven's no
Heaven for me.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love,) the
earth,

She is my Maker's creature, therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;

She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air; her dainty fruits refresh

My drooping soul, and to new sweets in-
vite me;

Her shrill-mouthed choirs sustain me with
their flesh,

And with their polyphonian notes delight
me;

But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee?

I love the sea; she is my fellow creature,
My careful purveyor, she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet
greater;

She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore;
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky;
But what is heaven, great God, compared with
Thee?

Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;

Without thy presence, air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence, heaven itself no
pleasure;

If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honour that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
Its brightest beams of glory are at most
But dying sparkles of thy living fire;
The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glowworms if compared to Thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of care ;
Wisdom but folly ; joy, disquiet sadness ;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing
madness.

Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being when compared with Thee.

In having all things and not Thee, what have I ?
Not having Thee, what have my labours got ?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I ?
And having Thee alone, what have I not ?
I wish not sea nor land ; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Wisdom.

“**L**OVE God, love truth, love virtue, and be
happy ;”

These were the words first uttered in the ear
Of every being rational made, and made
For thought, or word, or deed accountable.
Most men the first forgot, the second none.
Whatever path they took, by hill or vale,
By day or night, the universal wish,
The aim and sole intent was happiness.
But, erring from the heaven-appointed path,
Strange tracks indeed they took through barren
wastes,
And up the sandy mountain climbing toiled,

Which pining lay beneath the curse of God,
And nought produced. Yet did the traveller look
And point his eye before him greedily,
As if he saw some verdant spot, where grew
The heavenly flower, where sprang the well of life,
Where undisturbed felicity reposed;
Though Wisdom's eye no vestige could discern,
That happiness had ever passed that way.

Wisdom was right, for still the terms remained
Unchanged, unchangeable—the terms on which
True peace was given to man, unchanged as God,
Who, in His own essential nature, binds
Eternally to virtue happiness,
Nor lets them part through all His universe.

ROBERT POLLOK.

Where Two or Three are Gathered together.

IT is the Sabbath bell, which calls to prayer,
Even to the House of God, the hallowed dome,
Where He who claims it bids his people come
To bow before his throne, and serve Him there
With prayers, and thanks, and praises. Some
there are
Who hold it meet to linger now at home,
And some o'er fields and the wide hills to roam,
And worship in the temple of the air!

For me, not heedless of the lone address,
Nor slack to greet my Maker on the height,
By wood, or living stream ; yet not the less
Seek I his presence in each social rite
Of his own temple : *that* He deigns to bless,
There still he dwells, and *there* is his delight.

BISHOP MANT.

Where art Thou, Mighty One ?

WHAT art Thou, mighty One ? and where
thy seat ?

Thou broadest on the calm that cheers the
lands,

And thou dost bear within thy awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet ;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's
dread noon,

Or on the red wing of the fierce monsoon
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.

In the drear silence of the polar span

Dost Thou repose ? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracks, where the lone caravan

Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood ?
Vain thought ! the confines of his throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless
space.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Watching for the Son of Man.

EVEN thus, amid thy pride and luxury,
O earth! shall that last coming burst on
thee,

That secret coming of the Son of Man,
When all the cherub-thronging clouds shall shine
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign :

When that great Husbandman shall wave his
fan,
Sweeping like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away :
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course main-
tain.

Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain :
Still to the pouring out the cup of woe ;
Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by His burning feet,
And heaven His presence own, all red with
furnace heat.

The hundred-gated cities then,
The towers and temples named of men
Eternal and the thrones of kings ;
The gilded summer-palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the bird of pleasure sings ;
Ask ye the destiny of them ?
Go, gaze on fallen Jerusalem !

Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is
unfurled,

The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,
And the vast common doom ensepulchres the
world.

Oh! who shall then survive?

Oh! who shall stand and live?

When all that hath been is no more:

When for the round earth hung in air,

With all its constellations fair,

In the sky's azure canopy;

When all the breathing earth and sparkling sea,

Is but a fiery deluge without shore,

Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,

A fiery deluge, and without an ark.

Lord of all power, when Thou art there alone,

On thy eternal, fiery wheelèd throne,

That in its high meridian noon

Needs not the perished sun nor moon:

When Thou art there in Thy presiding state,

Wide-sceptered monarch o'er the realm of
doom,

When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest
womb,

The dead of all the ages round Thee wait;

And when the tribes of wickedness are strown,

Like forest leaves in the autumn of Thine ire:

Faithful and true! Thou still wilt save Thine own!

The saints shall dwell within th' unharming
fire,

Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm,
Even safe as we by this still fountain side,
So shall the Church, Thy bright and mystic
Bride,

Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.

Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of Thy mercy shines ;
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, Almighty to redeem !

HENRY HART MILMAN.

Where Streams of Living Water Run.

METHINKS, when on the languid eye
Life's autumn scenes grow dim ;

When evening's shadows veil the sky,
And Pleasure's syren hymn

Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
Like echoes from another sphere,

Or dream of seraphim,
It were not sad to cast away
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad to feel the heart
Grow passionless and cold ;

To feel those longings to depart
That cheer'd the good of old ;

To clasp the faith which looks on high,
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
And makes the curtain-fold

That falls upon his wasting breast
The door that leads to endless rest.

It were not lonely thus to lie
On that triumphant bed,
Till the pure spirit mounts on high,
By white-wing'd seraphs led :
Where glories earth may never know
O'er "many mansions" lingering glow,
In peerless lustre shed ;
It were not lonely thus to soar,
Where sin and grief can sting no more.

And, though the way to such a goal
Lies through the clouded tomb,
If on the free, unfetter'd soul
There rest no stains of gloom,
How should its aspirations rise
Far through the blue unpillar'd skies,
Up, to its final home !
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
Where streams of living waters run.

WILLIS G. CLARK.

Watch, and Pray.

TO him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile

And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall
claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured
round all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there ;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall
come,

And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. BRYANT.

Walk in the Light.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.
Walk in the light! and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord,
Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquer'd there!
Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

ANON.

What He Wills we know is Pure
and Good.

GOD is not great because omnipotent!
But because power in Him is understood
And felt, and proved to be benevolent,
And wise, and holy;—thus it ever should!
For what He wills we know is pure and good,
And has in view the happiness of all:
Hence love and adoration:—never could
The contrite spirit at his footstool fall,
If power, and power *alone*, its feelings did appall!

If then divinest power be truly so,
Because its proper object is to bless ;
It follows, that all power which man can know,
The highest even monarchs can possess,
Display alone their "less than littleness,"
Unless it seek the happiness of man
And glory of the Highest ;—nothing less
Than such a use of power one moment can
Make its possessor great, on wisdom's God-like
plan.

BERNARD BARTON.

When Kindred Minds their God Pursue.

I'M borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
I sail upon a morning cloud,
Skirted with dawning gold :
Mine eyes beneath the opening day
Command the globe with wild survey,
Where ants in busy millions play,
And try and heave the mould.

"Are these the things" (my passion cried,)
"That we call men? Are these allied
To the fair worlds of light?
They have rased out their Maker's name,
Graven on their minds with pointed flame,
In strokes divinely bright.

“Wretches ! they hate their native skies ;
If an ethereal thought arise,
Or spark of virtue shine,
With cruel force they damp its plumes,
Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,
With business, lust, or wine.

“Lo ! how they throng with panting breath
The broad descending road,
That leads unerring down to death,
Nor miss the dark abode.”
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to stray upward, and pursue
The unbeaten way to God.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid soul afar ;
Here Dorylis and Thyrsis fly,
Each like a rising star ;
Charin I see, and Fidea there,
I see them help each other's flight,
And bless them as they go :
They soar beyond thy labouring sight,
And leave their loads of mental care,
But not their love, below.
On heaven, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God :
With morning incense up they rise,
Sublime, and through the lower skies,
Spread their perfumes abroad.

Across the road a seraph flew,
“Mark,” (said he), “that happy pair,
Marriage helps devotion there :
When kindred minds their God pursue,
They break with double vigour through
The dull incumbent air.”

Charmed with the pleasure and surprise,
My soul adores and sings—
“Blest be the power that springs their flight,
That streaks their path with heavenly light,
That turns their love to sacrifice,
And joins their zeal for wings.”

ISAAC WATTS.

Who is this Mighty Hero, who ?

STRANGE scene of glory ! am I well awake,
Or is't my fancy's wild mistake ?
It cannot be a dream ; bright beams of light
Flow from the visions fair, and pierce my tender
sight—
No common vision this ; I see
Some marks of more than human majesty.
Who is this mighty Hero, who
With glories round his head, and terror in his
brow ?
From Bozrah, lo ! He comes : a scarlet dye
O'erspreads his clothes, and does outvie
The blushes of the morning sky.
Triumphant and victorious He appears,
And honour in his looks and habit wears :

How strong He treads, how stately does He go !
Pompous and solemn is his pace,
And full of majesty as his face,
Who is this mighty Hero, who ?

'Tis I who to my promise faithful stand ;
I who the powers of death, hell, and the grave,
Have foiled with this all-conquering hand ;
I who most ready am and mighty too, to save.
Why wearest Thou then this scarlet dye ?
Say, mighty Hero, why ?
Why do thy garments look all red,
Like them that in the wine-vat tread ?

The wine-press I alone have trod :
That vast unyielding frame, which long did
stand
Unmoved, and which no mortal force could
e'er command,
That ponderous mass I plied alone,
And with me to assist were none.
A mighty task it was, worthy the Son of God ;
Angels stood trembling at the dreadful sight,
Concerned with what success I should go
through

The work I undertook to do ;
Enraged I put forth all my might,
And down the engine pressed ; the violent force
Disturbed the universe, put nature out of course ;
The blood gushed out in streams, and checkered
o'er

My garments with its deepest gore ;
With ornamental drops bedecked I stood,

And writ my victory with my enemy's blood.

The day, the signal day is come

When of my enemies I must vengeance take ;

The day when death shall have its doom,

And the dark kingdom with its power shall shake.

Fate in her calendar marked out this day with red,

She folded down the iron leaf, and thus she said :

“This day, if aught I can divine be true,

Shall for a signal victory,

Be celebrated to posterity :

Then shall the Prince of light descend,

And rescue mortals from the infernal fiend ;

Break through his strongest forts, and all his
hosts subdue.”

This said, she shut the adamantine volume close,

And wished she might the crowding years
transpose ;

So much she longed to have the scene display,

And see the vast event of this important day.

And now in midst of the revolving years,

This great, this mighty One appears :

The faithful traveller, the sun,

Has numbered out the days, and the set
period run.

I looked, and to assist was none ;

My angelic guards stood trembling by,

But durst not venture nigh.

In vain, too, from my Father did I look

For help, my Father me forsook.

Amazed I was to see,

How all deserted me.

I took my fury for my sole support,
And with my single arm the conquest won.
Loud acclamations filled all heaven's court :
The hymning guards above,
Strained to an higher pitch of joy and love,
The great Jehovah praised, and his victorious Son.
ISAIAH 63.—JOHN NORRIS.

What is that, Mother ?

WHAT is that, Mother ?—The lark, my child !—

The morn has but just look'd out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright
sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, Mother ?—The dove, my son !—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return :

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, Mother?—The eagle, boy!—
Proudly careering his course of joy;
Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
His wing, on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, Mother?—The swan, my love!
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down, by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.

*LIVE SO, MY LOVE, THAT WHEN DEATH SHALL
COME,
SWAN-LIKE AND SWEET, IT MAY WAFT THEE
HOME.*

GEORGE W. DOANE.

LIST OF AUTHORS.

	BORN.	DIED.
ADDISON, Joseph	1672	1719
Akenside, Mark	1721	1770
Argensola, Bartolomé Leonardo, <i>Spanish</i>	1566	1663
BARBAULD, Anna Letitia	1743	1825
Barton, Bernard, a member of the Society of Friends.		
Burns, Robert	1759	1796
Bryant, William Cullen, <i>American</i> .	1794	
Brainard, John G. C.	1796	1828
Burleigh, William H., <i>American</i> . .	1812	
Brooks, Maria, <i>American</i>	1795	1845
Brooks, Mary E., <i>American</i> , still living.		
Bailey, Margaret L., <i>American</i> . . .	1812	
Bayard, Elise Justine, <i>American</i> .		
Bembo, Pietro, <i>Italian</i>	1470	1547
Buonarotti, Michel Angelo	1474	1563
CAREW, Thomas	1577	1639
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor	1772	1834
Cotton, Nathaniel		1788
Cowper, William	1731	1800
Cowley, Abraham	1618	1667
Campbell, Thomas		1845
Chatterton, Thomas	1752	1770
Clark, W. G., <i>American</i>	1810	1841
Clarke, James Freeman, <i>American</i> . .	1810	
Cranch, C. P., <i>American</i>	1815	
Case, Luella J. B., <i>American</i> .		
Carey, Alice and Phœbe, <i>American</i> .		

	BORN.	DIED.
Colonna, Vittoria, <i>Italian</i> , about the year	1490	1547
DAVIES, Sir John	1570	1626
Drummond, William, of Hawthornden .	1585	1649
Dryden, John	1631	1700
Dwight, Timothy, <i>American</i>	1752	1817
Dana, Richard Henry, <i>American</i> . .	1787	
Doane, Bishop, <i>American</i>	1799	
Dawes, Rufus, <i>American</i>	1803	
Day, Martha, <i>American</i> , died when young.		
Dach, Simon, <i>German</i>	1605	1659
De Leon, Luis Ponce, <i>Spanish</i>	1527	1590
ESLING, Catherine H., <i>American</i> , still living	1812	
FLATMAN, Thomas	1633	1688
Fuller, Margaret S., <i>American</i> .		
GRAHAME, James	1765	1811
HEBER, Bishop Reginald	1783	1826
Hemans, Felicia		1835
Habington, William	1605	1654
Herbert, George	1593	1632
Herrick, Robert	1591	unk ⁿ .
Heywood, Thomas, Temp. Elizabeth, James, Charles I.		
Howitt, William and Mary, members of the Society of Friends.		
Hooper, Lucy, <i>American</i>	1816	1841
Howe, Julia Ward, <i>American</i> .		
Hebel, Johann Peter, <i>German</i>	1760	1826
JONSON, Ben	1574	1637

BORN. DIED.

Judson, Emily, *American*.

KNOX, William 1790 1825

King, Henry 1669 1748

Kingo, Thomas, *Danish* 1634 1723

Klopstock, Frederick Gottlieb 1724 1803

Kamphuyzen, Dirk Rafael, *Hollander* 1586 1626LEGGETT, William, *American* 1802 1840Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, *American* 1807Landon, Letitia Elizabeth. *This lady's
poems were published under the initials**L. E. L.* 1838

Logan, John 1748 1788

Lawson, Mary Lockhart, *American*.

Luther, Martin 1483 1546

Lamartine, Alphonse de 1792

MERRICK, James 1728 1766

More, Hannah 1745 1833

Marvell, Andrew 1620 1678

Milton, John 1608 1674

More, Henry 1614 1687

Mowatt, Anna Cora, *American*, born at
Bourdeaux.Mayo, Sarah E., *American* 1819 1848

Medici, Lorenzo de' 1448 1492

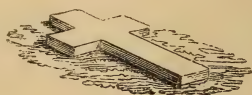
NORRIS, John 1657 1711

Norton, Andrews, *American* 1786 1853OAKES-SMITH, Elizabeth, *American*,
still living.Oliver, Helen S., *American*, still living . 1811

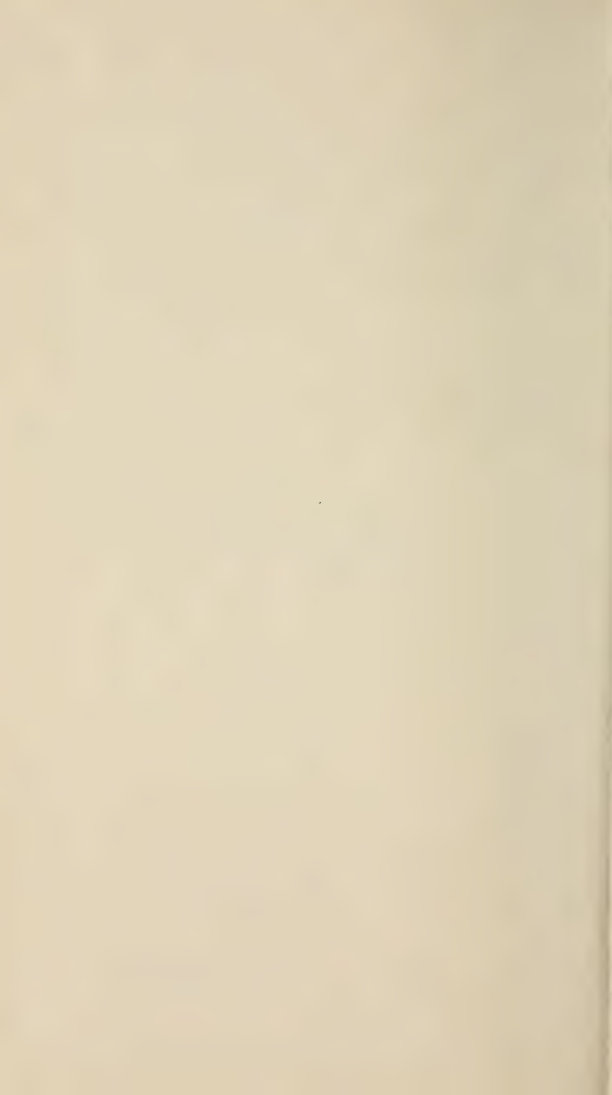
	BORN.	DIED.
Osgood, Frances S., <i>American</i> , still living.		
PARNELL, Thomas	1679	1717
Pollok, Robert	1799	1827
Prior, Matthew	1664	1721
Pierpoint, John, <i>American</i>	1785	
Percival, James Gate, <i>American</i>	1795	
Peabody, William B. O., <i>American</i>	1799	1847
Prentice, George D., <i>American</i>	1804	
Pindar, Susan, <i>American</i> .		
QUARLES, Francis	1592	1644
Quarles, John	1624	1665
SMART, Christopher	1722	1770
Southey, Robert, Poet Laureate	1774	1843
Sandys, George	1587	1643
Southwell, Robert	1560	1595
Spenser, Edmund	1553	1599
Sprague, Charles, <i>American</i>	1791	
St. Leon Loud, Margaret, <i>American</i> .		
Sawyer, Caroline M., <i>American</i> .		
Smith, Emeline S., <i>American</i> .		
Sjörgen, Eric, <i>Swedish</i>	1794	1828
Salis, Johann Gaudenz Von, <i>German</i>	1762	1834
THOMSON, James	1700	1748
Townsend, Eliza, <i>American</i> , still living.		
Tullim, Christian Brauman	1728	1765
Tegner, Bishop Esaias	1782	
UHLAND, Johann Ludwig	1787	
VAUGHAN, Henry	1621	1667

	BORN.	DIED.
Voss, Johann Heinrich, <i>German</i> . . .	1751	1826
Valois, Marguerite de, <i>Reine de Navarre</i>	1492	1549
Valasco, Francisco de, <i>Spanish</i> .		
Valdes, Juan Melendez, <i>Spanish</i> . . .	1754	1817
WATTS, Isaac	1674	1748
White, Henry Kirke	1785	1807
Wordsworth, William	1770	1850
Wilcox, Carlos, <i>American</i>	1794	1827
Ware, Henry, <i>American</i>	1794	1843
Willis, N. P., <i>American</i>	1807	
Worthington, Jane J., <i>American</i> . . .		1847
Welby, Amelia B., <i>American</i>	1821	
YOUNG, Edward	1681	1765





740







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